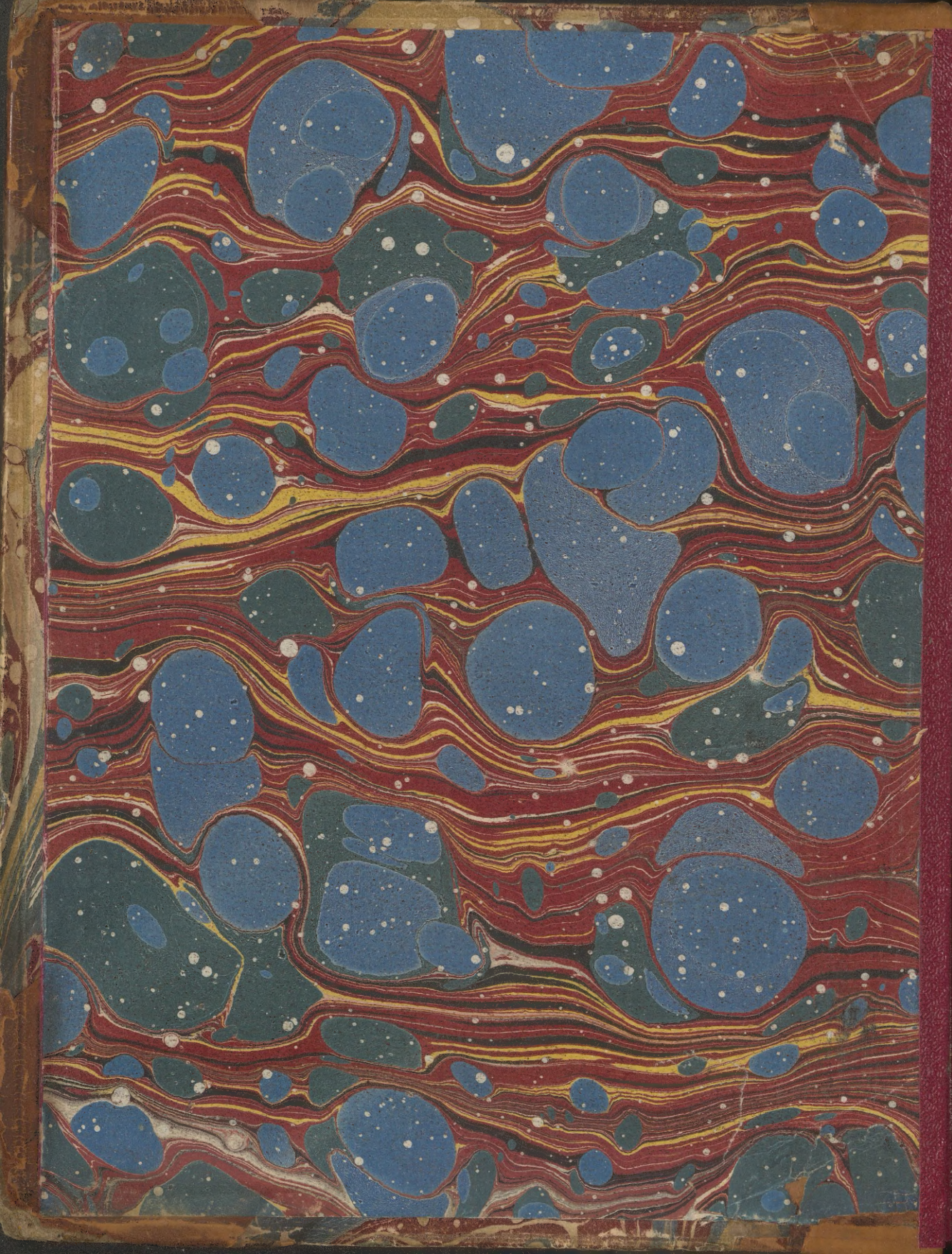
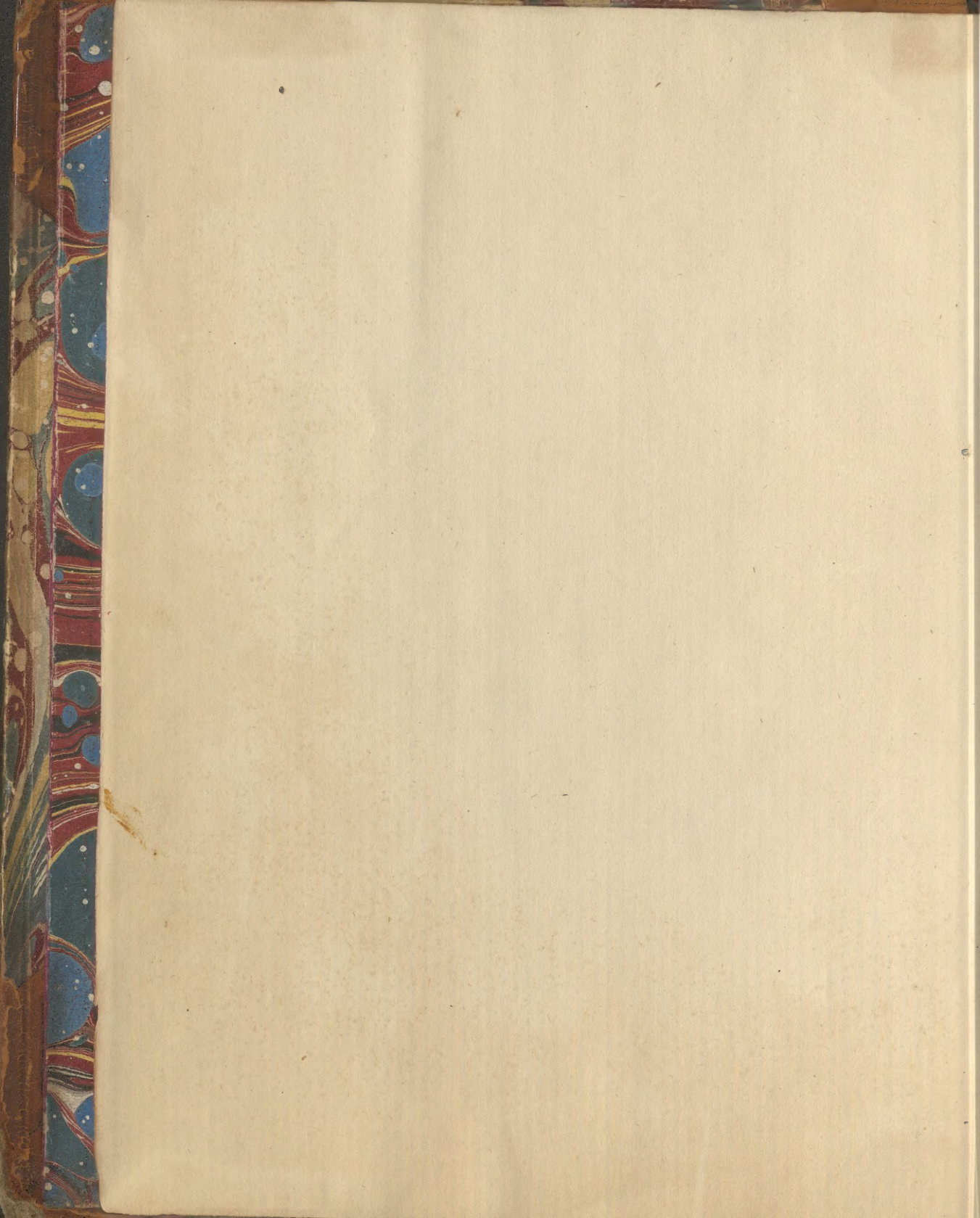


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A Collection of the
Books of Words
of the
Oratorios and other Compositions of
George Frederic Handel,
Published for Performances given during his
life, or shortly after his decease.

Volume 3.



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George Herbert

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O R A T O R I O.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL *in* Covent-Garden.

Alter'd and adapted to the Stage from the SAMSON
AGONISTES of *Milton*.

Set to Musick by GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



L O N D O N:

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[Price One Shilling.]



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK

PRINCE of *WALES*,

The following

O R A T O R I O

Is with all Humility Dedicated

By *His* ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

most devoted,

most dutiful, and

most obedient

humble Servant,

NEWBURGH HAMILTON.

Dramatis Personæ.

ISRAELITES.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, *Father to Samson.*

MICAH, *Friend to Samson.*

An Israelite Officer.

Chorus of Israelites.

PHILISTINES.

DALILA, *Wife of Samson.*

HARAPHA, *a Giant.*

Chorus of Philistine Women, and Priests of Dagon.

SCENE, *Before the Prison in Gaza.*



SAMSON.



S A M S O N.

A N

O R A T O R I O:

A C T I. S C E N E I.

SAMSON *blind, and in Chains. Chorus of the Priests of
Dagon celebrating his Festival.*

SAMSON.



HIS Day, a solemn Feast to Dagon held
Relieves me from my Task of servile Toil;
Unwillingly their Superstition yields
This Rest! To breathe Heav'n's Air fresh blowing,
pure and sweet.

Chorus of the Priests of Dagon.

*Awake the Trumpet's lofty Sound;
The joyful sacred Festival comes round,
When Dagon, King of all the Earth, is crown'd.*

A I R.

*Ye Men of Gaza, hither bring,
The merry Pipe and pleasing String,
The solemn Hymn and chearful Song;
Be Dagon prais'd by ev'ry Tongue,*

[Chorus repeated.]

A I R.

A I R.

*Loud as the Thunder's awful Voice,
In Notes of Triumph, Notes of Praise,
So high great Damon's Name will raise,
That Heav'n and Earth may hear how we rejoice.*

[Chorus repeated.]

Samson. Why by an Angel was my Birth foretold,
If I must die, betray'd and captiv'd thus,
The Scorn and Gaze of Foes!---O cruel Thought!
My Griefs find no Redress; they inward prey,
Like gangreen'd Wounds, immedicable grown.

A I R.

Samson. Torments, alas! are not confin'd
To Heart, or Head, or Breast;
But will a secret Passage find
Into the very inmost Mind,
With Pains intense oppress,
That rob the Soul itself of Rest.

S C E N E II.

SAMSON, MICAH, and Chorus of Israelites.

Micah. [Apart.] O change beyond Report, Thought, or
Belief!

See how he lies with languish'd Head, unpropp'd!
Abandon'd! past all Hope! Can this be he?
Heroick *Samson*? whom no Strength of Man,
Nor Fury of the fiercest Beast cou'd quell?
Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid;
Ran weaponless on Armies clad in Iron,
Useless the temper'd Steel, or Coat of Mail,

A I R.

A I R.

Micah. *O Mirrour of our fickle State!*
In Birth, in Strength, in Deeds how great!
From highest Glory fall'n so low,
Sunk in the deep Abyss of Woe.

Samson. [*Apart.*] Whom have I to complain of but myself,
 Who Heav'n's great Trust cou'd not in Silence keep,
 But weakly to a Woman must reveal it?

Micah. [*To Samson.*] Matchless in Might! once *Isr'el's*
 Glory, now her Grief;

We come, thy Friends well known, to visit thee.

Samson. Welcome, my Friends.

Micah. Which shall we first bewail, thy Bondage, or lost
 Sight?

Samson. *O Loss of Sight! of thee I most complain;*
O worse than Beggary, Old Age, or Chains!
My very Soul in real Darknefs dwells!

A I R.

Samson. *Total Eclipse! no Sun, no Moon!*
All dark amidst the Blaze of Noon!
O glorious Light! No chearing Ray
To glad my Eyes with welcome Day:
Why thus depriv'd thy prime Decree,
Sun, Moon, and Stars are dark to me.

C H O R U S.

O first created Beam! and thou great Word!
Let there be Light! and Light was over all,
One heav'nly Blaze shone round this earthly Ball.
To thy dark Servant Life by Light afford.

Samson.

Samson. You see, my Friends, how Woes inclose me r ound
But, had I Sight, how cou'd I heave my Head
For Shame? Thus for a Word, or Tear, divulge
To a false Woman God's most secret Gift,
And then be sung, or proverb'd for a Fool.

Micah. Here comes thy reverend Sire, old *Manoa*,
With careful Steps, and Locks as white as Down.

Samson. Alas! another Grief that Name awakes.

S C E N E III.

SAMSON, MICAH, MANOA, and the Chorus of
Israelites.

Manoa. Brethren, and Men of *Dan*, say, where's my Son?
Samson, fond *Isr'el's* Boast? inform my Age.

Micah. As signal now in low dejected State,
As in the height of Pow'r: See where he lies.

Manoa. O miserable Change! is this the Man
Renown'd afar, the Dread of *Isr'el's* Foes?
Who with an Angel's Strength their Armies duell'd,
Himself an Army; now unequal Match
To guard his Breast against the Coward's Spear.

A I R.

Manoa. Thy glorious Deeds inspir'd my Tongue,
Whilst *Airs* of Joy from thence did flow;
To Sorrow now I tune my Song,
And set my Harp to Notes of Woe.

Samson. Justly these Evils have befall'n thy Son;
Sole Author I, sole Cause. My Griefs for this,
Forbid mine Eye to close, or Thoughts to rest:
But now the Strife shall end; me overthrown,

Dagon presumes to enter Lists with God;
 Who, thus provok'd, will not connive, but rouze
 His Fury soon, and his great Name assert.
Dagon shall stoop, ere long be quite despoil'd
 Of all those boasted Trophies won on me.

A I R.

Samson. *Let not the God of Isr'el sleep:*
Arise with dreadful Sound,
And Clouds encompass'd round,
Then shall the Heathen hear thy Thunder deep.

The Tempest of thy Wrath now raise,
In Whirlwind them pursue,
Full fraught with Vengeance due,
'Till Shame and Trouble all thy Foes shall seize.

Micah. There lies our Hope; true Prophet may'st thou be,
 That God may vindicate his glorious Name;
 Nor let us doubt whether God is Lord, or *Dagon*.

C H O R U S.

Then shall they know, that He whose Name
Jehovah is alone,
O'er all the Earth but one,
Was ever the most High, and still the same.

Manoa. For thee, my dearest Son, must thou mean while
 Lie thus neglected, in this loathsome Plight?

Samson. It shou'd be so: Why shou'd I live?
 Soon shall these Orbs to double Darkness yield,
 My genial Spirits droop, my Hopes are flat;
 Nature in me seems weary of herself;

My Race of Glory run, and Race of Shame;
 Death invocated oft' shall end my Pains,
 And lay me gently down with them that rest.

Micah. Then long Eternity shall greet your Bliss;
 No more of earthly Joys, so false and vain!

A I R.

Micah. Joys that are pure, sincerely good,
 Shall then o'ertake you as a Flood:
 Where Truth and Peace do ever shine,
 With Love that's perfectly divine.

C H O R U S.

*Then round about the starry Throne
 Of Him who ever rules alone,
 Your heav'nly-guided Soul shall climb;
 Of all this earthly Grossness quit,
 With Glory crown'd, for ever sit,
 And triumph over Death, and Thee, O Time.*



A C T II. S C E N E I.

SAMSON, MICAH, MANOA, and the Chorus
 of Israelites.

MANOA.

TRUST yet in God; the Father's timely Care
 Shall prosecute the Means to free thee hence;
 Mean time, all healing Words from these thy Friends admit.
Samson.

Samson. My Evils hopeless are; one Pray'r remains,
A speedy Death, to close my Miseries.

Micah. Relieve thy Champion, Image of thy Strength;
And turn his Labours to a peaceful End.

A I R.

Micah. Return, O God of Hosts! behold
Thy Servant in Distress,
His mighty Grievs redress,
Nor by the Heathen be they told.

C H O R U S.

To Dust his Glory they wou'd tread,
And number him amongst the Dead.

S C E N E II.

SAMSON, MICAH, DALILA, Chorus of Israelites,
and Virgins attending DALILA.

Micah. But who is this, that so bedeck'd and gay,
Comes this way sailing like a stately Ship;
'Tis *Dalila*, thy Wife.

Samson. My Wife! my Trait'ess: Let her not come
near me.

Micah. She stands, and eyes thee fix'd, with Head declin'd,
(Like a fair Flow'r surcharg'd with Dew) she weeps;
Her words address'd to thee seem Tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the Borders of her silken Vail.

Dalila. With doubtful Feet, and wav'ring Resolution,
I come, O *Samson*! dreading thy Displeasure;
But Conjugal Affection led me on,
Prevailing over Fear and tim'rous Doubt.

Samson. Out, thou *Hyena*! 'twas Malice brought thee here ;
 These are the Arts of Women false, like thee,
 To break all Vows, repent, deceive, submit ;
 Then, with instructed Skill, again transgress.

Dalila. I wou'd not lessen my Offence, yet beg
 To weigh it by itself ;
 A mutual Weakness mutual Pardon claims.

Samson. How cunningly the Sorceress displays
 Her own Transgressions, to upbraid me mine ?
 I to myself was false, ere thou to me ;
 Bitter Reproach ! but true. The Pardon then
 I to my Folly give, take thou to thine.

A I R.

Dalila. *With plaintive Notes and am'rous Moan*
Thus coos the Turtle left alone ;
Like her, averse to each Delight,
She wears the tedious widow'd Night :
But when her absent Mate returns,
With doubled Raptures then she burns.

Samson. Did Love constrain thee ? No, 'twas raging Lust.
 Love seeks for Love, thy Treason sought my Hate.
 In vain you strive to cover Shame with Shame :
 Once join'd to me, tho' judg'd your Country's Foe,
 Parents, and all, were in the Husband lost.

A I R.

Your Charms to Ruin led the way,
My Sense deprav'd,
My Strength enslav'd,
As I did love, you did betray.

How

*How great the Curse! How hard my Fate
To pass Life's Sea with such a Mate!*

Dalila. Forgive what's done, nor think of what's past Cure;
From forth this Prison-House come home to me,
Where with redoubled Love, and nursing Care,
(To me glad Office!) my Virgins and myself
Shall tend about thee to extremest Age.

A I R.

Dalila. *My Faith and Truth, O Samson, prove;
But hear me, hear the Voice of Love;
With Love no Mortal can be cloy'd,
All Happiness is Love enjoy'd.*

Chorus of Virgins.

*Her Faith and Truth, O Samson, prove,
But hear her, hear the Voice of Love.*

A I R.

Dalila. *To fleeting Pleasures make your Court,
No Moment lose, for Life is short;
The present Now's our only Time,
The missing That our only Crime.
How charming is domestick Ease!
A thousand ways I'll strive to please:
Life is not lost, tho' lost your Sight,
Let other Senses taste Delight.*

Chorus repeated.

*Her Faith and Truth, O Samson, prove,
But hear her, hear the Voice of Love.*

Samson.

Samson. Ne'er think of that; I know thy warbling Charms,
Thy Trains, thy Wiles, and fair enchanted Cup;
Their Force is null'd; where once I have been caught,
I shun the Snare; these Chains, this Prison-House
I count the House of Liberty to thine.

Dalila. Let me approach at least, and touch thy Hand.

Samson. Not for thy Life, lest fierce Remembrance wake
My sudden Rage, to tear thee Limb from Limb:
At Distance I forgive; depart with that:
Now triumph in thy Falshood; so farewell.

Dalila. Thou art more deaf to Pray'rs than Winds or Seas.
Thy Anger rages an eternal Tempest;
Why should I humbly sue for Peace, thus scorn'd,
With Infamy upon my Name denounc'd?

D U E T.

Dalila. *Traitor to Love, I'll sue no more*
For Pardon scorn'd, your Threats give o'er.
Samson. *Traitress to Love, I'll hear no more*
The Charmer's Voice, your Arts give o'er.

S C E N E III.

SAMSON, MICAH, and the Chorus of Israelites.

Micah. She's gone, a Serpent manifest, her Sting
Discover'd in the end.

Samson. So let her go;
God sent her here to aggravate my Folly.
Favour'd of Heav'n is he who finds one true;
How rarely found!----his way to Peace is smooth.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

*To Man God's universal Law
 Gave Pow'r to keep the Wife in Awe;
 Thus shall his Life be ne'er dismay'd,
 By Female Usurpation sway'd.*

S C E N E IV.

SAMSON, MICAH, HARAPHA, *Chorus of Israelites,
 and Priests of Dagon.*

Micah. No Words of Peace, no Voice-enchanting Fear,
 A rougher Tongue expect.--- Here's *Harapha*,
 I know him by his Pride and haughty Look.

Harapha. I come not, *Samson*, to condole thy Chance;
 I am of *Gath*, Men call me *Harapha*;
 Thou know'st me now; of thy prodigious Might
 Much have I heard, incredible to me!
 Nor less displeas'd, that never in the Field
 We met, to try each other's Deeds of Strength:
 I'd see if thy Appearance answers loud Report.

Samson. The Way to know, were not to see, but taste.

Harapha. Ha! dost thou then already single me?
 I thought that Labour, and thy Chains, had tam'd thee.
 Had Fortune brought me to that Field of Death,
 Where thou wrought'st Wonders with an Ass's Jaw,
 I'd left thy Carcase where the Ass lay thrown.

Samson. Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do.

Harapha. The Honour certain to have won from thee
 I lose, prevented by thy Eyes put out;
 To combat with a blind Man, I disdain.

A I R.

*Honour and Arms scorn such a Foe,
 Tho' I cou'd end thee at a Blow;
 Poor Victory,
 To conquer thee,
 Or glory in thy Overthrow:
 Vanquish a Slave that is half slain!
 So mean a Triumph I disdain.*

Samson. Cam'st thou for this, vain Boaster? yet take heed;
 My Heels are fetter'd, but my Hands are free.
 Thou Bulk, of Spirit void, I once again,
 Blind, and in Chains, provoke thee to the Fight.

Harapha. O Dagon! can I hear this Insolence,
 To me unus'd, not rend'ring instant Death?

D U E T. *Samson and Harapha.*

Samson. Go, baffled Coward, go,
 Lest Vengeance lay thee low;
 In Safety fly my Wrath with speed.

Harapha. Presume not on thy God,
 Who under Foot has trod
 Thy Strength and Thee, at greatest need.

Both. Go, baffled Coward, go, &c.
 Presume not on thy God, &c.

Micah. Here lies the Proof: --- If Dagon be thy God,
 With high Devotion invoke his Aid,
 His Glory is concern'd. Let him dissolve
 Those magick Spells that gave our Hero Strength,
 Then know whose God is God; Dagon, of mortal Make,
 Or that Great One whom *Abra'm's* Sons adore.

Chorus

Chorus of *Israelites*.

Hear, Jacob's God! Jehovah, hear!
 O save us, prostrate at thy Throne,
Isr'el depends on thee alone;
 Save us, and shew that thou art near.

Harapha. Dagon, arise! attend thy sacred Feast;
 Thy Honour calls, this Day admits no Rest.

Chorus of the Priests of *Dagon*.

To Song and Dance we give the Day,
 Which shews thy universal Sway.
 Protect us by thy mighty Hand,
 And sweep this Race from out the Land.

Chorus of both.

Both Chorus's. *Fix'd in his everlasting Seat.*
 Chorus of *Israelites*. *Jehovah rules the World in State.*
 Chorus Priests of *Dagon*. *Great Dagon rules the World in State.*
 Both. *His Thunder roars, Heav'n shakes, and Earth's aghast,*
 The Stars with deep Amaze,
 Remain in stedfast Gaze.
 Chorus of *Israelites*. *Jehovah is of Gods the first and last.*
 Chorus Priests of *Dagon*. *Great Dagon is of Gods the first and last.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

SAMSON, MICAH, HARAPHA, and Chorus of Israelites.

MICAH.

MORE Trouble is behind, for *Harapha*
Comes on amain, Speed in his Steps and Look.

Samson. I fear him not, nor all his Giant Brood.

Harapha. *Samson*, to thee our Lords thus bid me say :
This Day to *Dagon* we do sacrifice
With Triumph, Pomp, and Games; we know thy Strength
Surpasses Human Race; come then, and shew
Some publick Proof to grace this solemn Feast.

Samson. I am an *Hebrew*, and our Law forbids
My Presence at their vain religious Rites.

Harapha. This Answer will offend; regard thyself.

Samson. Myself! my Conscience and internal Peace!
Am I so broke with Servitude, to yield
To such absurd Commands? To be their Fool,
And play before their God?---- I will not come.

Harapha. My Message, giv'n with Speed, brooks no Delay.

A I R for *Harapha*.

Presuming Slave! to move their Wrath;

For Mercy sue,

Or Vengeance due

Dooms in one fatal Word thy Death:

Consider, ere it be too late,

To ward th' unerring Shast of Fate.

Micah. Reflect then, *Samson*, Matters now are strain'd
Up to the Height, whether to hold or break.
He's gone, whose Malice may inflame the Lords.

Samson.

Samson. Shall I abuse this consecrated Gift
Of Strength, again returning with my Hair,
By vaunting it in honour to their God,
And prostituting holy things to Idols?

Micah. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my Reach;
'Tis Heav'n alone can save both us and thee.

Chorus of Israelites.

*With Thunder arm'd, great God arise;
Help, Lord, or Isr'el's Champion dies:
To thy Protection this thy Servant take,
And save, O save us, for thy Servant's sake.
With Thunder arm'd, great God arise;
Help, Lord, or Isr'el's Champion dies.*

Samson. Be of good Courage, I begin to feel
Some inward Motions, which do bid me go.

Micah. In time thou hast resolv'd, again he comes.

Harapha. *Samson*, this second Summons send our Lords:
Haste thee at once, or we shall Engines find
To move thee, tho' thou wert a solid Rock.

Samson. Vain were their Art if try'd; I yield to go,
Not thro' your Streets be like a wild Beast trail'd.

Harapha. You thus may win the Lords to set you free.

Samson. In nothing I'll comply that's scandalous,
Or sinful by our Law.----Brethren, farewell;
Your kind Attendance now, I pray, forbear.

Micah. So may'st thou act as serves his Glory best.

Samson. Let but that Spirit (which first rush'd on me
In the Camp of *Dan*) inspire me at my Need,
Then shall I make *Jehovah's* Glory known,
Their Idol Gods shall from his Presence fly,
Scatter'd like Sheep before the God of Hosts.

A I R for Samson.

*Thus when the Sun from's watry Bed,
 All curtain'd with a cloudy Red,
 Pillows his Chin upon an orient Wave;
 The wand'ring Shadows ghastly pale
 All troop to their infernal Fail,
 Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his sev'ral Grave.*

Micah. With Might endu'd above the Sons of Men,
 Swift as the Light'ning's Glance his Errand execute,
 And spread his Name amongst the Heathen round.

A I R for Micah.

*The Holy One of Isr'el be thy Guide,
 The Angel of thy Birth stand by thy Side:
 To Fame immortal go,
 Heav'n bids thee strike the Blow:
 The Holy One of Isr'el is thy Guide.*

Chorus of Israelites.

*To Fame immortal go,
 Heav'n bids thee strike the Blow:
 The Holy One of Isr'el is thy Guide.*

S C E N E II.

MICAH, MANOA, and Chorus of Israelites.

Micah. O'd Manoa, with youthful Steps, makes haste
 To find his Son, or bring us some glad News.

Manoa. I come, my Brethren, not to seek my Son,
 Who at the Feast does play before the Lords;
 But give you Part with me, what Hopes I have
 To work his Liberty.

A I R and Chorus of Philistines at a distance.

*Great Dagon has subdu'd our Foe,
And brought their boasted Hero low:
Sound out his Pow'r in Notes divine,
Praise him with Mirth, high Chear, and Wine.*

Manoa. What Noise of Joy was that? it tore the Sky.

Micah. They shout and sing to see their dreaded Foe
Now captive, blind, delighting with his Strength.

Manoa. Cou'd my Inheritance but ransom him,
Without my Patrimony, having him,
The richest of my Tribe.

Micah. Sons care to nurse
Their Parents in Old Age; but you, your Son.

A I R for Manoa.

*How willing my Paternal Love
The Weight to share
Of Filial Care,
And part of Sorrow's Burden prove:
Tho' wand'ring in the Shades of Night,
Whilst I have Eyes he wants no Light.*

Micah. Your Hopes of his Deliv'ry seem not vain,
In which all Isr'el's Friends participate.

Manoa. I know your friendly Minds, and ----

[A Symphony here of Horror and Confusion.]

Heav'n! what Noise?

Horribly loud, unlike the former Shout.

Chorus of Philistines at a distance.

*Hear us, our God! O hear our Cry!
Death! Ruin! fall'n! no Help is nigh:
O Mercy, Heav'n! we sink! we die!*

Micah.

Micah. Noise call you this? an universal Groan,
As if the World's Inhabitation perish'd!
Blood, Death, and Ruin at their utmost Point!

Manoa. Ruin indeed! Oh! they have slain my Son!

Micah. Thy Son is rather slaying them; that Cry
From Slaughter of one Foe cou'd not ascend.
But see, my Friends,
One hither speeds, an *Hebrew* of our Tribe.

S C E N E III.

MANOA, MICAH, and an *Israelite Officer.* *Chorus*
of *Israelites.*

Officer. Where shall I run, or which way fly the Thoughts
Of this most horrid Sight? O Countrymen!
You're in this sad Event too much concern'd.

Micah. The Accident was loud, we long to know from
whence.

Officer. Let me recover Breath; it will burst forth.

Manoa. Tell us the Sum, the Circumstance defer.

Officer. Gaza yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n.

Manoa. Sad! not to us: But now relate by whom.

Officer. By *Samson* done.

Manoa. The Sorrow lessens still,
And nigh converts to Joy.

Officer. Oh *Manoa*!

In vain I would refrain; -----the evil Tale
Too soon will rudely pierce thy aged Ear.

Manoa. Suspense in News is Torture; speak them out.

Officer. Then take the worst in brief--- *Samson* is dead.

Manoa. The worst indeed! My Hopes to free him hence
Are blasted all; but Death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his Ransom now.

Micah.

Micah. Yet, ere we give the Reins to Grief, say first
How dy'd he? Death to Life is Crown or Shame.

Officer. Unwounded of his Enemies he fell,
At once he did destroy, and was destroy'd.
The Edifice, where all were met to see,

Upon their Heads, and on his own he pull'd.

Manoa. O lastly over-strong against thyself!
A dreadful Way thou took'st to thy Revenge:
Glorious, yet dearly bought!

A I R for *Micah.*

*Ye Sons of Isr'el now lament,
Your Spear is broke, your Bow's unbent;
Your Glory's fled,
Amongst the Dead
Great Samson lies,
For ever, ever, clos'd his Eyes.*

Chorus of Israelites.

*Weep, Isr'el, weep a louder Strain,
Samson, your Strength, your Hero's slain.* [A March.

Micah. The Body comes; we'll meet it on the way
With Laurels ever green, and branching Palm;
Then lay it in its Monument, hung round
With all his Trophies, and great Acts enroll'd
In Verse Heroick, or sweet Lyrick Song.

Manoa. There shall all *Isr'el's* valiant Youth resort,
And from his Memory inflame their Breasts
To matchless Valour, whilst they sing his Praise.

A I R for Manoa.

*Glorious Hero, may thy Grave
Peace and Honour ever have;
After all thy Pains and Woes,
Rest eternal, sweet Repose.*

Israelite Woman. The Virgins too shall on their feastful Days
Visit his Tomb with Flow'rs, and there bewail
His Loss unfortunate in Nuptial Choice.

Chorus of Virgins.

*Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
Strew his Herse, and strew the Ways.*

A I R.

*May ev'ry Hero fall like thee,
Thro' Sorrow to Felicity.*

Chorus repeated.

*Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
Strew his Herse, and Strew the Ways.*

Manoa. Come, come; no Time for Lamentation now;
No Cause for Grief; *Samson* like *Samson* fell;
Both Life and Death heroick. To his Foes
Ruin is left; to Him eternal Fame.

G R A N D C H O R U S.

*Let the bright Seraphims in burning Row,
Their loud, up-lifted Angel-Trumpets blow:
Let the Cherubick Host, in tuneful Choirs,
Touch their immortal Harps with golden Wires:
Let their cœlestial Concerts all unite,
Ever to sound his Praise in endless Blaze of Light.*

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S A M S O N.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

As it is Perform'd at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

Alter'd and adapted to the Stage from the SAMSON
AGONISTES of *Milton.*

Set to Mufick by Mr. H A N D E L.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER in the *Strand.*

MDCC LIV.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ISRAELITES.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, *Father to Samson.*

MICAH, *Friend to Samson.*

An Israelite Officer.

Chorus of Israelites.

PHILISTINES.

DALILA, *Wife of Samson.*

HARAPHA, *a Giant.*

Chorus of Philistine Women, and Priests of Dagon.

SCENE, *Before the Prison in Gaza.*



SAMSON,

S A M S O N.

A N
O R A T O R I O.

A C T I S C E N E I.

SAMSON *blind, and in Chains. Chorus of the Priests of
Dagon celebrating his Festival.*

SAMSON.



HIS Day, a solemn Feast to *Dagon* held
Relieves me from my Task of servile Toil;
Unwillingly their Superstition yields
This Rest! To breathe Heav'n's Air fresh blowing,
pure and sweet.

Chorus of the Priests of *Dagon*.

*Awake the Trumpet's lofty Sound;
The joyful sacred Festival comes round;
When Dagon, King of all the Earth, is crown'd.*

A I R.

*Ye Men of Gaza, hither bring,
The merry Pipe and pleasing String,
The solemn Hymn and chearful Song;
Be Dagon prais'd by ev'ry Tongue.*

[Chorus repeated.]

A I R.

*Loud as the Thunder's awful Voice,
In Notes of Triumph, Notes of Praise,
So high great Dagon's Name we'll raise,
That Heav'n and Earth may hear how we rejoice.*

A 2

A I R.

A I R.

*Then free from Sorrow, free from Thrall;
 All blithe and gay,
 With Sports and Play
 We'll celebrate his Festival.*

[Chorus repeated.]

Samson. Why by an Angel was my Birth foretold,
 If I must die, betray'd and captiv'd thus,
 The Scorn and Gaze of Foes! --- O cruel Thought!
 My Griefs find no Redress; they inward prey,
 Like gangreen'd Wounds, immedicable grown.

A I R.

Samson. Torments, alas! are not confin'd
 To Heart, or Head, or Breast;
 But will a secret Passage find
 Into the very inmost Mind,
 With Pains intense oppress,
 That rob the Soul itself of Rest.

S C E N E II.

SAMSON, MICAH, and Chorus of Israelites.

Micah. [*Apart.*] O Change beyond Report, Thought, or
 Belief!

See how he lies with languish'd Head, unprop'd!
 Abandon'd! past all Hope! Can this be he?
 Heroick *Samson*? whom no Strength of Man,
 Nor Fury of the fiercest Beast cou'd quell?
 Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid;
 Ran weaponless on Armies clad in Iron,
 Useless the temper'd Steel, or Coat of Mail.

A I R.

A I R.

Micah. *O Mirrour of our fickle State!
In Birth, in Strength, in Deeds how great!
From highest Glory fall'n so low,
Sunk in the deep Abyss of Woe.*

Samson. [Apart.] Whom have I to complain of but myself,
Who Heav'n's great Trust cou'd not in Silence keep,
But weakly to a Woman must reveal it?

Micah. [To *Samson.*] Matchless in Might! once *Isr'el's*
Glory, now her Grief;
We come, thy Friends well known, to visit thee.

Samson. Welcome, my Friends.

Micah. Which shall we first bewail, thy Bondage, or lost Sight?

Samson. O Loss of Sight! of thee I most complain;
O worse than Beggary, Old Age, or Chains!
My very Soul in real Darkness dwells!

A I R.

Samson. *Total Eclipse! no Sun, no Moon!
All dark amidst the Blaze of Noon!
O glorious Light! No chearing Ray
To glad my Eyes with welcome Day:
Why thus depriv'd thy prime Decree,
Sun, Moon, and Stars are dark to me.*

C H O R U S.

*O first created Beam! and thou great Word!
Let there be Light! and Light was over all,
One heav'nly Blaze shone round this earthly Ball.
To thy dark Servant Life by Light afford.*

Samson.

Samson. You see, my Friends, how Woes inclose me round:
But, had I Sight, how cou'd I heave my Head
For Shame? Thus for a Word, or Tear, divulge
To a false Woman God's most secret Gift,
And then be sung, or proverb'd for a Fool.

Micah. Here comes thy reverend Sire, old *Manoa*,
With careful Steps, and Locks as white as Down.

Samson. Alas! another Grief that Name awakes.

S C E N E III.

SAMSON, MICAH, MANOA, and the Chorus
of Israelites.

Manoa. Brethren, and Men of *Dan*, say, where's my Son?
Samson, fond *Isr'el's* Boast? inform my Age.

Micah. As signal now in low dejected State,
As in the height of Pow'r: See where he lies.

Manoa. O miserable Change! is this the Man
Renown'd afar, the Dread of *Isr'el's* Foes?
Who with an Angel's Strength their Armies duell'd,
Himself an Army; now unequal Match
To guard his Breast against the Coward's Spear.
O ever-failing Trust in mortal Strength!
And O, what not deceivable, and vain in Man!

A I R.

God of our Fathers, what is Man?

So proud, so vain, so great in Story!

His Fame a Blast, his Life a Span;

A Bubble at the height of Glory.

Oft he that's most exalted high,

Unseemly falls in human Eye.

Manoa.

Manoa accompanied. The Good we wish for, often proves
our Bane,

I pray'd for Children --- and I gain'd a Son ---
And such a Son, as all Men hail'd me happy;
But who'd be now a Father in my stead?
The Blessing drew a Scorpion's Tail behind:
This Plant (select and sacred for a while,
The Miracle of all!) was in one Hour ensnar'd,
Assaulted, overcome, led bound ----
His Foes Derision --- Captive ---
Poor and blind.

A I R.

Manoa. Thy glorious Deeds inspir'd my Tongue,
Whilst Airs of Joy from thence did flow;
To Sorrow now I tune my Song,
And set my Harp to Notes of Woe.

Samson. Justly these Evils have befall'n thy Son;
Sole Author I, sole Cause. My Griefs for this,
Forbid mine Eye to close, or Thoughts to rest:
But now the Strife shall end; me overthrown,
Dagon presumes to enter Lifts with God;
Who, thus provok'd, will not connive, but rouse
His Fury soon, and his great Name assert.
Dagon shall stoop, ere long be quite despoil'd
Of all those boasted Trophies won on me.

A I R.

Samson. Let not the God of Isr'el sleep:
Arise with dreadful Sound,
And Clouds encompass round,
Then shall the Heathen hear thy Thunder deep.

*The Tempest of thy Wrath now raise,
In Whirlwind them pursue,
Full fraught with Vengeance due,
'Till Shame and Trouble all thy Foes shall seize.*

Micah. There lies our Hope; true Prophet may'st thou be,
That God may vindicate his glorious Name;
Nor let us doubt whether God is Lord, or Dagon.

C H O R U S.

*Then shall they know, that He whose Name
Jehovah is alone,
O'er all the Earth but one,
Was ever the most high, and still the same.*

Manoa. For thee, my dearest Son, must thou mean while
Lie thus neglected, in this loathsome Plight?

Samson. It shou'd be so: Why shou'd I live?
Soon shall these Orbs to double Darkness yield;
My genial Spirits droop, my Hopes are flat;
Nature in me seems weary of herself;
My Race of Glory run, and Race of Shame;
Death invocated oft' shall end my Pains,
And lay me gently down with them that rest.

Micah. Then long Eternity shall greet your Bliss.
No more of earthly Joys, so false and vain!

A I R.

Micah. Joys that are pure, sincerely good,
Shall then o'ertake you as a Flood:
Where Truth and Peace do ever shine,
With Love that's perfectly divine.

C H O R U S.

Then round about the starry Throne
 Of Him who ever rules alone,
 Your heav'nly-guided Soul shall climb;
 Of all this earthly Grossness quit,
 With Glory crown'd, for ever sit,
 And triumph over Death, and Thee, O Time.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

SAMSON, MICAH, MANOA, and the Chorus
 of Israelites.

M A N O A.

RUST yet in God; the Father's timely Care
 Shall prosecute the Means to free thee hence;
 Mean time, all healing Words from these thy Friends admit.
Samson. My Evils hopeless are; one Pray'r remains,
 A speedy Death, to close my Miseries.

Micah. Relieve thy Champion, Image of thy Strength;
 And turn his Labours to a peaceful End.

A I R.

Micah. Return, O God of Hosts! behold
 Thy Servant in Distress,
 His mighty Grievs redress,
 Nor by the Heathen be they told.

B

C H O-

CHORUS.

*To Dust his Glory they wou'd tread,
And number him amongst the Dead.*

S C E N E II.

SAMSON, MICAH, DALILA, *Chorus of Israelites,
and Virgins attending DALILA.*

Micah. But who is this, that so bedeck'd and gay,
Comes this way sailing like a stately Ship;
'Tis *Dalila*, thy Wife.

Samson. My Wife! my Trait'ers: Let her not come
near me.

Micah. She stands, and eyes thee fix'd, with Head declin'd,
(Like a fair Flow'r surcharg'd with Dew) she weeps;
Her Words address'd to thee seem Tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the Borders of her silken Vail.

Dalila. With doubtful Feet, and wav'ring Resolution,
I come, O *Samson*! dreading thy Displeasure;
But Conjugal Affection led me on,
Prevailing over Fear and tim'rous Doubt.

Samson. Out, thou *Hyæna*! 'twas Malice brought thee here;
These are the Arts of Women false, like thee,
To break all Vows, repent, deceive, submit;
Then, with instructed Skill, again transgress.

Dalila. I wou'd not lessen my Offence, yet beg
To weigh it by itself;
A mutual Weakness mutual Pardon claims.

Samson. How cunningly the Sorcerers displays
Her own Transgressions, to upbraid me mine?

S A M S O N.

I to myself was false, ere thou to me;
Bitter Reproach! but true. The Pardon then
I to my Folly give, take thou to thine.

A I R.

Dalila. *With plaintive Notes and am'rous Moan
Thus cooes the Turtle left alone;
Like her, averse to each Delight,
She wears the tedious widow'd Night:
But when her absent Mate returns,
With doubled Raptures then she burns.*

Samson. Did Love constrain thee? No, 'twas raging Lust.
Love seeks for Love, thy Treason sought my Hate.
In vain you strive to cover Shame with Shame:
Once join'd to me, tho' judg'd your Country's Foe,
Parents, and all, were in the Husband lost.

A I R.

*Your Charms to Ruin led the way,
My Sense deprav'd,
My Strength enslav'd,
As I did love, you did betray.
How great the Curse! How hard my Fate
To pass Life's Sea with such a Mate!*

Dalila. Forgive what's done, nor think of what's past Cure;
From forth this Prison-house come home to me,
Where with redoubled Love, and nursing Care,
(To me glad Office!) my Virgins and myself
Shall tend about thee to extremest Age.

S A M S O N.

A I R.

Dalila. *My Faith and Truth, O Samson, prove;
But hear me, hear the Voice of Love;
With Love no Mortal can be cloy'd,
All Happiness is Love enjoy'd.*

Chorus of Virgins.

*Her Faith and Truth, O Samson, prove,
But hear her, hear the Voice of Love.*

A I R.

Dalila. *To fleeting Pleasures make your Court,
No Moment lose, for Life is short;
The present Now's our only Time,
The missing That our only Crime.
How charming is domestick Ease!
A thousand ways I'll strive to please:
Life is not lost, tho' lost your Sight,
Let other Senses taste Delight.*

Chorus repeated.

*Her Faith and Truth, O Samson, prove,
But hear her, hear the Voice of Love.*

*Samson. Ne'er think of that; I know thy warbling Charms,
Thy Trains, thy Wiles, and fair enchanted Cup;
Their Force is null'd; when once I have been caught,
I shun the Snare; these Chains, this Prison-House
I count the House of Liberty to thine.*

Dalila. Let me approach at least, and touch thy Hand.

Samson.

Samson. Not for thy Life, lest fierce Remembrance wake
My sudden Rage, to tear thee Limb from Limb :
At Distance I forgive; depart with that :
Now triumph in thy falshood; so farewell.

Dalila. Thou art more deaf to Pray'rs than Winds or Seas.
Thy Anger rages an eternal Tempest;
Why should I humbly sue for Peace, thus scorn'd,
With Infamy upon my Name denounc'd?

D U E T.

Dalila. *Traitor to Love, I'll sue no more*
For Pardon scorn'd, your Threats give o'er.
Samson. *Traitress to Love, I'll hear no more*
The Charmer's Voice, your Arts give o'er.

S C E N E III.

SAMSON, MICAH, and the Chorus of Israelites.

Micah. She's gone, a Serpent manifest, her Sting
Discover'd in the end.

Samson. So let her go;
God sent her here to aggravate my Folly.

A I R.

It is not Virtue, Valour, Wit,
Or Comeliness of Grace,
That Woman's Love can truly hit,
Or in her Heart claim place.

Still wav'ring where their Choice to fix,
Too oft they choose the wrong;
So much Self-love does rule the Sex,
They nothing else love long.

Da Capo.
Favour'd

Favour'd of Heav'n is he who finds one true;
How rarely found!---- his way to Peace is smooth.

CHORUS.

*To Man God's universal Law
Gave Pow'r to keep the Wife in Awe;
Thus shall his Life be ne'er dismay'd,
By Female Usurpation sway'd.*

S C E N E IV.

SAMSON, MICAH, HARAPHA, *Chorus of Israelites,
and Priests of Dagon.*

Micah. No Words of Peace, no Voice-enchancing Fear,
A rougher Tongue expect. ---- Here's *Harapha*,
I know him by his Pride and haughty Look.

Harapha. I come not, *Samson*, to condole thy Chance;
I am of *Gath*, Men call me *Harapha*;
Thou know'st me now; of thy prodigious Might
Much have I heard, incredible to me!
Nor less displeas'd, that never in the Field
We met, to try each other's Deeds of Strength:
I'd see if thy Appearance answers loud Report.

Samson. The way to know, were not to see, but taste.

Harapha. Ha! dost thou then already single me?
I thought that Labour, and thy Chains, had tam'd thee.
Had Fortune brought me to that Field of Death,
Where thou wrought'st Wonders with an Ass's Jaw,
I'd left thy Carcase where the Ass lay thrown.

Samson. Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do.

Harapha. The Honour certain to have won from thee

I lose, prevented by thy Eyes put out;
To combat with a blind Man, I disdain.

A I R.

*Honour and Arms scorn such a Foe,
Tho' I cou'd end thee at a Blow;*

Poor Victory,

To conquer thee,

Or glory in thy Overthrow:

Vanquish a Slave that is half slain!

So mean a Triumph I disdain.

Samson. Can'st thou for this, vain Boaster? yet take heed;
My Heels are fetter'd, but my Hands are free.
Thou Bulk, of Spirit void, I once again,
Blind, and in Chains, provoke thee to the Fight.

Harapha. O Dagon! can I hear this Insolence,
To me unus'd, not rend'ring instant Death?

D U E T. *Samson and Harapha.*

Samson. Go, baffled Coward, go,
Lest Vengeance lay thee low;
In Safety fly my Wrath with speed.

Harapha. Presume not on thy God,
Who under Foot has trod
Thy Strength and Thee, at greatest need.

Both. Go, baffled Coward, go, &c.
Presume not on thy God, &c.

Micah. Here lies the Proof: --- If Dagon be thy God,
With high Devotion invoke his Aid,
His Glory is concern'd. Let him dissolve
Those magic Spells that gave our Hero Strength,

Then

Then know whose God is God ; Dagon, of mortal Make,
Or that Great One whom *Abr'am's* Sons adore.

Chorus of *Israelites*.

Hear, Jacob's God! Jehovah, hear!
O save us, prostrate at thy Throne,
Isr'el depends on thee alone ;
Save us, and shew that thou art near.

Harapha. Dagon, arise ! attend thy sacred Feast ;
Thy Honour calls, this Day admits no Rest.

Chorus of the *Priests of Dagon*.

To Song and Dance we give the Day,
Which shews thy universal Sway.
Protect us by thy mighty Hand,
And sweep this Race from out the Land.

Chorus of both.

Both Chorus's.	<i>Fix'd in his everlasting Seat.</i>
Chorus of <i>Israelites</i> .	<i>Jehovah rules the World in State.</i>
Chorus <i>Priests of Dagon</i> .	<i>Great Dagon rules the World in State.</i>
Both.	<i>His Thunder roars, Heav'n shakes, and Earth's aghast,</i> <i>The Stars with deep Amaze,</i> <i>Remain in stedfast Gaze.</i>
Chorus of <i>Israelites</i> .	<i>Jehovah is of Gods the first and last.</i>
Chorus <i>Priests of Dagon</i> .	<i>Great Dagon is of Gods the first and last.</i>



A C T III. S C E N E I.

SAMSON, MICAH, HARAPHA, *Chorus of Israelites.*

A I R. MICAH.

OW great and many Perils do infold
The righteous Man, to make him daily fall,
Were't not that heav'nly Grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast Truth acquit him out of all.

Micah. More Trouble is behind, for *Harapha*
Comes on amain, Speed in his Steps and Look.

Samson. I fear him not, nor all his Giant Brood.

Harapha. *Samson*, to thee our Lords thus bid me say:

This Day to *Dagon* we do sacrifice
With Triumph, Pomp, and Games; we know thy Strength
Surpasses Human Race; come then, and shew
Some publick Proof to grace this solemn Feast.

Samson. I am an *Hebrew*, and our Law forbids
My Presence at their vain religious Rites.

Harapha. This Answer will offend; regard thyself.

Samson. Myself! my Conscience and internal Peace!
Am I broke with Servitude, to yield
To such absurd Commands? To be their Fool,
And play before their God? --- I will not come.

Harapha. My Message, giv'n with Speed, brooks no Delay.

C

A I R.

A I R for Harapha.

*Presuming Slave! to move their Wrath;
For Mercy sue,
Or Vengeance due
Dooms in one fatal Word thy Death:
Consider, ere it be too late,
To ward th' unerring Shaft of Fate.*

Micah. Reflect then, *Samson*, Matters now are strain'd,
Up to the Height, whether to hold or break.
He's gone, whose Malice may inflame the Lords.

Samson. Shall I abuse this consecrated Gift
Of Strength, again returning with my Hair,
By vaunting it in honour to their God,
And prostituting holy things to Idols?

Micah. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my Reach;
'Tis Heav'n alone can save both us and thee.

Chorus of *Israelites.*

*With Thunder arm'd, great God arise;
Help, Lord, or Isr'el's Champion dies:
To thy Protection this thy Servant take,
And save, O save us, for thy Servant's sake.
With Thunder arm'd, great God arise;
Help, Lord, or Isr'el's Champion dies.*

Samson. Be of good Courage, I begin to feel
Some inward Motions, which do bid me go.

Micah. In time thou hast resolv'd, again he comes.

Harapha. *Samson*, this second Summons send our Lords:
Haste thee at once, or we shall Engines find
To move thee, tho' thou wert a solid Rock.

Samson.

Samson. Vain were their Art if try'd; I yield to go,
Not thro' your Streets be like a wild Beast trail'd.

Harapha. You thus may win the Lords to set you free.

Samson. In nothing I'll comply that's scandalous
Or sinful by our Law. ---- Brethren, farewell;
Your kind Attendance now, I pray, forbear.

Micah. So may'st thou act as serves his Glory best.

Samson. Let but that Spirit (which first rush'd on me
In the Camp of *Dan*) inspire me at my Need,
Then shall I make *Jehovah's* Glory known,
Their Idol Gods shall from his Presence fly,
Scatter'd like Sheep before the God of Hosts.

A I R for Samson.

*Thus when the Sun from's watry Bed,
All curtain'd with a cloudy Red,
Pillows his Chin upon an orient Wave;
The wand'ring Shadows ghastly pale
All troop to their infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his sev'ral Grave.*

Micah. With Might endu'd above the Sons of Men,
Swift as the Light'ning's Glance his Errand execute,
And spread his Name amongst the Heathen round.

A I R for Micah.

*The Holy One of Isr'el be thy Guide,
The Angel of thy Birth stand by thy Side:
To Fame immortal go,
Heav'n bids thee strike the Blow:
The Holy One of Isr'el is thy Guide.*

S C E N E II.

MICAH, MANOA, and Chorus of Israelites.

Micah. Old *Manoa*, with youthful Steps, makes haste
To find his Son, or bring us some glad News.

Manoa. I come, my Brethren, not to seek my Son,
Who at the Feast does play before the Lords;
But give you part with me, what Hopes I have
To work his Liberty.

A I R and Chorus of Philistines at a Distance.

*Great Dagon has subdu'd our Foe,
And brought their boasted Hero low:
Sound out his Pow'r in Notes divine,
Praise him with Mirth, high Chear, and Wine.*

Manoa. What Noise of Joy was that? it tore the Sky.

Micah. They shout and sing to see their dreaded Foe
Now captive, blind, delighting with his Strength.

Manoa. Cou'd my Inheritance but ransom him,
Without my Patrimony, having him,
The richest of my Tribe.

Micah. Sons care to nurse
Their Parents in Old Age; but you, your Son.

A I R for *Manoa*.

*How willing my Paternal Love
The Weight to share
Of filial Care,
And part of Sorrow's Burden prove:*

*Tho' wand'ring in the Shades of Night,
Whilst I have Eyes he wants no Light.*

Micah. Your Hopes of his Deliv'ry seem not vain,
In which all *Isr'el's* Friends participate.

Manoa. I know your friendly Minds, and ---

[*A Symphony here of Horror and Confusion.*]

Heav'n! what Noise?

Horribly loud, unlike the former Shout.

Chorus of *Philistines* at a distance.

Hear us, our God! O hear our Cry!

Death! Ruin! fall'n! no Help is nigh:

O Mercy, Heav'n! we sink! we die!

Micah. Noise call you this? an universal Groan,
As if the World's Inhabitation perish'd!

Blood, Death, and Ruin at their utmost Point!

Manoa. Ruin indeed! Oh! they have slain my Son!

Micah. Thy Son is rather slaying them; that Cry
From Slaughter of one Foe cou'd not ascend.

But see, my Friends,

One hither speeds, an *Hebrew* of our Tribe.

S C E N E III.

MANOA, MICAH, and an *Israelite Officer.* *Chorus*
of Israelites.

Officer. Where shall I run, or which way fly the Thoughts
Of this most horrid Sight? O Countrymen!
You're in this sad Event too much concern'd.

Micah. The Accident was loud, we long to know from
whence. *Officer.*

Officer. Let me recover Breath; it will burst forth.

Manoa. Tell us the Sum, the Circumstance defer.

Officer. Gaza yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n.

Manoa. Sad! not to us: But now relate by whom.

Officer. By *Samson* done.

Manoa. The Sorrow lessens still,
And nigh converts to Joy.

Officer. Oh *Manoa*!

In vain I would refrain; --- the evil Tale
Too soon will rudely pierce thy aged Ear.

Manoa. Suspense in News is Torture; speak them out.

Officer. Then take the worst in brief--- *Samson* is dead.

Manoa. The worst indeed! My Hopes to free him hence
Are blasted all; but Death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his Ransom now.

Micah. Yet, ere we give the Reins to Grief, say first
How dy'd he? Death to Life is Crown or Shame.

Officer. Unwounded of his Enemies he fell,
At once he did destroy, and was destroy'd.
The Edifice, where all were met to see,
Upon their Heads, and on his own he pull'd.

Manoa. O lastly over-strong against thyself!
A dreadful Way thou took'st to thy Revenge:
Glorious, yet dearly bought!

A I R for *Micah*.

*Ye Sons of Isr'el now lament,
Your Spear is broke, your Bow's unbent;
Your Glory's fled,
Amongst the Dead
Great Samson lies,
For ever, ever, clos'd his Eyes.*

Chorus

Chorus of Israelites.

*Weep, Isr'el, weep a louder Strain,
Samson, your Strength, your Hero's slain.* [A March.

Micah. The Body comes; we'll meet it on the way
With Laurels ever green, and branching Palm;
Then lay it in its Monument, hung round
With all his Trophies, and great Acts enroll'd
In Verse Heroick, or sweet Lyrick Song.

Manoa. There shall all *Isr'el's* valiant Youth resort,
And from his Memory inflame their Breasts
To matchless Valour, whilst they sing his Praise.

A I R for Manoa.

*Glorious Hero, may thy Grave
Peace and Honour ever have;
After all thy Pains and Woes,
Rest eternal, sweet Repose.*

Israelite Woman. The Virgins too shall on their feastful Days
Visit his Tomb with Flow'rs, and there bewail
His Loss unfortunate in Nuptial Choice.

Chorus of Virgins.

*Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
Strew his Herse, and strew the Ways.*

A I R.

*May ev'ry Hero fall like thee,
Thro' Sorrow to Felicity.*

Chorus

Chorus repeated.

*Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
Strew his Herse, and strew the Ways.*

Manoa. Come, come; no Time for Lamentation now;
No Cause for Grief; *Samson* like *Samson* fell;
Both Life and Death heroick. To his Foes
Ruin is left; to Him eternal Fame.

A I R.

*Let the bright Seraphims in burning Row,
Their loud, up-lifted Angel-Trumpets blow:
Let the Cherubick Host, in tuneful Choirs,
Touch their immortal Harps with golden Wires:*

C H O R U S.

*Let their celestial Concerts all unite,
Ever to sound his Praise in endless Blaze of Light.*

F I N I S.



24th. *46/3*
5. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.
Har
SAMSON.
A N
ORATORIO.

As Perform'd at the
Annual MUSICAL FESTIVAL at *Salisbury.*

Set to Musick by Mr. HANDEL.



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[Price]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ISRAELITES.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, *Father to Samson.*

MICAH, *Friend to Samson.*

An Israelite Officer.

Chorus of Israelites.

PHILISTINES.

DALILA, *Wife of Samson.*

HARAH, *a Giant.*

*Chorus of Philistine Women, and Priests of
Dagon.*

SCENE, *before the Prison in Gaza.*



SAMSON.

S A M S O N.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Samson *blind, and in Chains. Chorus of the Priests of Dagon celebrating his Festival.*

S A M S O N.

THIS Day, a solemn Feast to *Dagon* held,
Relieves me from my Task of servile Toil;
Unwillingly their Superstition yields
This Rest! To breath Heav'n's Air, fresh blowing, pure
and sweet.

CHORUS of the Priests of *Dagon*.

*Awake the Trumpet's lofty Sound;
The joyful sacred Festival comes round,
When Dagon, King of all the Earth, is crown'd.*

A I R.

*Ye Men of Gaza, hither bring,
The merry Pipe, and pleasing String,
The solemn Hymn and chearful Song;
Be Dagon prais'd by every Tongue.*

A I R.

S A M S O N.

A I R.

*Loud as the Thunder's awful Voice,
In Notes of Triumph, Notes of Praise,
So high great Dagon's Name we'll raise,
That Heav'n and Earth may hear how we rejoice.*

[Chorus repeated.]

S C E N E II.

SAMSON, MICAH, *and Chorus of Israelites.*

Micah. [*Apart.*] O Change beyond Report, thought,
or Belief!

See how he lies with languish'd Head unprop'd !
Abandon'd! past all Hope! Can this be He,
Heroick *Sampson*? Whom no Strength of Man,
Nor Fury of the fiercest Beast could quell;
Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid;
Ran weaponless on Armies clad in Iron;
Ufeless the temper'd Steel, or Frock of Mail?

A I R.

Micah. O *Mirrour of our fickle State!*
In Birth, in Strength, in Deeds, how great ?
From highest Glory fall'n, how low,
Sunk in the deep Abyss of Woe.

Micah. Which shall we first bewail, thy Bondage, or
lost Sight?

Samson. O Loss of Sight! of thee I most complain;
O worse than Beggary, old Age, or Chains!
My very Soul in real Darknes dwells!

A I R.

A I R.

Samson. *Total Eclipse! no Sun, no Moon!
 All dark amidst the Blaze of Noon!
 O glorious Light! no cheering Ray
 To glad my Eyes with welcome Day?
 Why thus depriv'd thy prime Decree?
 Sun, Moon, and Stars, are dark to me.*

Micah. Since Light so necessary is to Life,
 That in the Soul 'tis almost Life itself,
 Why to the tender Eye is Sight confin'd?
 So obvious, and so easy to be quench'd;
 Why not, as Feeling, thro' all Parts diffus'd,
 That we might look at Will thro' ev'ry Pore?

C H O R U S.

*O first created Beam! and thou great Word!
 Let there be Light! and Light was over all,
 One heav'nly Blaze shone round this earthly Ball.
 To thy dark Servant Life by Light afford.*

S C E N E III.

SAMSON, MICAH, MANOA, and the Chorus of Israelites.

Manoa. The Good we wish for, often proves our Bane;
 I pray'd for Children, and I gain'd a Son,
 And such a Son, as all Men hail'd me happy;
 But who'd be now a Father in my Stead?

B

The

The Blessing drew a Scorpion's Tail behind.
 This Plant (select and sacred for a while,
 The Miracle of all!) was in one Hour
 Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
 His Foes Derision, Captive, poor and blind.

A I R.

Manoa. *Thy glorious Deeds inspir'd my Tongue,
 Whilst Airs of Joy from thence did flow,
 To Sorrow now I tune my Song,
 And set my Harp to Notes of Woe.*

Samson. My Griefs for this,
 Forbid mine Eye to close, or Thoughts to rest:
 But now the Strife shall end; me overthrown,
Dagon presumes to enter Lifts with God;
 Who, thus provok'd, will not connive, but rouse
 His Fury soon, and his great Name assert.
Dagon shall stoop, ere long be quite despoil'd
 Of all those boasted Trophies won on me.

A I R.

Samson. *Why does the God of Isr'el sleep?
 Arise with dreadful Sound,
 And Clouds encompass'd round,
 Then shall the Heathen hear thy Thunder deep.*
*The Tempest of thy Wrath now raise,
 In Whirlwind them pursue,*

Full

*Full fraught with Vengeance due,
'Till Shame and Trouble all thy Foes shall seize.*

Micah. There lies our Hope; true Prophet may'st thou be,
That God may vindicate his glorious Name;
Nor let us doubt whether God is Lord, or *Dagon*.

C H O R U S.

*Then shall they know, that he whose Name
Jehovah is alone,
O'er all the Earth but one,
Was ever the most High, and still the same.*

Samson. My genial Spirits droop, my Hopes are flat;
Nature in me seems weary of herself;
My Race of Glory run, and Race of Shame;
Death invocated oft' shall end my Pains,
And lay me gently down with them that rest.

Micah. Then long Eternity shall greet your Bliss;
No more of earthly Joys so false and vain!

A I R.

Micah. Joys that are pure, sincerely good,
Shall then o'ertake you as a Flood:
Where Truth and Peace do ever shine,
With Love that's perfectly divine.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

*Then round about the starry Throne
Of him who ever rules alone,
Your heav'nly-guided Soul shall climb;
Of all this earthly grossness quit,
With Glory crown'd, for ever sit,
And triumph over Death, and thee, O Time.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

SAMSON, MICAH, MANOA, and the Chorus of Israelites.

Enter Manoa. M A N O A.

TRUST yet in God; thy Father's timely Care
Shall prosecute the Means to free thee hence;
Mean Time, all healing Words from these thy Friends
admit.

A I R.

Manoa. *Just are the Ways of God to Man,
Let none his secret Actions scan;
For all is best, tho' oft' we doubt
Of what his Wisdom brings about:
Still his unsearchable Dispose
Blesses the Righteous in the Close.*

Samson. My Evils hopeless are: one Pray'r remains,
A speedy Death, to close my Miseries.

Micah.

S A M S O N.

9

*Micah, Relieve thy Champion, Image of thy Strength;
And turn his Labours to a peaceful End.*

A I R.

*Micah. Return, O God of Hosts! behold
Thy Servant in Distress,
His mighty Grievs redress,
Nor by the Heathen be they told.*

C H O R U S.

*To dust his Glory they wou'd tread,
And number him amongst the Dead.*

S C E N E II.

SAMSON, MICAH, DALILA, Chorus of Israelites, and
Virgins attending DALILA.

*Dalila. With doubtful Feet, and wav'ring Resolution,
I come, O Samsen, ! dreading thy Displeasure;
But Conjugal Affection led me on
Prevailing over Fear and tim'rous Doubt;
Glad, if in ought, my Help or Love cou'd serve
To expiate my rash, unthought Misdeed.*

A I R.

*With plaintive Notes and am'rous Moan
Thus coos the Turtle left alone;
Like her, averse to each Delight,
She wears the tedious widow'd Night:*

C

But

*But when her absent Mate returns,
With double Raptures then she burns.*

Dalila. Forgive what's done, nor think of what's past
cure;

From forth this Prison-House come Home to me,
Where with redoubled Love, and nursing Care,
(To me glad Office!) my Virgins and myself
Shall tend about thee to extremest Age.

A I R.

Dalila. *My Faith and Truth, O Samson, prove;
But hear me, hear the Voice of Love;
With Love no Mortal can be cloy'd,
All Happiness is Love enjoy'd.*

CHORUS of Virgins.

*Her Faith and Truth, O Samson, prove,
But hear her, hear the Voice of Love.*

A I R.

Dalila. *To fleeting Pleasures make your Court,
No Moment lose, for Life is short;
The present now's our only Time,
The missing that our only Crime.*

*How charming is domestick Ease!
A thousand Ways I'll strive to please:
Life is not lost, tho' lost your Sight,
Let other Senses taste Delight.*

CHORUS repeated.

*Her Faith and Truth, O Samson, prove,
But bear her, bear the Voice of Love.*

Samson. Ne'er think of that; I know thy warbling
Charms,
Thy Trains, thy Wiles, and fair enchanted Cup;
Their Force is null'd; where once I have been caught,
I shun the Snare; these Chains, this Prison-House
I count the House of Liberty to thine.

DUET.

Dalila. *Traitor to Love, I'll sue no more
For Pardon scorn'd, your Threats give o'er.*
Samson. *Trait'refs to Love, I'll bear no more
The Charmer's Voice, your Arts give o'er.*

SCENE III.

SAMSON, MICAH, *and the Chorus of Israelites.*

Samson. Favour'd of Heav'n is he who finds one true;
How rarely found!—his way to Peace is smooth.

CHORUS.

*To Man God's universal Law
Gave Pow'r to keep the Wife in Awe;
Thus shall his Life be ne'er dismay'd,
By Female Usurpation sway'd.*

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

SAMSON, MICAH, HARAPHA, *Chorus of Israelites, and*
Priests of Dagon.

Micah. No Words of Peace, no Voice-enchanting Fear,
 A rougher Tongue expect.----Here's *Harapha*,
 I know him by his Stride, and haughty Look.

Harapha. I come not *Samson*, to condole thy Chance;
 I am of *Gath*, Men call me *Harapha*;
 Thou know'st me now; of thy prodigious Might
 Much have I heard, incredible to me!
 Nor less displeas'd, that never in the Field
 We met, to try each other's Deeds of Strength:
 I'd see if thy Appearance answers loud Report.

Samson. The Way to know, were not to see, but taste.

Harapha. Ha! dost thou then already fingle me?
 I thought that Labour, and thy Chains, had tam'd thee.
 Had Fortune brought me to that Field of Death,
 Where thou wrought'st Wonders with an Ass's Jaw,
 I'd left thy Carcase where the Ass lay thrown.

Samson. Boast not of what thou would'st have done,
 but do.

Harapha. The Honour certain to have won from thee
 I lose, prevented by thy Eyes put out;
 To combat with a blind Man, I disdain.

A I R.

*Honour and Arms scorn such a Foe,
 Tho' I cou'd end thee at a Blow;*

Poor

*Poor Victory,
To conquer thee,
Or glory in thy Overthrow:
Vanquish a Slave that is half slain!
So mean a Triumph I disdain.*

Samson. Cam'st thou for this, vain Boaster? yet take heed;
My heels are fetter'd, but my Hands are free.
Thou Bulk, of Spirit void, I once again,
Blind, and in Chains, provoke thee to the Fight.

Harapha. O *Dagon*! can I hear this Insolence,
To me unus'd, not rend'ring instant Death?

D U E T. Samson and Harapha.

Samson. Go, baffled Coward go,
*Lest Vengeance lay thee low;
In safety fly my Wrath with speed.*

Harapha. Presume not on thy God,
*Who under Foot has trod
Thy Strength and thee at greatest Need.*

Both. Go, baffled Coward, go, &c.
Presume not on thy God, &c.

Micah. Here lie the Proof:---If *Dagon* be thy God,
With high Devotion invoke his Aid,
His Glory is concern'd. Let him dissolve
Those magick Spells that gave our Hero Strength,
Then know whose God is God; *Dagon*, of mortal Make,
Or that Great One whom *Abra'm's* Sons adore.

Chorus of *Israelites.*

*Hear, Jacob's God! Jehovah, hear!
O save us, prostrate at thy Throne,*

D

If'el

*Ifr'el depends on thee alone;
Save us, and shew that thou art near.*

*Harapha. Dagon, arise! attend thy sacred Feast;
Thy Honour calls, this Day admits no Rest.*

*Chorus of the Priests of Dagon.
To song and dance we give the Day
Which shews thy universal sway.
Protect us by thy mighty hand,
And sweep this Race from out the Land,*

Chorus of both.

Both Chorus's.	<i>Fix'd in his everlasting seat.</i>
Chorus of Israelites.	<i>Jehovah rules the World in state.</i>
Chorus Priests of Dagon.	<i>Great Dagon rules the World in state.</i>
Both.	<i>His Thunder roars, Heav'n shakes, and Earth's aghast, The stars with deep Amaze, Remain in stedfast Gaze.</i>
Chorus of Israelites.	<i>Jehovah is of Gods the first and last.</i>
Chorus Priests Dagon.	<i>Great Dagon is of Gods the first and last.</i>

A C T III. S C E N E I.

SAMSON, MICAH, HARAPHA, and Chorus of Israelites,

MICAH.

MORE Trouble is behind, for *Harapha*
Comes on amain, Speed in his Steps and Look,
Samson. I fear him not, nor all his Giant Brood.

Harapha.

Harapha. *Samson*, to thee our Lords thus bid me say:
This Day to *Dagon* we do sacrifice
With Triumph, Pomp and Games; we know thy Strength
Surpasses Human Race; come then, and shew
Some publick Proof to grace this solemn Feast.

Samson. I am an *Hebrew*, and our Law forbids
My Presence at their vain religious Rites.

Harapha. My Message giv'n with Speed, brooks no Delay.

A I R for *Harapha*.

Presuming Slave! to move their Wrath;

For mercy sue,

Or Vengeance due

Dooms in one fatal Word thy Death:

Consider, ere it be too late,

To ward th' unerring Shaft of Fate.

Micah. Reflect then, *Samson*, Matters now are strain'd
Up to the Height, whether to hold or break.

He's gone, whose Malice may inflame the Lords.

Samson. Let but that Spirit (which first rush'd on me
In the Camp of *Dan*) inspire me at my Need,
Then shall I make *Jehovah's* Glory known
Their Idol Gods shall from his Presence fly,
Scatter'd like Sheep before the God of Hosts.

A I R for *Samson*.

Thus when the Sun from's watry Bed,

All curtain'd with a cloudy Red,

Pillows his Chin upon an orient wave;

The wand'ring shadows ghastly pale

All troop to their infernal Jail,

Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his sev'ral Grave.

Micah.

Micah. With Might endu'd above the Sons of Men,
Swift as the Light'ning's Gance his Errand execute,
And spread his Name amongst the Heathen round.

A I R *for* Micah.

*The Hcly One of Ifr'el be thy Guide,
The Angel of thy Birth stand by thy side :
To Fame immortal go,
Heav'n bids thee strike the Blow :
The Holy One of Ifr'el is thy Guide.*

Chorus of *Israelites.*

*To Fame immortal go,
Heav'n bids thee strike the Blow :
The Holy One of Ifr'el is thy Guide.*

S C E N E II.

MICAH, MANOA, and Chorus of *Israelites.*

Micah. Old *Manoa*, with youthful Steps, makes haste
To find his Son, or bring us some glad News.

Manoa. I come, my Brethren, not to seek my Son,
Who at the Feast does play before the Lords;
But give you Part with me, what Hopes *I* have
To work his Liberty.

A I R and Chorus of *Philistines at a Distance.*

*Great Dagon has subdu'd our Foe,
And brought their boasted Hero low :
Sound out his Pow'r in Notes divine,
Praise him with Mirth, high Chear, and Wine.*

Manoa. What Noise of Joy was that? it tore the Sky.

Micah. They shout and sing to see their dreaded Foe
Now captive, blind, delighting with his Strength.

Manoa.

Manoa. Cou'd my Inheritance but ransom him
Without my Patrimony, having him,
The richest of my Tribe.

Micah. Sons care to nurse
Their Parents in old Age; but you, your Son.

A I R for *Manoa.*

*How willing my paternal Love
The Weight to share
Of Filial Care,
And part of sorrow's Burden prove:
Tho' wandering in the shades of Night,
Whilst I have Eyes he wants no Light.*

Micah. Your Hopes of his Deliv'ry seem not vain,
In which all *Isr'el's* Friends participate.

Manoa. I know your friendly Minds, and---

[*A symphony here of Horror and Confusion.*]

Heav'n! what Noise?

Horribly loud, unlike the former Shout.

Chorus of *Philistines* at a Distance.

*Hear us, our God! O hear our Cry!
Death! Ruin! fall'n! no Help is nigh:
O Mercy Heav'n! we sink! we die!*

Micah. Noise call you this? an universal Groan,
As if the World's Inhabitation perish'd!
Blood, Death and Ruin, at their utmost Point!

Manoa. Ruin indeed! Oh! they have slain my Son!

Micah. Thy Son is rather slaying them; that Cry
From Slaughter of one Foe cou'd not ascend.

Micah. But see, my Friends,
One hither speeds, an *Hebrew* of our Tribe.

S C E N E III.

MANOA, MICAH, *an* Israelite Officer, and Chorus of Israelites.

Officer. Where shall I run, or which Way fly the Thoughts
Of this most horrid Sight? O Countrymen!
You're in this sad Event too much concern'd.

Micah. The Accident was loud, we long to know from
whence.

Officer. Let me recover Breath; it will burst forth.

Manoa. Tell us the Sum, the Circumstance defer.

Officer. Gaza yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n.

Manoa. Sad! not to us: But now relate by whom.

Officer. By *Samson* done.

Manoa. The Sorrow lessens still,
And nigh converts to Joy.

Officer. Oh! *Manoa*!

In vain I would refrain;---the evil Tale
Too soon will rudely pierce thy aged Ear.

Manoa. Suspence in News is Torture; speak them out.

Officer. Then take the worst in Brief.---*Samson* is dead.

Manoa. The worst indeed! My Hopes to free him hence
Are blasted all; but Death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his Ransom now.

Micah. Yet 'ere we give the Reins to Grief, say first
How dy'd he? Death to Life is Crown or Shame!

Officer. Unwounded of his Enemies he fell,
At once he did destroy, and was destroy'd.
The Edifice, where all were met to see,
Upon their Heads, and on his own he pull'd.

Manoa. O lastly over-strong against thyself!

A dread-

A dreadful Way thou took'st to thy Revenge:
Glorious, yet dearly bought!

Micah. " In Life and Death

" Thou hast fulfill'd the Work for which foretold:

" And now thou ly'st victorious, tho' self-kill'd,

" Triumphant o'er a Heap of slaughter'd Foes,

" More than thy Life had slain. Let *Isr'el* now

" The Voice of Lamentation raise, and sing

" A Hymn of Sorrow to thy honour'd Soul."

A I R for *Micah.*

Ye sons of Isr'el now lament,

Your spear is broke, your Bow's unbent;

Your Glory's fled,

Amongst the Dead:

For ever, ever, clos'd his Eyes.

C H O R U S of *Israelites.*

Weep, Isr'el, weep, a louder strain,

Samson, your strength, your Hero's slain.

[D E A D M A R C H.]

Micah. The Body comes; we'll meet it on the Way
With Laurels ever green, and branching Palm;
Then lay it in its Monument, hung round
With all his Trophies, and great Acts enroll'd
In Verse heroic, or sweet Lyric Song.

Manoa. There shall all *Isr'el's* valiant Youth resort,
And from his Memory enflame their Breasts
To matchless Valour, whilst they sing his Praise.

A I R for *Manoa.*

Glorious Hero, may thy Grave

Peace and Honour ever have;

After

*After all thy Pains and Woes,
Rest eternal sweet Repose.*

Israelite Woman. The Virgins too shall on their feast-
ful Days,
Visit his Tomb with Flow'rs, and there bewail
His Loss unfortunate in nuptial Choice.

Chorus of Virgins.
*Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
Strew his Hearse, and strew the Ways.*

A I R.
*May ev'ry Hero fall like thee,
Thro' Sorrow to Felicity.*

CHORUS repeated.
*Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
Strew his Hearse, and strew the Ways.*

Manoa. Come, come; no Time for Lamentation now;
No Cause for Grief; *Samson* like *Samson* fell;
Both Life and Death heroick. To his Foes
Ruin is left; to Him eternal Fame.

SONG and GRAND CHORUS.
*Let the bright Seraphims in burning Row,
Their loud, up-lifted Angel-Trumpets blow;
Let the Cherubick Host, in tuneful Choirs,
Touch their immortal Harps with golden Wires:
Let their cœlestial Concerts all unite,
Ever to sound his Praise in endless Blaze of Light.*

F I N I S.

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S A M S O N.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

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Set to Mufick by Mr. H A N D E L.



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[Price One Shilling.]

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PHILISTINES.

DALILA, *Wife of Samson.*

HARAPHA, *a Giant.*

Chorus of Philistine Women, and Priests of Dagon.

SCENE, *Before the Prison in Gaza.*



SAMSON.



S A M S O N.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

SAMSON *blind, and in Chains. Chorus of the Priests of
Dagon celebrating his Festival.*

SAMSON.

THIS Day, a solemn Feast to *Dagon* held
Relieves me from my Task of servile Toil ;
Unwillingly their Superstition yields
This Rest ! To breathe Heav'n's Air fresh blowing, pure
and sweet.

Chorus of the Priests of *Dagon*.

*Awake the Trumpet's lofty Sound ;
The joyful sacred Festival comes round ;
When Dagon, King of all the Earth, is crown'd.*

A I R.

*Ye Men of Gaza, hither bring,
The merry Pipe and pleasing String,
The solemn Hymn and chearful Song ;
Be Dagon prais'd by ev'ry Tongue.*

[Chorus repeated.]

A 2

A I R.

A I R

*Loud as the Thunder's awful Voice,
In Notes of Triumph, Notes of Praise,
So high great Dagon's Name we'll raise,
That Heav'n and Earth may hear how we rejoice.*

Samson. Why by an Angel was my Birth foretold,
If I must die, betray'd and captiv'd thus,
The Scorn and Gaze of Foes!--O cruel Thought!
My Griefs find no Redress; they inward prey,
Like gangreen'd Wounds, immedicable grown.

A I R.

Samson. Torments, alas! are not confin'd
To Heart, or Head, or Breast;
But will a secret Passage find
Into the very inmost Mind,
With Pains intense oppress,
That rob the Soul itself of Rest.

S C E N E II.

SAMSON, MICAH, and Chorus of Israelites.

Micah. [*Apart.*] O Change beyond Report, Thought or
Belief!

See how he lies with languish'd Head, unprop'd!
Abandon'd! past all Hope! Can this be he?
Heroick *Samson*? whom no Strength of Man,
Nor Fury of the fiercest Beast cou'd quell?
Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid;
Ran weaponless on Armies clad in Iron,
Useless the temper'd Steel, or Coat of Mail.

A I R.

A I R.

Micah. *O Mirrour of our fickle State!
In Birth, in Strength, in Deeds how great!
From highest Glory fall'n so low,
Sunk in the deep Abyss of Woe.*

Samson. [*Apart.*] Whom have I to complain of but myself,
Who Heav'n's great Trust cou'd not in Silence keep,
But weakly to a Woman must reveal it?

Micah. [*To Samson.*] Matchless in Might! once *Isr'el's*
Glory, now her Grief;

We come, thy Friends well known, to visit thee.

Samson. Welcome, my Friends. [Sight?

Micah. Which shall we first bewail, thy Bondage, or lost

Samson. O Loss of Sight! of thee I most complain;
O worse than Beggary, Old Age, or Chains!
My very Soul in real Darknes dwells!

A I R.

Samson. *Total Eclipse! no Sun, no Moon!
All dark amidst the Blaze of Noon!
O glorious Light! No chearing Ray
To glad my Eyes with welcome Day:
Why thus depriv'd thy prime Decree,
Sun, Moon, and Stars are dark to me.*

C H O R U S.

*O first created Beam! and thou great Word!
Let there be Light! and Light was over all,
One heav'nly Blaze shone round this earthly Ball.
To thy dark Servant Life by Light afford.*

Samson.

Samson. You see, my Friends, how Woes inclose me round:
But, had I Sight, how cou'd I heave my Head
For Shame? Thus for a Word, or Tear, divulge
To a false Woman God's most secret Gift,
And then be sung or proverb'd for a Fool.

Micah. Here comes thy reverend Sire, old *Manoa*,
With careful Steps, and Locks as white as Down.

Samson. Alas! another Grief that Name awakes.

S C E N E III.

SAMSON, MICAH, MANOA, and the Chorus
of Israelites.

Manoa. Brethren, and Men of *Dan*, say, where's my Son?
Samson, fond *Isr'el's* Boast; inform my Age.

Micah. As signal now in low dejected State,
As in the height of Pow'r: See where he lies.

Manoa. O miserable Change! is this the Man
Renown'd afar, the Dread of *Isr'el's* Foes?
Who with an Angel's Strength their Armies duell'd,
Himself an Army; now unequal Match
To guard his Breast against the Coward's Spear.

Manoa accompanied. The Good we wish for, often proves
our Bane,

I pray'd for Children—and I gain'd a Son—
And such a Son, as all Men hail'd me happy;
But who'd be now a Father in my stead?
The Blessing drew a Scorpion's Tail behind:
This Plant (select and sacred for a while,
The Miracle of all!) was in one Hour ensnar'd,
Assaulted, overcome, led bound—

His Foes Derision—Captive—
Poor and blind.

A I R.

Manoa. *Thy glorious Deeds inspir'd my Tongue,
Whilst Airs of Joy from thence did flow;
To Sorrow now I tune my Song,
And set my Harp to Notes of Woe.*

Samson. Justly these Evils have befall'n thy Son;
Sole Author I, sole Cause. My Griefs for this,
Forbid mine Eye to close, or Thoughts to rest:
But now the Strife shall end; me overthrown,
Dagon presumes to enter lists with God;
Who, thus provok'd, will not connive, but rouse
His Fury soon, and his great Name assert.
Dagon shall stoop, ere long be quite despoil'd
Of all those boasted Trophies won on me.

A I R.

Samson. *Let not the God of Ifr'el sleep:
Arise with dreadful Sound,
And Clouds encompass round,
Then shall the Heathen hear thy Thunder deep.
The Tempest of thy Wrath now raise,
In Whirlwind them pursue,
Full fraught with Vengeance due,
'Till Shame and Trouble all thy Foes shall seize.*

Micah. There lies our Hope; true Prophet may'st thou be,
That God may vindicate his glorious Name;
Nor let us doubt whether God is Lord, or *Dagon*.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

*Then shall they know, that he whose Name
 Jehovah is alone,
 O'er all the Earth but one,
 Was ever the most high, and still the same.*

Manoa. For thee, my dearest Son, must thou mean while
 Lie thus neglected, in this loathsome Plight?

Samson. It shou'd be so: Why shou'd I live?
 Soon shall these Orbs to double Darkness yield,
 My genial Spirits droop, my Hopes are flat;
 Nature in me seems weary of herself;
 My Race of Glory run, and Race of Shame;
 Death invocated oft' shall end my Pains,
 And lay me gently down with them that rest.

Micah. Then long Eternity shall greet your Bliss.
 No more of earthly Joys, so false and vain!

A I R.

Micah. Joys that are pure, sincerely good,
 Shall then o'ertake you as a Flood:
 Where Truth and Peace do ever shine,
 With Love that's perfectly divine.

C H O R U S.

*Then round about the starry Throne
 Of Him who ever rules alone,
 Your heav'nly-guided Soul shall climb;
 Of all this earthly Grossness quit,
 With Glory crown'd, for ever sit,
 And triumph over Death, and Thee, O Time.*



A C T II. S C E N E I.

SAMSON, MICAH, MANOA, and the Chorus
of Israelites.

MANOA.

TRUST yet in God; the Father's timely Care
Shall prosecute the Means to free thee hence;
Mean time, all healing Words from these thy Friends admit.

Samson. My Evils hopeless are; one Pray'r remains,
A speedy Death to close my Miseries.

Micah. Relieve thy Champion, Image of thy Strength;
And turn his Labour's to a peaceful End.

A I R.

Micah. Return, O God of Hosts! behold
Thy Servant in Distress,
His mighty Grievs redress,
Nor by the Heathen be they told.

C H O R U S.

To Dust his Glory they wou'd tread,
And number him amongst the Dead.

S C E N E II.

SAMSON, MICAH, DALILA, Chorus of Israelites,
and Virgins attending DALILA.

Micah. But who is this, that so bedeck'd and gay,
Comes this way sailing like a stately Ship;
'Tis *Dalila* thy Wife.

B

Samson.

Samson. My Wife! my Trait'refs: Let her not come
near me.

Micah. She stands, and eyes thee fix'd, with Head declin'd,
(Like a fair Flow'r furcharg'd with Dew) she weeps;
Her Words address'd to thee seem Tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the Borders of her filken Vail.

Dalila. With doubtful Feet, and wav'ring Resolution,
I come, O *Samson*! dreading thy Displeasure;
But Conjugal Affection led me on,
Prevailing over Fear and tim'rous Doubt.

Samson. Out, thou *Hyæna*! 'twas Malice brought thee here;
These are the Arts of Women false, like thee,
To break all Vows, repent, deceive, submit;
Then, with instructed Skill, again transgress.

Dalila. I wou'd not lessen my Offence, yet beg
To weigh it by itself;
A mutual Weakness mutual Pardon claims.

Samson. How cunningly the Sorcerers displays
Her own Transgressions, to upbraid me mine?
I to myself was false, ere thou to me;
Bitter Reproach! but true. The Pardon then
I to my Folly give, take thou to thine.

A I R.

Dalila. *With plaintive Notes and am'rous Moan*
Thus cooes the Turtle left alone;
Like her averse to each Delight,
She wears the tedious widow'd Night:
But when her absent Mate returns,
With doubled Raptures then she burns.

Samson.

Samson. Did Love constrain thee? No, 'twas raging Lust.
 Love seeks for Love, thy Treason fought my Hate.
 In vain you strive to cover Shame with Shame :
 Once join'd to me, tho' judg'd your Country's Foe,
 Parents, and all, were in the Husband lost.

A I R.

*Your Charms to Ruin led the way,
 My Sense deprav'd,
 My Strength enslav'd,
 As I did love, you did betray.
 How great the Curse! How hard my Fate
 To pass Life's Sea with such a Mate!*

Dalila. Forgive what's done, nor think of what's past Cure;
 From forth this Prison-house come home to me,
 Where with redoubled Love, and nursing Care,
 (To me glad Office!) my Virgins and myself
 Shall tend about thee to extremest Age.

A I R.

Dalila. *My Faith and Truth, O Samson, prove;
 But hear me, hear the Voice of Love;
 With Love no Mortal can be cloy'd,
 All Happiness is Love enjoy'd.*

Chorus of Virgins.

*Her Faith and Truth, O Samson, prove,
 But hear her, hear the Voice of Love.*

B 2

A I R.

Still you repeat A I R.

*Dalila. To fleeting Pleasures make your Court,
No Moment lose, for Life is short;
The present Now's our only Time,
The missing That our only Crime.
How charming is domestic Ease!
A thousand ways I'll strive to please:
Life is not lost, tho' lost your Sight,
Let other Senses taste Delight.*

Chorus repeated.

*Her Faith and Truth, O Samson prove,
But hear her, hear the Voice of Love.*

Samson. Ne'er think of that; I know thy warbling Charms,
Thy Trains, thy Wiles, and fair enchanted Cup;
Their Force is null'd; when once I have been caught,
I shun the Snare; these Chains, this Prison-House
I count the House of Liberty to thine.

Dalila. Let me approach at least, and touch thy Hand.

Samson. Not for thy Life, lest fierce Remembrance wake
My sudden Rage, to tear thee Limb from Limb:
At distance I forgive; depart with that:
Now triumph in thy falsehood; so farewell.

Dalila. Thou art more deaf to Pray'rs than Winds or Seas.
Thy Anger rages an eternal Tempest;
Why should I humbly sue for Peace, thus scorn'd,
With Infamy upon my Name denounc'd?

D U E T.

D U E T.

Dalila. *Traitor to Love, I'll sue no more*
For Pardon scorn'd, your Threats give o'er.

Samson. *Traitress to Love, I'll bear no more*
The Charmer's Voice, your Arts give o'er.

S C E N E IV.

SAMSON, MICAH, HARAPHA, *Chorus of Israelites,*
and Priests of Dagon.

Micah. No Words of Peace, no Voice-enchanting Fear,
 A rougher Tongue expect.—Here's *Harapha*,
 I know him by his Pride and haughty Look.

Harapha. I come not, *Samson* to condole thy Chance;
 I am of *Gath*, Men call me *Harapha*;
 Thou know'st me now; of thy prodigious Might
 Much have I heard, incredible to me!
 Nor less displeas'd, that never in the Field
 We met to try each other's Deeds of Strength:
 I'd see if thy Appearance answers loud Report.

Samson. The way to know, were not to see, but taste.

Harapha. Ha! dost thou then already fingle me?
 I thought that Labour, and thy Chains, had tam'd thee.
 Had Fortune brought me to that Field of Death,
 Where thou wrought'st Wonders with an Ass's Jaw,
 I'd left thy Carcase where the Ass lay thrown. [but do.

Samson. Boast not of what thou would'st have done,

Harapha. The Honour certain to have won from thee
 I lose, prevented by thy Eyes put out;
 To combat with a blind Man, I disdain.

A I R.

*Honour and Arms scorn such a Foe,
Tho' I cou'd end thee at a Blow;*

*Poor Victory,
To conquer thee,*

*Or glory in thy overthrow:
Vanquish a Slave that is half slain!
So mean a Triumph I disdain.*

Samson. Cam'st thou for this, vain Boaster? yet take heed;
My Heels are fetter'd, but my Hands are free.
Thou Bulk, of Spirit void, I once again,
Blind, and in Chains, provoke thee to the Fight.

Harapha. O Dagon! can I hear this Insolence,
To me unus'd, not rend'ring instant Death?

D U E T. *Samson and Harapha.*

Samson. Go, baffled Coward, go,
*Lest Vengeance lay thee low;
In Safety fly my Wrath with speed.*

Harapha. Presume not on thy God,
*Who under Foot has trod
Thy Strength and Thee, at greatest need.*

Both. Go, baffled Coward, go, &c.
Presume not on thy God, &c.

Micah. Here lies the Proof:----If *Dagon* be thy God,
With high Devotion invoke his Aid,
His Glory is concern'd. Let him dissolve
Those magic Spells that gave our Hero Strength,
Then

Then know whose God is God ; *Dagon*, of mortal Make,
Or that Great One whom *Abr'am's* Sons adore.

Chorus of *Israelites*.

*Hear, Jacob's God ! Jehova, hear !
O save us, prostrate at thy Throne,
Isr'el depends on thee alone ;
Save us, and shew that thou art near.*

*Harapha. Dagon, arise ! attend thy sacred Feast ;
Thy Honour calls, this Day admits no Rest.*

Chorus of the Priests of *Dagon*.

*To Song and Dance we give the Day,
Which shews thy universal Sway.
Protect us by thy mighty Hand,
And sweep this Race from out the Land.*

Chorus of both.

Both Chorus's. *Fix'd in his everlasting Seat.*
Chorus of *Israelites. Jehovah rules the World in State.*
Chorus Priests of *Dagon. Great Dagon rules the World in State.*
Both. *His Thunder roars, Heav'n shakes, and Earth's aghast,
The Stars with deep Amaze,
Remain in stedfast Gaze.*
Chorus of *Israelites. Jehovah is of Gods the first and last.*
Chorus Priests of *Dagon. Great Dagon is of Gods the first and last.*



A C T III. S C E N E I.

SAMSON, MICAH, HARAPHA, *Chorus of Israelites.*

Micah. **M**ORE Trouble is behind, for *Harapha*
Comes on amain, Speed in his Steps and
Look.

Samson. I fear him not, nor all his Giant Brood.

Harapha. *Samson*, to thee our Lords thus bid me say:
This Day to *Dagon* we do sacrifice
With Triumph, Pomp, and Games; we know thy Strength
Surpasses Human Race; come then, and shew
Some publick Proof to grace this solemn Feast.

Samson. I am an *Hebrew*, and our Law forbids
My Presence at their vain religious Rites.

Harapha. This Answer will offend; regard thyself.

Samson. Myself! my Conscience and internal Peace!
Am I so broke with Servitude, to yield
To such absurd Commands? To be their Fool,
And play before their God?—I will not come.

Harapha. My Message, giv'n with Speed, brooks no Delay:

A I R for *Harapha.*

*Presuming Slave to move their Wrath;
For Mercy sue,
Or Vengeance due*

*Dooms in one fatal Word thy Death:
Consider, ere it be too late,
To ward th' unerring Shaft of Fate.*

Micah.

Micab. Reflect then, *Samson*, Matters now are strain'd,
Up to the Height, whether to hold or break.
He's gone, whose Malice may inflame the Lords.

Samson. Shall I abuse this consecrated Gift
Of Strength, again returning with my Hair,
By vaunting it in honour to their God,
And prostituting holy things to Idols?

Micab. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my Reach;
'Tis Heav'n alone can save both us and thee.

Chorus of *Israelites.*

*With Thunder arm'd, great God arise ;
Help, Lord, or Isr'el's Champion dies ;
To thy Protection this thy Servant take.
And save, O save us, for thy Servant's sake.
With Thunder arm'd, great God arise
Help, Lord, or Isr'el's Champion dies.*

Samson. Be of good Courage, I begin to feel
Some inward Motions, which do bid me go.

Micab. In time thou hast resolv'd, again he comes.

Harapha. *Samson*, this second Summons send our Lords:
Haste thee at once, or we shall Engines find
To move thee, tho' thou wert a solid Rock.

Samson. Vain were their Art if try'd ; I yield to go,
Not thro' your Streets be like a wild Beast trail'd.

Harapha. You thus may win the Lords to set you free.

Samson. In nothing I'll comply that's scandalous
Or sinful by our Law.—Brethren, farewell ;
Your kind Attendance now, I pray, forbear.

Micab. So may'st thou act as serves his Glory best.

Samson. Let but that Spirit (which first rush'd on me
In the Camp of *Dan*) inspire me at my Need,
Then shall I make *Jehovah's* Glory known,
Their Idol God, shall from his Presence fly,
Scatter'd like Sheep before the God of Hosts.

A I R for Samson.

*Thus when the Sun from's watry Bed,
All curtain'd with a cloudy Red,
Pillows his Chin upon an orient Wave;
The wand'ring Shadows ghastly pale
All troop to their infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his sev'ral Grave.*

Micab. With Might endu'd above the Sons of Men,
Swift as the Light'ning's Glance his Errand execute,
And spread his Name amongst the Heathen round.

A I R for Micah.

*The Holy one of Isr'el be thy Guide,
The Angel of thy Birth stand by thy Side:
To Fame immortal go,
Heav'n bids thee strike the Blow:
The Holy One of Isr'el is thy Guide,*

S C E N E II.

MICAH, MANOA, and Chorus of Israelites.

Micab. Old *Manoa*, with youthful Steps, makes haste
To find his Son, or bring us some glad News.

Manoa.

Manoa. I come, my Brethren, not to seek my Son,
Who at the Feast does play before the Lords ;
But give you part with me, what Hopes I have
To work his Liberty.

A I R and Chorus of Philistines at a Distance.

*Great Dagon has subdu'd our Foe,
And brought their boasted Hero low ;
Sound out his Pow'r in Notes divine,
Praise him with Mirth, high Chear, and Wine.*

Manoa. What Noise of Joy was that? it tore the Sky.

Micah. They shout and sing to see their dreaded Foe
Now captive, blind, delighting with his Strength.

Manoa. Cou'd my Inheritance but ransom him,
Without my Patrimony, having him,
The richest of my Tribe.

Micah. Sons' care to nurse
Their Parents in Old Age ; but you, your Son.

A I R for Manoa.

*How willing my Paternal Love
The Weight to share
Of filial Care,
And part of Sorrow's Burden prove :
Tho' wand'ring in the Shades of Night,
Whilst I have Eyes he wants no Light.*

Micah. Your Hopes of his Deliv'ry seem not vain,
In which all Isr'el's Friends participate.

Manoa. I know your friendly Minds, and—

[*A Symphony here of Horror and Confusion.*]

Heav'n! what Noise?
Horribly loud, unlike the former Shout.

Chorus of *Philistines* at a distance.

*Hear us, our God! O bear our Cry!
Death! Ruin! fall'n! no Help is nigh:
O Mercy, Heav'n! we sink! we die!*

Micah. Noise call you this? an universal Groan,
As if the World's Inhabitation perish'd!
Blood, Death, and Ruin at their utmost Point!

Manoa. Ruin indeed! Oh! they have slain my Son!

Micah. Thy Son is rather slaying them; that Cry
From Slaughter of one Foe cou'd not ascend.
But see, my Friends,
One hither speeds, an *Hebrew* of our Tribe.

S C E N E III.

MANOA, MICAH, and an Israelite Officer. Chorus
of Israelites.

Officer. Where shall I run, or which way fly the Thoughts
Of this most horrid Sight? O Countrymen!
You're in this sad Event too much concern'd.

Micah. The Accident was loud, we long to know from
whence.

Officer. Let me recover Breath; it will burst forth.

Manoa. Tell us the Sum, the Circumstance defer.

Officer. Gaza yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n.

Manoa. Sad! not to us: But now relate by whom.

Officer. By *Samson* done.

Manon.

Manoa. The Sorrow lessens still,
And nigh converts to Joy.

Officer. Oh *Manoa* !
In vain I would refrain ;—the evil Tale
Too soon will rudely pierce thy aged Ear.

Manoa. Suspense in News is Torture ; speak them out.

Officer. Then take the worst in brief—*Samson* is dead.

Manoa. The worst indeed ! My Hopes to free him hence
Are blasted all ; but Death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his Ransom now.

Micah. Yet, ere we give the Reins to Grief, say first
How dy'd he ? Death to Life is crown or Shame.

Officer. Unwounded of his Enemies he fell,
At once he did destroy, and was destroy'd.
The Edifice, where all were met to see,
Upon their Heads, and on his own he pull'd.

Manoa. O lastly over-strong against thyself !
A dreadful Way thou took'st to thy Revenge:
Glorious, yet dearly bought !

A I R—*for Micah.*

*Ye Sons of Isr'el now lament,
Your Spear is broke, your Bow's unbent ;
Your Glory's fled,
Amongst the Dead
Great Samson lies,
For ever, ever, clos'd his Eyes.*

Chorus of Israelites.

*Weep, Isr'el, weep a louder Strain,
Samson, your Strength, your Hero's slain. [A March.
Micah.*

Micah. The Body comes; we'll meet it on the way
 With Laurels ever green, and branching Palm;
 Then lay it in its Monument, hung round
 With all his Trophies, and great Acts enroll'd
 In Verse Heroick, or sweet Lyrick Song.

Manoa. There shall all *Ifr'el's* valiant Youth resort,
 And from his Memory inflame their Breasts.
 To matchless Valour, whilst they sing his Praise.

A I R for Manoa.

*Glorious Hero, may thy Grave
 Peace and Honour ever have;
 After all thy Pains and Woes,
 Rest eternal, sweet Repose.*

Israelite Woman. The Virgins too shall on their feastful [Days
 Visit his Tomb with Flow'rs, and there bewail
 His Loss unfortunate in Nuptial Choice.

Chorus of Virgins.

*Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
 Strew his Herse, and strew the Ways.*

A I R.

*May ev'ry Hero, fall like thee,
 Thro' Sorrow to Felicity.*

Chorus repeated.

*Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
 Strew his Herse, and strew the Ways.*

Manoa.

Manoa. Come, come ; no Time for Lamentation now ;
No Cause for Grief ; *Samson* like *Samson* fell ;
Both Life and Death heroick.

A I R.

*Prophetick Raptures swell my Breast,
And whisper, ye shall still be blest.*

To his Foes
Ruin is left ; to him eternal Fame.

A I R.

*Let the bright Seraphims in burning Row,
Their loud, up-lifted Angel-Trumpets blow :
Let the Cherubick Host, in tuneful Choirs,
Touch their immortal Harps with golden Wires :*

CHORUS.

*Let their celestial Concerts all unite,
Ever to sound his Praise in endless Blaze of Light.*

F I N I S.



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S A M S O N,

A N

O R A T O R I O,

As it is Performed at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

Altered from the SAMSON AGONISTES of *Milton*.

The Music composd by GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL, Esq;



L O N D O N:

Printed by J. HARDY, by Assignment of Mr. R. TONSON,
and Sold by T. LOWNDS in *Fleet-Street*.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ISRAELITES.

SAMSON.

MANOA, Father of *Samson*.

MICAH, Friend to *Samson*.

An *Israelite* Officer.

Chorus of *Israelites*.

PHILISTINES.

DALILA, Wife of *Samson*.

HARAPHA, a Giant.

Chorus of *Philistine Women*, and *Priests of Dagon*.

SCENE, *before the Prison in Gaza*.





S A M S O N,

An O R A T O R I O.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

SAMSON *blind, and in Chains. Chorus of the Priests for
Dagon celebrating his Festival.*

S A M S O N.

 HIS Day, a solemn Feast to *Dagon* held
Relieves me from my Task of servile Toil ;
Unwillingly their Superstition yields
This Rest ! To breathe Heav'n's Air fresh blowing, pure
and sweet.

Chorus of the Priests of *Dagon*.

Awake the Trumpet's lofty Sound ;
The joyful sacred Festival comes round ;
When *Dagon*, King of all the Earth, is crown'd.

A - I - R.

Ye Men of *Gaza*, hither bring,
The merry Pipe and pleasing String,
The solemn Hymn and chearful Song ;
Be *Dagon* prais'd by ev'ry Tongue.

[Chorus repeated.]

A I R.

Loud as the Thunder's awful Voice,
 In Notes of Triumph, Notes of Praise,
 So high great *Dagon's* Name we'll raise,
 That Heav'n and Earth may hear how we rejoice.

Samson. Why by an Angel was my Birth foretold,
 If I must die, betray'd and captiv'd thus,
 The Scorn and Gaze of Foes!—O cruel Thought!
 My Griefs find no Redress; they inward prey,
 Like gangreen'd Wounds, immedicable grown.

Samson. Torments, alas! are not confin'd

To Heart, or Head, or Breast;
 But will a secret Passage find
 Into the very inmost Mind,
 With Pains intense oppress'd,
 That rob the Soul itself of Rest.

S C E N E II.

SAMSON, MICAH, and Chorus of Israelites.

Micah. [*Apart.*] O Change beyond Report, Thought or Belief!

See how he lies with languish'd Head, unprop'd!
 Abandon'd! past all Hope! Can this be he?
 Heroick *Samson*? whom no Strength of Man,
 Nor Fury of the fiercest Beast cou'd quell?
 Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid;
 Ran weaponless on Armies clad in Iron,
 Useless the temper'd Steel, or Cost of Mail

A I R.

Micah. O Mirrour of our fickle State !
 In Birth, in Strength, in Deeds how great !
 From highest Glory fall'n so low,
 Sunk in the deep Abyfs of Woe.

Samson. [*Apart.*] Whom have I to complain of but myself,
 Who Heav'n's great Trust cou'd not in Silence keep,
 But weakly to a Woman must reveal it ?

Micah. [*To Samson.*] Matchless in Might ! once *Isr'el's*
 Glory, now her Grief ;
 We come, thy Friends well known, to visit thee.

Samson. Welcome, my Friends. [*Sight ?*]

Micah. Which shall we first bewail, thy Bondage, or lost

Samson. O Loss of Sight ! of thee I most complain ;
 O worse than Beggary, Old Age, or Chains !
 My very Soul in real Darkness dwells !

A I R.

Samson. Total Eclipse ! no Sun, no Moon !
 All dark amidst the Blaze of Noon !
 O glorious Light ! No chearing Ray
 To glad my Eyes with welcome Day :
 Why thus depriv'd thy prime Decree,
 Sun, Moon, and Stars are dark to me.

C H O R U S.

O first created Beam ! and thou great Word !
 Let there be light ! and Light was over all,
 One heav'nly Blaze shone round this earthly Ball.
 To thy dark Servant Life by Light afford.

Samson. You see, my Friends, how Woes inclose me round :
 But, had I Sight, how cou'd I heave my Head
 For Shame ? Thus for a Word, or Tear, divulge
 To a false Woman God's most secret Gift,
 And then be sung or proverb'd for a Fool.

Micah. Here comes thy reverend Sine, old *Manoa*,
 With careful Steps, and Locks as white Down.

Samson. Alas ! another Grief that Name awakes.

S C E N E III.

SAMSON, MICAH, MANOA, and the Chorus
 of Israelites.

Manoa. Brethren, and Men of *Dan*, say, where's my Son ?
Samson, fond *Ifr'el's* Boast ; inform my Age.

Micah. As signal now in low dejected State,
 As in the height of Pow'r : See where he lies.

Manoa. O miserable Change ! Is this the Man
 Renown'd afar, the Dread of *Ifr'el's* Foes ?
 Who with an Angel's Strength their Armies quell'd,
 Himself an Army ; now unequal Match
 To guard his Breast against the Coward's Spear.

“ *Manoa accompanied.* The Good we wish for, often
 “ proves our Bane,

“ I pray'd for Children——and I gain'd a Son——
 “ And such a Son, as all Men hail'd me happy ;
 “ But who'd be now a Father in my stead ?
 “ The Blessing drew a Scorpion's Tail behind :
 “ This Plant (select and sacred for a while,
 “ The Miracle of all !) was in one Hour ensnar'd,
 “ Affaulted, overcome, led bound——
 “ His Foes Derision, Captive,
 “ Poor and blind.

A I R.

Manoa. Thy glorious Deeds inspir'd my Tongue,
 Whilst Airs of Joy from thence did flow ;
 To Sorrow now I tune my Song,
 And set my Harp to Notes of Woe.

Samson. Justly these Evils have befall'n thy Son ;
 Sole Author I, sole Cause. My Griefs for this
 Forbid mine Eye to close, or Thoughts to rest :
 But now the Strife shall end ; me overthrown,
Dagon presumes to enter Lifts with God ;
 Who, thus provok'd, will not connive, but rouse
 His Fury soon, and his great Name assert.
Dagon shall stoop, ere long be quite despoil'd
 Of all those boasted Trophies won on me.

A I R.

Samson. Let not the God of *Isr'el* sleep :
 Arise with dreadful Sound,
 And Clouds encompass round,
 Then shall the Heathen hear thy Thunder
 deep.
 Then Tempest of thy Wrath now raise,
 In Whirlwind them pursue,
 Full fraught with Vengeance due,
 'Till Shame and Trouble all thy Foes shall seize.

Micab. There lies our Hope : true Prophet may'st thou be,
 That God may vindicate his glorious Name ;
 Nor let us doubt whether God is Lord, or *Dagon*.

C H O R U S.

Then shall they know, that he whose Name
Jehovah is alone,
 O'er all the Earth but one,
 Was ever the most high, and still the same.

Manoa. For thee, my dearest Son, must thou mean while
 Lie thus neglected, in this loathsome Plight?

Samson. It shou'd be so : why shou'd I live?
 Soon shall these Orbs to double Darknes yield,
 My genial Spirits droop, my Hopes are flat;
 Nature in me seems weary of herself;
 My Race of Glory run, and Race of Shame;
 Death invocated oft' shall end my Pains,
 And lay me gently down with them that rest.

Micah. Then long Eternity shall greet your Bliss.
 No more of earthly Joys, so false and vain!

A I R.

Micah. Joys that are pure, sincerely good,
 Shall then o'ertake you as a Flood:
 Where Truth and Peace do ever shine,
 With Love that's perfectly divine.

C H O R U S.

Then round about the starry Throne
 Of Him who ever rules alone,
 Your heav'nly-guided Soul shall climb;
 Of all this earthly Grossness quit,
 With Glory crown'd, for ever sit,
 And triumph over Death, and Thee, O Time.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

SAMSON, MICAH, MANOA, *and the Chorus of Israelites.*

M A N O A.

TRUST yet in God ; the Father's timely Care
 Shall prosecute the Means to free thee hence ;
 Mean time, all healing Words from these thy Friends admit.
Samson. My Evils hopeless are ; one Pray'r remains,
 speedy Death to close my Miseries.

Micah. Relieve thy Champion, Image of thy Strength ;
 and turn his Labours to a peaceful End.

A. I. R.

Micah. Return, O God of Hosts ! behold
 Thy Servant in Distress,
 His mighty Grievs redress,
 Nor by the Heathen be they told.

C H O R U S.

To Dust his Glory they wou'd tread,
 And number him amongst the Dead.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

SAMSON, MICAH, DALILA, *Chorus of Israel*
and *Virgins attending DALILA.*

Micah. But who is this, that so bedeck'd and gay,
Comes this way sailing like a stately Ship;
'Tis *Dalila* thy Wife.

Samson. My Wife! my Trait'refs: Let her not comenear

Micah. She stands, and eyes thee fix'd, with Head declin
(Like a fair Flow'r furcharg'd with Dew) she weeps;
Her Words address'd to thee seem Tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the Borders of her filken Veil.

Dalila. With doubtful Feet, and wav'ring Resolution,
I come, O *Samson*! dreading thy Displeasure;
But Conjugal Affection led me on,
Prevailing over Fear and tim'rous Doubt.

Samson. Out, thou *Hyæna*! 'twas Malice brought thee here
These are the Arts of Women false, like thee,
To break all Vows, repent, deceive submit;
Then, with instructed Skill, again transgress.

Dalila. I wou'd not lessen my Offence, yet beg
To weigh it by itself;
A mutual Weakness mutual Pardon claims.

Samson. How cunningly the Sorceress displays
Her own Transgressions, to upbraid me mine?
I to myself was false, ere thou to me;
Bitter Reproach! but true. The Pardon then
I to my Folly give, take thou to thine.

A I R.

Dalila. With plaintive Notes and am'rous Moan
 Thus cooes the Turtle left alone ;
 Like her averse to each Delight,
 She wears the tedious widow'd Night ;
 But when her absent Mate returns,
 With doubled Raptures then she burns.

Samson. Did Love constrain thee ? No, 'twas raging Lust.
 Love seeks for Love, thy Treason fought my Hate.
 In vain you strive to cover Shame with Shame :
 Once join'd to me, tho' judg'd your Country's Foe,
 Parents, and all, were in the Husband lost.

A I R.

Your Charms to Ruin led the way,
 My Sense deprav'd
 My Strength enslav'd,
 As I did love, you did betray.
 How great the Curse ! How hard my Fate
 To pass Life's Sea with such a Mate !

Dalila. Forgive what's done, nor think of what's past Cure ;
 From forth this Prison-house come home to me,
 Where with redoubled Love, and nursing Care,
 To me glad Office !) my Virgins and myself
 Shall tend about thee to extreme Age.

A I R.

Dalila. My Faith and Truth, O *Samson*, prove,
But hear me, hear the Voice of Love ;
With Love no Mortal can be cloy'd,
All Happiness is Love enjoy'd.

Chorus of Virgins.

Her Faith and Truth, O *Samson*, prove,
But hear her, hear the Voice of Love.

A I R.

Dalila. To fleeting Pleasures make your Court,
No Moment lose, for Life is short ;
The present Now's our only Time,
The missing That our only Crime.
How charming is domestic Ease !
A thousand ways I'll strive to please :
Life is not lost, tho' lost your Sight,
Let other Senses taste Delight.

Chorus repeated.

“ Her Faith and Truth, O *Samson* prove
“ But hear her, hear the Voice of Love.

Samf. Ne'er think of that ; I know thy warbling Charm
Thy Trains, thy Wiles, and fair enchanted Cup ;

Their Force is null'd ; when once I have been caught,
I shun the Snare ; these Chains, this Prison-House
I count the House of Liberty to thine.

Dalila. Let me approach at least, and touch thy Hand.

Samson. Not for thy Life, lest fierce Remembrance wake
My sudden Rage, to tear thee Limb from Limb :
At Distance I forgive ; depart with that :
Now triumph in thy Falshood ; so farewell.

Dalila. Thou art more deaf to Pray'rs than Winds or Seas.
Thy Anger rages an eternal Tempest ;
Why should I humbly sue for Peace, thus scorn'd,
With Infamy upon my Name denounc'd ?

D U E T.

Dalila. Traitor to Love, I'll sue no more
For Pardon scorn'd, your Threats give o'er.

Samson. Traitress to Love, I'll hear no more
The Charmer's Voice, your Arts give o'er.

S C E N E III.

SAMSON, MICAH, HARAPHA, *Chorus of Israelites, and Priests*
of Dagon.

Micah. No Words of Peace, no Voice-enchanting Fear,
A rougher Tongue expect.—Here's *Harapha*,
I know him by his Pride and haughty Look.

Harapha. I come not, *Samson*, to condole thy Chance ;
I am of *Gath*, Men call me *Harapha* ;
Thou know'st me now ; of thy prodigious Might

Much have I heard, incredible to me!
 Nor less displeas'd that never in the Field
 We met to try each other's Deeds of Strength :
 I'd see if thy Appearance answers loud Report.

Samson. The Way to know, were not to see, but taste.

Harapha. Ha! dost thou then already single me?
 I thought that Labour and thy Chains had tam'd thee.
 Had Fortune brought me to that Field of Death,
 Where thou wrought'st Wonders with an Afs's Jaw,
 I'd left thy Carcass where the Afs lay thrown.

Samson. Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do.

Harapha. The Honour certain to have won from thee
 I lose, prevented by thy Eyes put out:
 To combat with a blind Man, I disdain.

A I R.

Honour and Arms scorn such a Foe,
 Tho' I cou'd end thee at a Blow ;
 Poor Victory,
 To conquer thee
 Or glory in thy Overthrow :
 Vanquish a Slave that is half slain !
 So mean a Triumph I disdain.

Samson. Cam'st thou for this, vain Boaster ? yet take heed ;
 My Heels are fetter'd, but my Hands are free.
 Thou Bulk, of Spirit void, I once again,
 Blind, and in Chains, provoke thee to the Fight.

Harapha. O *Dagon* ! can I hear this Insolence,
 To me unus'd, not rend'ring instant Death ?

D U E T. Samson *and* Harapha.

Samson. Go, baffled Coward, go,
Left Vengeance lay thee low;
In Safety fly my Wrath with Speed.

Harapha. Presume not on thy God,
Who under Foot has trod
Thy Strength and Thee, at greatest Need.

Both. Go, baffled Coward, go, &c.
Presume not on thy God, &c.

Micah. Here lies the Proof:—If *Dagon* be thy God,
With high Devotion invoke his Aid,
His Glory is concern'd. Let him dissolve
Those magic Spells that gave our Hero Strength,
Then know whose God is God; *Dagon*, of mortal Make,
Or that Great one whom *Abr'am's* Sons adore.

Chorus of *Israelites.*

Hear, *Jacob's* God! *Jehovah*, hear!
O save us, prostrate at thy Throne,
Isr'el depends on thee alone;
Save us, and shew that thou art near.

Harapha. *Dagon*, arise! attend thy sacred Feast;
Thy Honour calls, this Day admits no Rest.

Chorus

Chorus of the Priests of *Dagon*.

To Song and Dance we give the Day,
Which shews thy universal sway.
Protect us by thy mighty Hand,
And sweep this Race from out the Land.

Chorus of both

Both Chorus's. Fix'd in his everlasting Seat,
Chorus of Israelites. *Jehovah* rules the World in State.
Chor. Priests of Dagon. Great *Dagon* rules the World
in State.

Both. His Thunder roars, Heav'n shakes, and
Earth's aghast,
The Stars with deep Amaze,
Remain in stedfast Gaze.

Chorus of Israelites. *Jehovah* is of Gods the first
and last.

Chor. Priests of Dagon. Great *Dagon* is of Gods the
first and last.

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

SAMSON, MICAH, *and Chorus of Israelites.*

M I C A H.

REFLECT then, *Samson*, Matters now are strain'd
Up to the Height, whether to hold or break.
He's gone, whose Malice may inflame the Lords.

Samson. Shall I abuse this consecrated Gift
Of Strength, again returning with my Hair,
By vaunting it in Honour to their God,
And prostituting holy Things to Idols ?

Micah. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my Reach ;
'Tis Heav'n alone can save both us and thee.

Chorus of Israelites.

With Thunder arm'd, great God arise ;
Help, Lord, or *Isr'el's* Champion dies ;
“ To thy Protection this thy Servant take,
“ And save, O save us, for thy Servant's sake.
“ With Thunder arm'd, great God arise ;
“ Help, Lord, or *Isr'el's* Champion dies.

Samson. Be of good Courage, I begin to feel
Some inward Motions, which do bid me go.

Micah. In Time thou hast resolv'd, again he comes.

Harapha. *Samson*, this second Summons send our Lords :
Haste thee at once, or we shall Engines find
To move thee, tho' thou wert a solid Rock.

Samson. Vain were their Art if try'd ; I yield to go,
Not thro' your Streets be like a wild Beast trail'd.

Harapha. You thus may win the Lords to set you free.

Samson. In nothing I'll comply that's scandalous
Or sinful by our Law. Brethren, farewell :
Your kind Attendance now, I pray, forbear.

Micah. So may'st thou act as serves his Glory best.

Samson. Let but that Spirit (which first rush'd on me
In the Camp of *Dan*) inspire me at my Need,
Then shall I make *Jehovah's* Glory known,
Their Idol Gods, shall from his Presence fly,
Scatter'd like Sheep before the God of Hosts.

A I R

Samson. Thus when the Sun from's wat'ry Bed,
All curtain'd with a cloudy Red
Pillows his Chin upon an orient Wave ;
The wand'ring Shadows ghastly pale,
All troop to their infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his sev'ral Grave.

Micah. With Might endu'd above the Sons of Men,
Swift as the Light'ning's Glance his Errand execute,
And spread his Name amongst the Heathen round.

A I R.

The Holy One of *Isr'el* be thy Guide,
The Angel of thy Birth stand by thy Side :
To Fame immortal go,
Heav'n bids thee strike the Blow ;
The Holy One of *Isr'el* is thy Guide.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

MICAH, MANOA, and Chorus of Israelites.

Micah. Old *Manoa*, with youthful Steps, makes haste
To find his Son, or bring us some glad News.

Manoa. I come, my Brethren, not to seek my Son,
Who at the Feast does play before the Lords;
But give you Part with me, what Hopes I have
To work his Liberty.

Chorus of Philistines at a Distance.

Great *Dagon* has subdu'd our Foe,
And brought their boasted Hero low:
Sound out his Pow'r in Notes divine,
Praise him with Mirth, high Chear, and
Wine.

Manoa. What Noise of Joy was that? it tore the Sky.

Micah. They shout and sing to see their dreaded Foe
Now Captive, blind, delighting with his Strength.

Manoa. Cou'd my Inheritance but ransom him,
Without my Patrimony, having him,
The richest of my Tribe.

Micah. Sons care to nurse
Their Parents in Old Age; but you, your Son.

A I R.

Manoa. How willing my paternal Love
The Weight to share
Of filial Care,
And Part of Sorrow's Burden prove:
Tho' wand'ring in the Shades of Night,
Whilst I have Eyes he wants no Light.

Micab. Your Hopes of his Deliv'ry seem not vain,
In which all *Isr'el's* Friends participate.

Manoa. I know your friendly Minds, and—

[*A Symphony here of Horror and Confusion.*]

Heav'n ! what Noise ?
Horribly loud, unlike the former Shout.

Chorus of *Philistines* at a Distance.

Hear us, our God ! O hear our Cry !
Death ! Ruin ! fall'n ! no Help is nigh :
O Mercy, Heav'n ! we sink ! we die !

Micab. Noise call you this ; an universal Groan,
As if the World's Inhabitation perish'd !
Blood, Death, and Ruin at their utmost Point !

Manoa. Ruin indeed ! Oh ! they have slain my Son !

Micab. Thy Son is rather slaying them ; that Cry
From Slaughter of one Foe cou'd not ascend.
But see, my Friends,
One hither speeds, an *Hebrew* of our Tribe.

SCENE III.

MANOA, MICAH, and an Israelite Officer. Chorus of Israelites.

Officer. Where shall I run, or which Way fly the Thoughts
Of this most horrid Sight ? O Countrymen !
You're in this sad Event too much concern'd.

Micab. The Accident was loud, we long to know from
whence.

Officer. Let me recover Breath ; it will burst forth.

Manoa. Tell us the Sum, the Circumstance defer.

Officer. *Gaza* yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n.

Manoa. Sad ! not to us : But now relate by whom.

Officer. By *Samson* done.

Manoa. The Sorrow lessens still,

And nigh converts to Joy.

Officer. Oh, *Manoa* !

In vain I would refrain ;—the evil Tale
Too soon will rudely pierce thy aged Ear.

Manoa. Suspence in News is Torture ; speak them out.

Officer. Then take the worst in brief—*Samson* is dead.

Manoa. The worst indeed ! My Hopes to free him hence
Are blasted all ; but Death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his Ransom now.

Micah. Yet, ere we give the Reins to Grief, say first
How dy'd he ? Death to Life is Crown or Shame.

Officer. Unwounded of his Enemies he fell,
At once he did destroy, and was destroy'd.
The Edifice, where all were met to see,
Upon their Heads, and on his own he pull'd.

Manoa. O lastly over-strong against thyself !
A dreadful Way thou took'st to thy Revenge :
Glorious, yet dearly bought !

A I R.

Micah. Ye Sons of *Isr'el* now lament,
Your Spear is broke, your Bow's unbent ;
Your Glory's fled,
Amongst the Dead
Great *Samson* lies,
For ever, ever clos'd his Eyes.

Chorus of *Israelites*.

Weep, *Isr'el*, weep a louder Strain,
Samson, your Strength, your Hero's slain.
 [A March

Micah. The Body comes ; we'll meet it on the Way
 With Laurels ever green, and branching Palm ;
 Then lay it in its Monument, hung round
 With all his Trophies, and great Acts enroll'd
 In Verse Heroick, or sweet Lyric Song.

Manoa. There shall all *Isr'el*'s valiant Youth resort,
 And from his Memory inflame their Breasts
 To matchless Valour, whilst they sing his Praise.

A I R.

Glorious Hero, may thy Grave
 Peace and Honour ever have ;
 After all thy Pains and Woes,
 Rest eternal, sweet Repose.

Israelite Woman. The Virgins too shall on their feastful Day
 Visit his Tomb with Flow'rs, and there bewail
 His Loss, unfortunate in Nuptial Choice.

Chorus of Virgins.

Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
 Strew his Herse, and strew the Ways.

A I R.

May ev'ry Hero, fall like thee,
 Thro' Sorrow to Felicity.

Chorus repeated.

Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
Strew his Herse, and strew the Ways.

Manoa. Come, come ; no Time for Lamentation now ;
No Cause for Grief ; *Samson* like *Samson* fell ;
Both Life and Death heroick, To his Foes
Ruin is left ; to him eternal Fame.

A I R.

Let the bright Seraphim in burning Row
Their loud up-lifted Angel-trumpets blow :
Let the Cherubick Host, in tuneful Choirs,
Touch their immortal Harps with golden Wires :

C H O R U S.

Let their celestial Concerts all unite,
Ever to sound his Praise in endless Blaze of
Light.

F I N I S.



2678
S A M S O N.

A N
O R A T O R I O.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ISRAELITES.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, *Father to Samson.*

MICAH, *Friend to Samson.*

An Israelite Officer.

Chorus of Israelites.

PHILISTINES.

DALILA, *Wife of Samson.*

HARAPHA, *a Giant.*

Chorus of Philistine Women, and Priests of Dagon.

S A M S O N,

O R A T O R I O.

P A R T. I.

SAMSON, *blind, and in Chains. Chorus of the Priests
of Dagon celebrating his Festival.*

S A M S O N.

T HIS Day, a solemn Feast to Dagon held
Relieves me from my Task of servile Toil ;
Unwillingly their Superstition yields
This Rest ! To breathe Heav'n's Air fresh blowing
pure and sweet.

Chorus of the Priests of DAGON.

*Awake the Trumpet's lofty Sound ;
The joyful sacred Festival comes round ;
When Dagon, King of all the Earth, is crown'd.*

A I R.

*Ye Men of Gaza, hither bring,
The merry Pipe and pleasing String,
The solemn Hymn and chearful Song ;
Be Dagon prais'd by ev'ry Tongue.*

[Chorus repeated.]

A I R.

*Loud as the Thunder's awful Voice,
In Notes of Triumph, Notes of Praise,
So high great Dagon's Name we'll raise,
That Heav'n and Earth may hear how we rejoice.*

A I R.

A I R.

*Then free from Sorrow, free from Thrall;
 All blithe and gay,
 With Sports and Play
 We'll celebrate his Festival.*

Samson. Why by an Angel was my Birth foretold,
 If I must die, betray'd and captiv'd thus,
 The Scorn and Gaze of Foes !---O cruel Thought !
 My Grievs find no Redress ; they inward prey,
 Like gangreen'd Wounds, immedicable grown.

Samson. Torments, alas ! are not confin'd
 To Heart, or Head, or Breast ;
 But will a secret Passage find
 Into the very inmost Mind,
 With Pains intense oppress.
 That rob the Soul itself of Rest.

SAMSON, MICAH, and CHORUS of ISRAELITES.

Micah. [*Apart.*] O Change beyond Report, Thought,
 or Belief !
 See how he lies with languish'd Head, unprop'd !
 Abandon'd ! past all Hope ! Can this be he ?
 Heroick *Samson* ? whom no Strength of Man,
 Nor Fury of the fiercest Beast, cou'd quell ?
 Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid ;
 Ran weaponless on Armies clad in Iron,
 Useless the temper'd Steel, or Coat of Mail.

A I R.

PART II.

SAMSON, MICAH, MANOA, and the Chorus of Israelites.

RECITATIVE.

MANOA.

DEspair not thus, you once were God's Delight,
His destin'd from the Womb, by Him led on,
To Deeds above the Nerve of mortal Arm,
Under his Eye, abstemious you grew up,
Nor did the dancing Ruby sparkling outpour'd,
Allure you from the cool chrystalline Stream.

Samson. Where e'er the liquid Brook or Fountain
flow'd,

I drank, nor envy'd Man the pleasing Grape,
But what avail'd this Temp'rance, not compleat
Against another Object more enticing?
I laid my Strength in Lust's lacivious Lap.

Manoa. Trust yet in God; the Father's timely Care
Shall prosecute the Means to free thee hence;
Mean time, all healing Words from these thy Friends
admit.

A I R.

*Just are the Ways of God to Man,
Let none his secret Actions scan,
For all is best, tho' oft we doubt,
Of what his Wisdom brings about,
Still his unsearchable dispose,
Blesses the Righteous in the Close.*

Samson. My Evils hopeless are; one Pray'r remains,
A speedy Death to close my Miseries.

Micah. Relieve thy Champion, Image of thy Strength;
And turn his Labours to a peaceful End.

C

A I R.

A I R.

Micah. *Return, O God of Hosts ! behold
Thy Servant in Distress,
His mighty Griefs redress,
Nor by the Heathen be they told.*

C H O R U S.

*To Dust his Glory they wou'd tread,
And number him amongst the Dead.*

SAMSON, MICAH, DALILA, Chorus of Israelites, and Virgins attending
DALILA.

Micah. But who is this, that so bedeck'd and gay,
Comes this way sailing like a stately Ship ;
'Tis *Dalila*, thy Wife.

Samson. My Wife ! my Trait'refs : Let her not
come near me.

Micah. She stands, and eyes thee fix'd, with Head
declin'd,
(Like a fair Flow'r furcharg'd with Dew) she weeps ;
Her Words address'd to thee seem Tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the Borders of her filken Vail.

Dalila. With doubtful Feet, and wav'ring Resolution,
I come, O *Samson* ! dreading thy Displeasure ;
But Conjugal Affection led me on,
Prevailing over Fear and tim'rous Doubt.

Samson. Out, thou *Hyena* ! 'twas Malice brought
thee here ;
These are the Arts of Women false, like thee,
To break all Vows, repent, deceive, submit ;
Then, with instructed Skill, again transgress.

Dalila.

Dalila. I wou'd not lessen my Offence, yet beg
To weigh it by itself ;
A mutual Weakness mutual Pardon claims.

Samson. How cunningly the Sorceress displays
Her own Transgressions, to upbraid me mine ?
I to myself was false, ere thou to me ;
Bitter Reproach ! but true. The Pardon then
I to my Folly give, take thou to thine.

A I R.

Dalila. *With plaintive Notes and am'rous Moan.*
Thus coes the Turtle left alone ;
Like me, averse to each Delight,
She wears the tedious widow'd Night :
But when her absent Mate returns,
With doubled Raptures then she burns.

Samson. Did Love constrain thee ? No, 'twas
raging Lust,
Love seeks for Love, thy Treason fought my Hate.
In vain you strive to cover Shame with Shame :
Once join'd to me, tho' judg'd your Country's Foe,
Parents, and all, were in the Husband lost.

A I R.

Your Charms to Ruin led the Way,
My Sense deprav'd,
My Strength enslav'd,
As I did love, you did betray.
How great the Curse ! How hard my Fate
To pass Life's Sea with such a Mate !

Dalila.

Dalila. Forgive what's done, nor think of what's
past Cure;
From forth this prison-house come home to me,
Where with redoubled Love, and nursing Care,
(To me glad Office!) my Virgins and myself
Shall tend about thee to extremeſt Age.

A I R.

Dalila. *My Faith and Truth, O Samſon, prove;
But hear me, hear the Voice of Love;
With Love no Mortal can be cloy'd,
All Happineſs is Love enjoy'd.*

C H O R U S of Virgins.

*Her Faith and Truth, O Samſon prove;
But hear her, hear the Voice of Love.*

A I R.

Dalila. *To fleeting Pleaſures make your Court,
No Moment loſe, for Life is ſhort;
The preſent Now's our only Time,
The miſſing that our only Crime.*

Samſon. Ne'er think of that; I know thy warbling
Charms,
Thy Trains, thy Wiles, and fair enchanted Cup;
Their Force is null'd; when once I have been caught,
I ſhun the Snare; theſe Chains, this Priſon-Houſe
I count the Houſe of Liberty to thine.

Dalila. Let me approach at leaſt, and touch thy
Hand.

Samſon.

Samson. Not for thy Life, lest fierce Remembrance
wake

My sudden Rage, to tear thee Limb from Limb !
At Distance I forgive ; depart with that :
Now triumph in thy Falshood ; so farewell.

Dalila. Thou art more deaf to Pray'rs than Winds
or Seas.

Thy Anger rages an eternal Tempest ;
Why should I humbly sue for Peace, thus scorn'd,
With Infamy upon my Name denounc'd ?

D U E T.

Dalila. *Traitor to Love, I'll sue no more
For Pardon scorn'd, your Threats give o'er.*

Samson. *Traitress to Love, I'll bear no more
The Charmer's Voice, your Arts give o'er.*

SAMSON, MICAH, and the Chorus of Israelites.

Micah. She's gone, a Serpent manifest, her Sting
Discover'd in the End.

Samson. So let her go ;
God sent her here to aggravate my Folly.

A I R.

*It is not Virtue, Valour, Wit,
Or Comeliness of Grace,
That Woman's Love can truly hit,
Or in her Heart claim place.*

*Still wav'ring where their Choice to fix,
Too oft they choose the wrong ;
So much Self-love does rule the Sex,
They nothing else love long.*

D

Da Capo.
Favour'd

Favour'd of Heav'n is he who finds one true ;
How rarely found !---his Way to Peace is smooth.

C H O R U S.

*To Man God's universal Law
Gave Pow'r to keep the Wife in Awe ;
Thus shall his Life be ne'er dismay'd,
By Female Usurpation sway'd.*

SAMSON, MICAH, HARAPHA, Chorus of Israelites, and Priests of Dagon.

Micah. No Words of Peace, no Voice-enchanting
Fear,

A rougher Tongue expect.---Here's *Harapha*,
I know him by his Stride and haughty Look.

Harapha. I come not, *Samson*, to condole thy
Chance ;

I am of *Gath*, Men call me *Harapha*,
Thou know'st me now ; of thy prodigious Might
Much have I heard, incredible to me !

Nor less displeas'd, that never in the Field
We met, to try each other's Deeds of Strength :
I'd see if thy Appearance answers loud Report.

Samson. The Way to know, were not to see, but
taste.

Harapha. Ha ! dost thou then already fingle me ?
I thought that Labour, and thy Chains, had tam'd thee.
Had Fortune brought me to that Field of Death,
Where thou wrought'st Wonders with an Afs's Jaw,
I'd left thy Carcase where the Afs lay dead.

Samson. Boast not of what thou would'st have done,
but do.

Harapha.

Harapha. The Honour certain to have won from thee

I lose, prevented by thy Eyes put out ;
To combat with a blind Man, I disdain.

A I R.

*Honour and Arms scorn such a Foe.
Tho' I cou'd end thee at a Blow ;
Poor Victory,
To conquer thee,
Or glory in thy Overthrow ;
Vanquish a Slave that is half slain !
So mean a Triumph I disdain.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Samson. Put on your Arms then take for Spear
Your weighty Weaver's Beam and come within my
Reach.

A I R.

*My Strength is from the living God,
By Heav'n free gifted at my Birth
To quell the Mighty of the Earth,
And prove the brutal Tyrant's Rod,
But to the Righteous Peace and Rest,
With Liberty to all oppress.*

Samson. Can'st thou for this, vain Boaster ? yet
take heed ;

My Heels are fetter'd, but my Hands are free.
Thou Bulk, of Spirit void, I once again,
Blind, and in Chains, provoke thee to the Fight.

Harapha.

Harapha. O *Dagon* ! can I hear this Insolence,
To me unus'd, not rend'ring instant Death ?

D U E T. *Samson and Harapha.*

Samson. Go, baffled Coward, go,
Lest Vengeance lay thee low ;
In Safety fly my Wrath with speed.

Harapha. Presume not on thy God,
Who under Foot has trod
Thy Strength and Thee, at greatest Need.

Both. Go, baffled Coward, go, &c.
Presume not on thy God, &c.

Micah. Here lies the Proof :---If *Dagon* be the God.
With high Devotion invoke his Aid,
His Glory is concern'd. Let him dissolve
Those magic Spells that gave our Hero Strength,
Then know whose God is God ; *Dagon*, of mortal
make,
Or that Great One whom *Abr'am's* Sons adore.

Chorus of *Israelites.*

Hear, Jacob's God ! *Jehovah*, hear !
O save us, prostrate at thy Throne,
Isr'el depends on thee alone ;
Save us, and shew that thou art near.

Harapha. *Dagon*, arise ! attend thy sacred Feast ;
Thy Honour calls, this Day admits no rest.

A I R and C H O R U S.

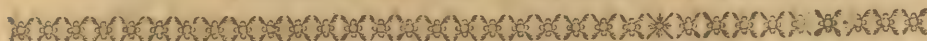
To Song and Dance we give the Day,
Which shews thy universal Sway.

Protect

*Protect us by thy mighty Hand,
And sweep this Race from out the Land.*

Chorus of both.

Both Chorus's.	<i>Fix'd in his everlasting Seat.</i>
Chorus of Israelites.	<i>Jehovah rules the World in State.</i>
Chorus Priests of Dagon.	<i>Great Dagon rules the World in State.</i>
Both.	<i>His Thunder roars, Heav'n shakes, and Earth's agbass.</i>
	<i>The Stars with deep amaze,</i>
	<i>Remain in stedfast Gaze.</i>
Chorus of Israelites.	<i>Jehovah is of Gods the first and last.</i>
Chorus Priests of Dagon.	<i>Great Dagon is of Gods the first and last.</i>



P A R T III.

SAMSON, MICAH, HARAPHA, Chorus of Israelites.

M I C A H.

MORE Trouble is behind, for *Harapha*
Comes on amain, Speed in his Steps and Look.

Samson. I fear him not, nor all his Giant Brood.

Harapha. *Samson*, to thee our Lords thus bids me
This Day to *Dagon* we do sacrifice [say:
With Triumph, Pomp, and Games; we know thy
Strength

Surpasses human Race; come then, and shew
Some publick Proof to grace this solemn Feast.

Samson. I am an *Hebrew*, and our Law forbids
My Presence at their vain religious Rites.

Harapha. This Answer will offend; regard thyself.

Samson. Mayself! my Conscience and internal Peace!
Am I so broke with Servitude, to yield
To such abrupt Commands? To be their Fool,
And play before their God?---I will not come.

E

Harapha.

Harapha. My Message, giv'n with Speed, brooks
no Delay.

A I R for *Harapha.*

*Presuming Slave ! to move their Wrath ;
For Mercy sue,
Or Vengeance due*

*Dooms in one fatal Word thy Death :
Consider, ere it be too late,
To ward th' unerring Sbaft of Fate.*

Micab. Reflect then, *Samson*, Matters now are strain'd
Up to the Height, whether to hold or break.
He's gone, whose Malice may inflame the Lords.

Samson. Shall I abuse this consecrated Gift
Of Strength, again returning with my Hair,
By vaunting it in honour to their God.
And prostituting holy Things to Idols ?

Micab. How thou wilt here come off surmounts
my Reach ;
'Tis Heav'n alone can save both us and thee.

Chorus of *Israelites.*

*With Thunder arm'd, great God arise ;
Help, Lord, or Isr'el's Champion dies ;
To thy Protection this thy Servant take,
And save, O save us, for thy Servant's Sake ;
With Thunder arm'd, great God arise ;
Help, Lord, or Isr'el's Champion dies.*

Samson. Be of good Courage, I begin to feel
Some inward Motions, which do bid me go.

Micab.

Micah. In time thou hast resolv'd, again he comes.

Harapha. *Samson*, this second Summons sends our
Lords :

Haste thee at once, or we shall Engines find
To move thee, tho' thou wert a solid Rock.

Samson. Vain were their Art if try'd ; I yield to go,
Not thro' your Streets be like a wild Beast trail'd.

Harapha. You thus may win the Lords to set you
free.

Samson. In nothing I'll comply that's scandalous
Or sinful by our Law.-- Brethren, farewell ;
Your kind Attendance now, I pray, forbear.

Micah So may'st thou act as serves his Glory best.

Samson. Let but the Spirit (which first rush'd on me,
In the Camp of *Dan*) inspire me at my Need,
Then shall I make *Jehovah's* Glory know,
Their Idol Gods shall from his Presence fly,
Scatter'd like Sheep before the God of Hosts.

A I R for *Samson*.

*Thus when the Sun from's watry Bed,
All curtain'd with a cloudy Red,
Pillows his Chin upon an orient Wave ;
The wand'ring Shadows ghastly pale
All troop to their infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his sev'ral Grave.*

Micah. With Might endu'd above the Sons of Men,
Swift as the Light'ning's Glance his Errand execute,
And spread his Name amongst the Heathen round.

A I R for Micah.

*The Holy One of Isr'el be thy Guide,
 The Angel of thy Birth stand by thy Side :
 To Fame immortal go,
 Heav'n bids thee strike the blow :
 The Holy One of Isr'el is thy Guide.*

M I C A H, M A N O A, and Chorus of Israelites.

Micah. Old *Manoa*, with youthful Steps, makes haste
 To find his Son, or bring us some glad News.

Manoa. I come, my Brethren, not to seek my Son,
 Who at the Feast does play before the Lords;
 But give you part with me, what Hopes I have
 To work his Liberty.

A I R and Chorus of Philistines at a Distance.

*Great Dagon has subdu'd our Foe,
 And brought their boasted Hero low :
 Sound out his Pow'r in Notes divine,
 Praise him with Mirth, high Chear, and Wine.*

Manoa. What Noise of Joy was that? it tore the Sky:

Micah. They shout and sing to see their dreaded Foe
 Now captive, blind, delighting with his Strength.

Manoa. Cou'd my Inheritance but ransom him,
 Without my Patrimony, having him,
 The richest of my Tribe.

Micah. Sons care to nurse
 Their Parents in Old Age ; but you, your Son.

A I R for Manoa.

*How willing my Paternal Love
 The Weight to share
 Of filial Care,
 And part of Sorrow's Burden prove :*

*Tho' wand'ring in the Shades of Night,
Whilst I have Eyes he wants no Light.*

Micah. Your Hopes of his Deliv'ry seem not vain,
In which all *Isr'el's* Friends participate,

Manoa. I know your friendly Minds, and ---

[*A Symphony here of Horror and Confusion.*]

Heav'n! what Noise?

Horribly loud, unlike the former Shout.

Chorus of *Philistines* at a distance,

*Hear us, our God! O bear our Cry!
Death! Ruin! fall'n! no Help is nigh:
O Mercy, Heav'n! we sink! we die!*

Micah. Noise call you this? an universal Groan,
As if the World's Inhabitation perish'd!

Blood, Death, and Ruin at their utmost Point!

Manoa. Ruin indeed! Oh! they have slain my Son!

Micah. Thy Son is rather slaying them; that Cry
From Slaughter of one Foe cou'd not ascend.

But see, my Friends,

One hither speeds, an *Hebrew* of our Tribe.

MANOA, MICAH, and an Israelite Officer. Chorus of Israelites.

Officer. Where shall I run, or which way fly the
Thoughts

Of this most horrid Sight? O Countrymen!

You're in this sad Event too much concern'd.

Micah. The Accident was loud, we long to know
from whence,

Officer. Let me recover Breath ; it will burst forth.

Manoa. Tell us the Sum, the Circumstance defer.

Officer. Gaza yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n.

Manoa. Sad ! not to us : But now relate by whom.

Officer. By *Samson* done.

Manoa. The Sorrow lessens still,
And nigh converts to Joy.

Officer. Oh *Manoa* !

In vain I would refrain ;---the evil Tale
Too soon will rudely pierce thy aged Ear.

Manoa. Suspense in News is Torture ; speak it out.

Officer. Then take the worst in brief--*Samson* is dead.

Manoa. The worst indeed ! My Hopes to free him
hence

Are blasted all ; but Death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his Ransom now.

Micah. Yet, ere we give the Reins to Grief, say first
How dy'd he ? Death to Life is Crown or Shame.

Officer. Unwounded of his Enemies he fell,
At once he did destroy, and was destroy'd.
The Edifice, where all were met to see,
Upon their Heads, and on his own he pull'd.

Manoa. O lastly over-strong against thyself !
A dreadful Way thou took'st to thy Revenge :
Glorious, yet dearly bought !

A I R for MICAH.

*Ye Sons of Isr'el now lament,
Your Spear is broke, your Bow's unbent ;
Your Glory's fled,
Amongst the Dead
Great Samson lies,
For ever, ever, clos'd his Eyes.*

Chorus

Chorus of Israelites.

*Weep, Isr'el, weep a louder Strain,
Samson, your Strength, your Hero's slain.* [A March.

Micah. The Body comes ; we'll meet it on the way
With Laurels ever Green, and branching Palm ;
Then lay it in its Monument, hung round
With all his Trophies, and great Acts enroll'd
In Verse Heroick, or sweet Lyrick Song.

Manoa. There shall all *Is'rel's* valiant Youth resort,
And from his Memory inflame their Breasts
To matchless Valour, whilst they sing his Praise.

A I R for MANOA.

*Glorious Hero, may thy Grave
Peace and Honour ever have ;
After all thy Pains and Woes,
Rest eternal, sweet Repose.*

Israelite Woman. The Virgins too shall on their
feastful Days
Visit his Tomb with Flow'rs, and there bewail
His Loss unfortunate in Nuptial Choice.

Chorus of Virgins.

*Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
Strew his Herse, and strew the Ways.*

A I R.

*May ev'ry Hero fall like thee,
Thro' Sorrow to Felicity.*

Chorus

CHORUS Repeated.

*Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
Strew his Herse, and strew the Ways.*

Manoa. Come, come ; no Time for Lamentation
now ;

No Cause for Grief ; *Samson* like *Samson* fell ;
Both Life and Death heroick. To his Foes
Ruin is left ; to Him eternal Fame.

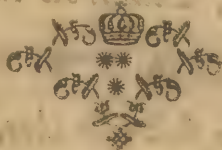
A I R.

*Let the bright Seraphims in burning Row,
Their loud, up-lifted Angel-Trumpets blow :
Let the Cherubick Host, in tuneful Choirs,
Touch their immortal Harps with golden Wires :*

CHORUS.

*Let their celestial Concerts all unite,
Ever to sound his Praise in endless Blaze of Light.*

F I N I S.



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(L6/7)

S A U L,
A N
O R A T O R I O;
O R,
S A C R E D D R A M A.

As it is Perform'd

At the KING's THEATRE in the Hay-Market.

Set to Musick by GEORGE-FREDERIC HANDEL, Esq;

Ἀρετῇ ποιεῖν φίλον ὅστις ἀρετῇ. Aur. Carm.

Qui autem in virtute summum bonum ponunt, præclare illi quidem : Sed hæc ipsa virtus Amicitiam & gignit & Continet : Nec sine virtute Amicitia esse ullo pacto potest. Cic.



L O N D O N :

Printed for THO. WOOD, and Sold by THO. ASTLEY, in St. Paul's Church-yard, J. SHUCKBURGH, at the Inner-Temple-Gate, and at the KING's THEATRE in the Hay-Market. 1738.

[Price One Shilling.]

Dramatis Personæ.

SAUL. *Mr. Wallis.*JONATHAN. *Mr. Board.*DAVID. *Mr. Russell.*High Priest. *Mr. Kelly.*

ABIATHAR.

ABNER.

MERAB.

MICHAL. *Miss Young.*DOEG. *Mr. Francis.*WITCH of Ender. *Mr. Butler.*Apparition of SAMUEL. *Mr. Butler.*Amalekite. *Mr. Butler.*

Chorus's.

N. B. MERAB's scornful Behaviour, ACT I. SCENE II.
is a Hint taken from COWLEY's *Davideis*, and has
no Foundation in the *Sacred History*.

S A U L,

S A U L,

AN ORATORIO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An EPINICION, or Song of Triumph, for the Victory over
Goliath and the Philistines.

I.

A Chorus
HOW excellent thy Name, O Lord,
In all the World is known !
Above all Heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious Throne !

II.

When thou to quell the Rebel Host
An Infant didst ordain,
Thy Rebels to the Child oppos'd
A Giant's dreadful Rage in vain.

III.

Along the Monster Atheist strode
With more than Human Pride,
And Armies of the Living God
Exulting in his Strength defy'd.

IV.

*The Youth inspir'd by Thee, O Lord,
With Ease the Boaster slew,
Our fainting Courage soon restor'd,
And headlong drove that impious Crew.*

V.

*How excellent thy Name, O Lord,
In all the World is known !
Above all Heav'ns, O King, ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious Throne !*

Hallelujah.

S C E N E II.

SAUL, JONATHAN, MERAB, MICHAL, &c. ABNER introducing
DAVID, High Priest.

Michal. He comes ! ———

O God-like Youth ! by all confess'd,

Of Human Race the Pride !

O Virgin among Women blest,

Whom Heav'n ordains thy Bride !

But ah ! how strong a Bar I see

Betwixt my Happiness and me !

Abner. Behold, O King, the brave, victorious Youth,
And in his Hand the haughty Giant's Head.

Saul. Young Man, whose Son art thou ?

David. The Son of Jesse,

Thy faithful Servant, and a Bethlemite.

Saul. Return no more to Jesse : Stay with me.

And as an Earnest of my future Favour

Thou shalt espouse my Daughter : Small Reward

Of such Desert ! since to thy Arm alone

We owe our Safety, Peace, and Liberty.

DAVID.

D A V I D.

O King, your Favours with Delight
 I take, but must refuse your Praise :
 For ev'ry pious Israelite
 To God alone that Tribute pays.
 Through Him we put to flight our Foes,
 And in his Name

Mr Russell

We trod them under that against us rose.

Jonath. O early Piety ! O modest Merit !

In this Embrace my Heart bestows it self.
 Henceforth, thou noble Youth, accept my Friendship,
 And Jonathan and David are but one.

M E R A B.

What abject Thoughts a Prince can have,
 In Rank a Prince ! in Mind a Slave !
 Yet think with whom you stoop to link your self,
 How poor in Fortune, and in Birth how low ! [Aside to Jonath.

J O N A T H A N.

Birth and Fortune I despise !
 From Virtue let my Friendship rise.
 No Titles proud thy Stem adorn ;
 Yet born of God is nobly born :
 And of his Gifts so rich thy Store,
 That Ophir to thy Wealth is poor.

[To Merab.

[To David.

High Pr. Go on, illustrious Pair ! your great Example
 Shall teach our Youth to scorn the sordid World,
 And set their Hearts on Things of real Worth.

I.

While yet thy Tide of Blood runs high,
 To God thy future Life devote :
 Thy early Vigour all apply
 His Glorious Service to promote.

II. So

II.

*So shall thy Great Creator bless
And bid thy Days serenely flow :
So shall thy youthful Happiness
In Age no Diminution know.*

III.

*With sweet Reflection thou shalt taste,
Declining gently to thy Tomb,
The Pleasure of good Actions past,
And hope with Rapture Joys to come.*

*Saul. Thou, Merab, first in Birth, be first in Honour :
Thine be the valiant Youth, whose Arm has sav'd
Thy Country from her Foes.
Merab. aside.) O mean Alliance !*

*My Soul rejects the Thought with Scorn,
That such a Boy, 'till now unknown,
Of poor, Plebeian Parents born,
Should mix with Royal Blood his own !
Tho' Saul's Commands I can't decline,
I must prevent his low Design,
And save the Honour of his Line.*

MICHAL.

*See with what a scornful Air
She the precious Gift receives !
Tho' e'er so Noble, or so Fair,
She cannot merit what he gives.
Ah ! lovely Youth ! wast thou design'd
With that proud Beauty to be join'd ?*

S C E N E III.

SAUL, MICHAL, &c. *Chorus of Women.*

Mich. Already see, the Daughters of the Land,
In joyful Dance, with Instruments of Musick
Come to congratulate your Victory.

CHORUS of Women alternately.

I.

*W*elcome, welcome, mighty King!
*W*elcome all who Conquest bring!

Chorus

bells

II.

*W*elcome, David, warlike Boy,
*A*uthor of our present Joy!

Chorus

bells

III.

*S*aul, who hast thy Thousands slain,
*W*elcome to thy Friends again!

Chorus

bells

IV.

*D*avid his Ten thousands slew;
*T*en thousand Praises are his due!

Chorus

Saul. What do I hear? Am I then sunk so low,
To have this upstart Boy preferr'd before me?
To him Ten thousands! and to me but Thousands?
What can they give him more? except the Kingdom?

With Rage I shall burst his Praises to hear!
Oh! how I both hate the Stripling, and fear!
What Mortal a Rival in Glory can bear?

[Exit.]

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Jonath. Imprudent Women ! your ill-tim'd Comparifons,
I fear, have injur'd him you meant to honour.

Saul's furious Look, as he departed hence,
Too plainly fhew'd the Tempeft of his Soul.

Mich. 'Tis but his old Difcife, which thou canft cure. [To David.

O take thy Harp, and as thou oft haft done,
From the King's Breaft expel the raging Fiend,
And footh his tortur'd Soul with Sounds Divine.

[Exit David.

M^{rs} Francisiani

*Fell Rage and black Defpair poffeff
With horrid Sway the Monarch's Breaft ;
When David with Celeftial Fire
Struck the fweet perfwafive Lyre :
Soft gliding down his raviſh'd Ears,
The healing Sounds difpel his Cares ;
Defpair and Rage at once are gone,
And Peace and Hope refume the Throne.*

S C E N E V.

SAUL, DAVID, JONATHAN, MERAB, MICHAL, ABNER, *High*
Priest, ABIATHAR.

Abiath. Rack'd with Infernal Pains ev'n now the King
Comes forth, and mutters horrid Words, which Hell,
No human Tongue, has taught him.

DAVID.

*O Lord, whoſe Mercies numberleſs
O'er all thy Works prevail,
Tho' daily Man thy Law tranſgreſs,
Thy Patience cannot fail :
If yet his Sin be not too great,
The buſy Fiend controul,
Yet longer for Repentance wait,
And heal his wounded Soul.*

Jonath.

Jonath. 'Tis all in vain, his Fury still continues :
With wild Distraction on my Friend he stares,
Stamps on the Ground, and seems intent on Mischief.

S A U L.

*A Serpent in my Bosom warri'd
Would sting me to the Heart ;
But of his Venom soon disarm'd,
Himself shall feel the Smart.
Ambitious Boy ! now learn, what Danger
It is to rouse a Monarch's Anger !*

[Throws his Javelin. Exit David.]

Has he escap'd my Rage ?
I charge thee, *Jonathan*, upon thy Duty,
And All, on your Allegiance, to destroy
This bold, aspiring Youth ; for while he lives,
I am not safe. Reply not, but obey.

[Exit.]

M E R A B.

*Capricious Man, in Humour lost,
By ev'ry Wind of Passion tost,
Now sets his Vassal on the Throne,
Then low as Earth he casts him down :
His Temper knows no middle State,
Extreme alike in Love or Hate.*

S C E N E VI.

J O N A T H A N.

O Filial Piety ! O Sacred Friendship !
How shall I reconcile you ? — Cruel Father !
Your just Commands I always have obey'd :
But to destroy my Friend ! the Brave, the Virtuous,

B

The

The God-like *David* ! *Israel's* Defender,
 And Terror of her Foes ! — to disobey You —
 What shall I call it ? — 'Tis an Act of Duty
 To GOD — to *David* — nay, indeed to You.

No, cruel Father, no :

Your hard Commands I can't obey.

Shall I with sacrilegious Blow

Take Pious David's Life away !

No ; with my Life I must defend

Against the World my best, my dearest Friend.

High Priest.

O Lord, whose Providence

Ever wakes for their Defence,

Who the Ways of Virtue choose ;

Let not thy faithful Servant fall

A Victim to the Rage of Saul,

Who hates without a Cause,

And, in Defiance of thy Laws,

His precious Life pursues.

CHORUS.

Preserve him for the Glory of thy Name,

Thy People's Safety, and the Heathen's Shame.

The End of the First A C T.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

CHORUS.

*ENVY! Eldest-born of Hell!
 Cease in human Breasts to dwell.
 Ever at all Good repining,
 Still the Happy undermining!
 God and Man by thee infested,
 Thou by God and Man detested!
 Most thy self thou dost torment,
 At once the Crime and Punishment.
 Hide thee in the blackest Night:
 Virtue sickens at thy sight!
 Hence, thou Eldest-born of Hell!
 Cease in human Breasts to dwell.*

SCENE II.

JONATHAN and DAVID.

Jonath. Ah! dearest Friend, undone by too much Virtue,
 Think you, an Evil Spirit was the Cause
 Of all my Father's Rage? It was indeed
 A Spirit of Envy, and of mortal Hate.
 He has resolv'd your Death; and sternly charg'd
 His whole Retinue, me especially,
 To execute his Vengeance.

*But sooner Jordan's Stream, I swear,
 Back to his Spring shall swiftly roll,
 Than I consent to hurt a Hair
 Of thee, thou Darling of my Soul.*

David. O strange Vicissitude ! But Yesterday
He thought me worthy of his Daughter's Love ;
To Day he seeks my Life.

Jonath. My Sister *Merab*, by his own Gift thy Right,
He has bestow'd on *Adriel*.

David. O, my Prince, would that were all !
It would not grieve me much. The scornful Maid
(Didst thou observe ?) with such disdainful Pride
Receiv'd the King's Command ! — but lovely *Michal*,
As mild as she is fair, out-strips all Praise.

*Such haughty Beauties rather move
Aversion, than engage our Love.
They only can our Cares beguile,
Who gently speak, and sweetly smile.
If Virtue in that Dress appear,
Who, that sees, can Love forbear ?*

Russell

Jonath. My Father comes. Retire, my Friend, while I
With peaceful Accents try to calm his Rage.

[Exit David.]

SCENE III.

SAUL and JONATHAN.

Saul. Hast thou obey'd my Orders, and destroy'd
My mortal Enemy, the Son of *Jesse* ?

Jonath. Alas, my Father ! He your Enemy ?
Say rather, he has done important Service
To you, and to the Nation ; hazarded
His Life for both, and slain our Giant Foe,
Whose Presence made the boldest of us tremble.

*Sin not, O King, against the Youth,
Who ne'er offended you :
Think, to his Loyalty and Truth
What great Rewards are due !
Think, with what Joy this God-like Man
You saw, that glorious Day !
Think, and with Ruin, if you can,
Such Services repay.*

Mr Bear

S A U L.

*As Great Jehovah lives, I swear,
The Youth shall not be slain :
Bid him return, and void of Fear
Adorn our Court again.*

Mr Walby

J O N A T H A N.

*From Cities storm'd, and Battles won,
What Glory can accrue ?
By this the Hero best is known ;
He can himself subdue.
Wiseſt and greateſt of his Kind,
Who can in Reaſon's Fetters bind
The Madneſs of his angry Mind !*

Bear

Appear, my Friend.

S C E N E IV.

Enter DAVID.

*Saul. No more imagine Danger :
Be Firſt in our Eſteem ; with wonted Valour
Repel the Inſults of the Philiftines :
And, as a Proof of my Sincerity,*

(O Hard

(O Hardness to dissemble!) instantly
Espouse my Daughter *Michal*.

DAVID.

*Your Words, O King, my Loyal Heart
With double Ardor fire:
If God his usual Aid impart,
Your Foes shall feel what you inspire.
In all the Dangers of the Field,
The Great Jehovah is my Shield.*

[Exeunt *Dav.* and *Jon.*

Saul. Yes, he shall wed my Daughter! — but how long
Shall he enjoy her? — He shall lead my Armies!
But have the *Philistines* no Darts — no Swords,
To pierce the Heart of *David*? — Yes, this once
To them I leave him; they shall do me Right!

[Exit.

SCENE V.

DAVID and MICHAL.

Mich. A Father's Will has authoriz'd my Love:
No longer, *Michal*, then attempt to hide
The Secret of thy Soul. I love thee, *David*,
And long have lov'd. Thy Virtue was the Cause;
And that be my Defence.

DUET.

Mich. O Fairest of ten thousand fair,
Yet for thy Virtue more admir'd!
Thy Words and Actions all declare
The Wisdom by thy God inspir'd.

David,

*For Miss Francisina
Mr Ruffels*

David. *O lovely Maid ! thy Form beheld,
Above all Beauty charms our Eyes :
Yet still within that Form conceal'd
Thy Mind, a greater Beauty, lies.*

Both. *How well in Thee does Heav'n at last
Compensate all my Sorrows past.*

[Exeunt.]

CHORUS.

*Is there a Man, who all his Ways
Directs, his God alone to please ?
In vain his Foes against him move :
Superior Pow'r their Hate disarms ;
He makes them yield to Virtue's Charms,
And melts their Fury down to Love.*

SCENE VI.

DAVID and MICHAL.

David. *Thy Father is as cruel, and as false,
As thou art kind and true. When I approach'd him
New from the Slaughter of his Enemies,
His Eyes with Fury flam'd ; his Arm he rais'd,
With Rage grown stronger ; by my guiltless Head
The Javelin whizzing flew, and in the Wall
Mock'd once again his Impotence of Malice.*

*At Persecution I can laugh ;
No Fear my Soul can move,
In God's Protection safe,
And blest in Michal's Love.*

Russell

Mich. *Ah ! dearest Youth ! for thee I fear !
Fly ! — be gone ! — for Death is near !*

David.

D A V I D.

*Fear not, lovely Fair, for me :
Death, where thou art, cannot be.
Smile, and Danger is no more.*

M I C H A L.

*Fly — for Death is at the Door !
See, the murd'rous Band comes on !
Stay no longer ! Fly ! — be gone !*

S C E N E VII.

M I C H A L and D O E G.

Butler Mich. Whom dost thou seek ? And who has sent thee hither ?
Doeg. I seek for David ; and am sent by Saul.

Mich. Thy Errand ?

Doeg. 'Tis a Summons to the Court.

Mich. Say, he is sick.

Doeg. In Sickness, or in Health,
Alive, or dead, he must be brought to Saul.
Shew me his Chamber.

[David's Bed discover'd with an Image in it]

Do you mock the King ?

This Disappointment will enrage him more :
Then tremble for th' Event.

[Exit]

M I C H A L.

*No ; let the Guilty tremble
At ev'ry thought of Danger near.
Tho' Numbers, arm'd with Death, assemble,
My Innocence disdains to fear.
Tho' great their Power as their Spite,
Undaunted still, my Soul, remain ;
For greater is Jehovah's Might,
And will their lawless Force restrain.*

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

M E R A B.

Mean as he was, he is my Brother now,
 My Sister's Husband ; and, to speak the 'Truth,
 Has Qualities which Justice bids me love,
 And pity his Distress. My Father's Cruelty
 Strikes me with Horror ! At th' approaching Feast
 I fear some dire Event, unless my Brother,
 His Friend, the faithful *Jonathan*, avert
 Th' impending Ruine. I know, he'll do his best.

*Author of Peace, who canst controul
 Ev'ry Passion of the Soul ;
 To whose good Spirit alone we owe
 Words that sweet as Honey flow :
 With thy dear Influence his Tongue be fill'd,
 And cruel Wrath to soft Perswasion yield.*

Miss Young

S C E N E IX.

SAUL at the Feast of the New Moon.

*The Time at length is come, when I shall take
 My full Revenge on Jesse's Son.
 No longer shall the Stripling make
 His Sov'reign totter on the Throne.
 He dies—— this Blaster of my Fame,
 Bane of my Peace, and Author of my Shame.*

Chorus

T O A Successor to Saul
 C

S C E N E

S C E N E X.

SAUL, JONATHAN, &c.

Saul. Where is the Son of *Jesse* ? Comes he not
To grace our Feast ?

Jonath. He earnestly ask'd Leave
To go to *Bethlehem*, where his Father's House
At solemn Rites of annual Sacrifice
Requir'd his Presence.

Saul. O Perverse ! Rebellious !
Thinkst thou, I do not know, that thou hast chose
The Son of *Jesse* to thy own Confusion ?
The World will say, thou art no Son of mine,
Who thus canst love the Man I hate ; the Man,
Who, if he lives, will rob thee of thy Crown.
Send, fetch him hither ; for the Wretch must die.

Jonath. What has he done ? And wherefore must he die ?

Saul. Dar'st thou oppose my Will ? Die then thy self.

[Throws his Javelin. Exit Jonathan, then Saul.]

C H O R U S.

*O fatal Consequence
Of Rage, by Reason uncontroll'd !
With ev'ry Law he can dispense ;
No Ties the furious Monster hold :
From Crime to Crime he blindly goes,
Nor End, but with his own Destruction, knows.*

The End of the Second A C T.

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

SAUL disguis'd at Endor.

WRETCH that I am ! of my own Ruin Author !
 Where are my old Supports ? The valiant Youth,
 Whose very Name was Terror to my Foes,
 My Rage has drove away. Of God forsaken,
 In vain I ask his Counsel ! He vouchsafes
 No Answer to the Sons of Disobedience !
 Ev'n my own Courage fails me ! — Can it be ?
 Is *Saul* become a Coward ? — I'll not believe it !
 If Heav'n denies thee Aid, seek it from Hell !
 'Tis said, here lives a Woman, close Familiar
 With th' Enemy of Mankind. Her I'll consult,
 And know the Worst. Her Art is Death by Law ;
 And while I minded Law, sure Death attended
 Such horrid Practices : Yet, O hard Fate !
 My self am now reduc'd to ask the Counsel
 Of those I once abhorr'd !

S C E N E II.

SAUL and the Witch of Endor.

Witch. With me what would'st thou ?

Saul. I wou'd, that by thy Art thou bring me up
 The Man whom I shall name.

Witch. Alas ! thou know'st

How *Saul* has cut off those who use this Art.
 Would'st thou insnare me ?

Saul. As *Jehovah* lives,

On this Account no Mischief shall befall thee.

Witch. Whom shall I bring up to thee ?

Saul. Bring up *Samuel*.

Witch.

*Infernal Spirits, by whose Pow'r
 Departed Ghosts in living Forms appear,
 Add Horror to the Midnight Hour,
 And chill the holdest Hearts with Fear :
 To this Stranger's wond'ring Eyes
 Let the Prophet Samuel rise.*

S C E N E III.

Apparition of SAMUEL, SAUL.

Sam. Why hast thou forc'd me from the Realms of Peace
 Back to this World of Woe ?

Saul. O holy Prophet !

Refuse me not thy Aid in this Distress.
 The num'rous Foe stands ready for the Battle :
 God has forsaken me : No more He answers
 By Prophets or by Dreams : No Hope remains,
 Unless I learn of thee what Course to take.

Sam. Hath God forsaken thee ? And dost thou ask
 My Counsel ? Did I not foretel thy Fate,
 When, madly disobedient, thou didst spare
 The curst *Amalekite*, and on the Spoil
 Didst fly rapacious ? Therefore God this Day
 Hath verify'd my Words in thy Destruction ;
 Hath rent the Kingdom from thee, and bestow'd it
 On *David*, whom thou hatest for his Virtue.
 Thou and thy Sons shall be with me To-morrow,
 And *Israel* by *Philistine* Arms shall fall.
 The Lord hath said it : He will make it good.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

DAVID, &c. *To them an Amalekite.*

David. Whence comest thou ?

Amal. Out of the Camp of *Israel*.

David. Thou canst inform me then : How went the Battle ?

Amal. The People, put to flight, in Numbers fell,
And *Saul*, and *Jonathan* his Son, are dead.

David. Alas ! my Brother ! — But how know'st thou
That they are dead ?

Amal. Upon Mount *Gilboa*

I met with *Saul*, just fall'n upon his Spear.

Swiftly the Foe pursu'd. He cry'd to me,

Begg'd me to finish his imperfect Work,

And end a Life of Pain and Ignominy.

I knew he could not live, and therefore slew him ;

Took from his Head the Crown, and from his Arms

The Bracelets, and have brought them to my Lord.

David. Whence art thou ?

Amal. I am an *Amalekite*.

DAVID.

Impious Wretch, of Race accurst !

And of all that Race the worst !

How hast thou dar'd to lift thy Sword

Against th' Anointed of the Lord ?

Fall on him — smite him — let him die ;

On thy own Head thy Blood will lie ;

Since thy own Mouth has testify'd,

By Thee the Lord's Anointed dy'd.

[To one of his Attendants, who kills the *Amalekite*. —

SCENE

SCENE V.

ELEGY on the Death of SAUL and JONATHAN.

I.

Chorus

MOURN, Israel, mourn, thy Beauty lost,
 Thy choicest Youth on Gilboa slain.
 How have thy fairest Hopes been crost!
 What Heaps of mighty Warriors strow the Plain!

II.

O let it not in Gath be heard,
 The News in Askelon let none proclaim;
 Lest we, whom once so much they fear'd,
 Be by their Women now despis'd,
 And lest the Daughters of th' Uncircumcis'd
 Rejoice and triumph in our Shame.

III.

From this unhappy Day,
 No more, ye Gilboan Hills, on you
 Descend refreshing Rain or kindly Dew,
 Which erst your Heads with Plenty crown'd;
 Since there the Shield of Saul, in Arms renown'd,
 Was vilely cast away.

IV.

Brave Jonathan his Bow ne'er drew,
 But wing'd with Death his Arrow flew,
 And drank the Blood of slaughter'd Foes:
 Nor drew Great Saul his Sword in vain;
 It reek'd, where'er he dealt his Blows,
 With Entrails of the mighty Slain.

V. Eagles

V.

*Eagles were not so swift as they,
Nor Lions with so strong a Grasp held fast and tore the Prey.*

VI.

*In sweetest Harmony they liv'd,
Nor Death their Union cou'd divide :
The pious Son ne'er left his Father's Side,
But him defending bravely dy'd :
A Loss too great to be surviv'd !*

VII.

*For Saul, ye Maids of Israel, moan,
To whose indulgent Care
You owe the Scarlet and the Gold you wear,
And all the Pomp in which your Beauty long has shone.*

VIII.

*O fatal Day ! How low the Mighty lie !
O Jonathan ! how nobly didst thou die,
For thy King and Country slain !
For thee, my Brother Jonathan,
How great is my Distress !
What Language can my Grief express ?
Great was the Pleasure I enjoy'd in thee !
And more than Woman's Love thy wondrous Love to me !*

IX.

*O fatal Day ! How low the Mighty lie !
Where, Israel, is thy Glory fled ?
Spoil'd of thy Arms, and sunk in Infamy,
How canst thou raise again thy drooping Head !*

ABIATHAR.

A B I A T H A R.

*Ye Men of Judah, weep no more ;
 Let Gladness reign in all our Host ;
 For pious David will restore
 What Saul by Disobedience lost.
 The Lord of Hosts is David's Friend,
 And Conquest will his Arms attend.*

C H O R U S.

*Gird on thy Sword, thou Man of Might,
 Pursue thy wonted Fame :
 Go on, go on. Go on, be prosperous in Fight,
 Retrieve the Hebrew Name.
 Thy strong Right-Hand, with Terror arm'd,
 Shall thy obdurate Foes dismay ;
 While others, by thy Virtue charm'd,
 Shall crowd to own thy Righteous Sway.*

F I N I S.



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S A U L,

A N

O R A T O R I O.

O R

S A C R E D D R A M A.

As it is Perform'd at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L *in* C o v e n t - G a r d e n.

Set to Mufick by Mr. H A N D E L.

Ἀρετῇ ποιεῖ φίλον ὅστις ἀρετῆ. Aur. Carm.

Qui autem in virtute summum bonum ponunt, præclare illi quidem: Sed hæc ipsa virtus Amicitiam & gignet & Continet: Nec sine virtute Amicitia esse ullo pacto potest. Cic.

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I U A 2

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SAUL.

JONATHAN.

DAVID.

ABNER.

MERAB.

MICHAL.

DOEG.

WITCH of Endor.

Apparition of SAMUEL.

Amalekite.

Chorus's.

N. B. MERAB's scornful Behaviour, Act I. Scene II. is a Hint taken from COWLEY's *Davideis*, and hath no Foundation in the *Sacred History*.





S A U L,
A N
O R A T O R I O.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An EPINICION, or Song of Triumph, for the Victory over
Goliath and the *Philistines*.

I.

OW excellent thy Name, O Lord,
In all the World is known!
Above all Heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious Throne!

II.

An Infant rais'd by thy Command,
To quell thy Rebel Foes,
Cou'd fierce Goliath's dreadful hand
Superior in the Fight oppose.

III.

Along the Monster Atheist strode
With more than Human Pride,
And Armies of the Living God
Exulting in his Strength defy'd.

A 2

IV. How

IV.

*The Youth inspir'd by Thee, O Lord,
With Ease the Boaster slew,
Our fainting Courage soon restor'd,
And headlong drove that impious Crew.*

V.

*How excellent thy Name, O Lord,
In all the World is known!
Above all Heav'ns, O King, ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious Throne!*

Hallelujah.

S C E N E II.

SAUL, JONATHAN, MERAB, MICHAL, &c. ABNER
introducing DAVID.

RECITATIVE.

Michal. He comes! —

AIR.

*O God-like Youth! by all confess'd,
Of Human Race the Pride!
O Virgin among Women blest,
Whom Heav'n ordains thy Bride!
But ah! how strong a Bar I see
Betwixt my Happiness and me!*

RECITATIVE.

Abner. Behold, O King, the brave, victorious Youth,
And in his Hand the haughty Giant's Head.

Saul. Young Man, whose Son art thou?

David. The Son of Jesse,
Thy faithful Servant, and a Bethlemite.

Saul. Return no more to Jesse: Stay with me.
And as an Earnest of my future Favour
Thou shalt espouse my Daughter: Small Reward

Of such Desert! since to thy Arm alone
We owe our Safety, Peace, and Liberty.

A I R.

David. *O King, your Favours with Delight
I take, but must refuse your Praise:
For ev'ry pious Israelite
To God alone that Tribute pays:
Through him we put to flight our Foes,
And in his Name
We trod them under that against us rose.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jonath. O early Piety! O modest Merit!
In this Embrace my Heart bestows itself.
Henceforth, thou noble Youth, accept my Friendship,
And *Jonathan* and *David* are but one.

A I R.

Merab. *What abject Thoughts a Prince can have!
In Rank a Prince, in Mind a Slave.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Yet think with whom you stoop to link yourself,
How poor in Fortune, and in Birth how low! [*Aside to Jonath.*]

A I R.

Jonath. *Birth and Fortune I despise!* [*To Merab.*]
From Virtue let my Friendship rise.
No Titles proud thy Stem adorn; [*To David.*]
Yet born of God is nobly born:
And of his Gifts so rich thy Store,
That Ophir to thy Wealth is poor.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Saul. Thou, *Merab*, first in Birth, be first in Honour:
Thine be the valiant Youth, whose Arm has sav'd
Thy Country from her Foes.

Merab. [*Aside.*] O mean Alliance!

A I R.

A I R.

*My Soul rejects the Thought with Scorn,
That such a Boy, 'till now unknown,
Of poor, Plebeian Parents born,
Should mix with Royal Blood his own!
Tho' Saul's Commands I can't decline,
I must prevent his low Design,
And save the Honour of his Line.*

A I R.

Michal. *See with what a scornful Air
She the precious Gift receives!
Tho' e'er so Noble, or so Fair,
She cannot merit what he gives.
Ah! lovely Youth! wast thou design'd
With that proud Beauty to be join'd?*

S C E N E III.

SAUL, MICHAL, &c. Chorus of Women.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Michal. Already see the Daughters of the Land,
In joyful Dance, with Instruments of Musick
Come to congratulate your Victory.*

CHORUS of Women alternately.

I.

*Welcome, welcome, mighty King!
Welcome all who Conquest bring!*

II.

*Welcome, David, warlike Boy,
Author of our present Joy!*

III. Saul,

III.

*Saul, who hast thy Thousands slain,
Welcome to thy Friends again!*

IV.

*David his Ten thousands slew;
Ten thousand Praises are his due!*

RECITATIVE.

Saul. What do I hear? Am I then sunk so low,
To have this upstart Boy preferr'd before me?

CHORUS.

*David his Ten thousands slew;
Ten thousand Praises are his due!*

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Saul. To him Ten thousands! and to me but Thousands?
What can they give him more? except the Kingdom?

A I R.

*With Rage I shall burst his Praises to hear!
Oh! how I both hate the Stripling, and fear!
What Mortal a Rival in Glory can bear?*

}
[Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

RECITATIVE.

Jonath. Imprudent Women! your ill-tim'd Comparifons,
I fear, have injur'd him you meant to honour.
Saul's furious Look, as he departed hence,
Too plainly shew'd the Tempest of his Soul.

Mich. 'Tis but his old Disease, which thou canst cure. [To David.
O take thy Harp, and as thou oft hast done,

From

From the King's Breast expel the raging Fiend,
And sooth his tortur'd Soul with Sounds Divine.

[Exit David.

A I R.

*Fell Rage and black Despair possess
With horrid Sway the Monarch's Breast;
When David with Celestial Fire
Struck the sweet persuasive Lyre:
Soft gliding down his ravish'd Ears,
The healing Sounds dispel his Cares;
Despair and Rage at once are gone,
And Peace and Hope resume the Throne.*

S C E N E V.

SAUL, DAVID, JONATHAN, MERAB, MICHAL, ABNER,
ABIATHAR.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Abiath. Rack'd with Infernal Pains ev'n now the King
Comes forth, and mutters horrid Words, which Hell,
No human Tongue, has taught him.

A I R.

David. *O Lord, whose Mercies numberless
O'er all thy Works prevail,
Tho' daily Man thy Law transgress,
Thy Patience cannot fail:
If yet his Sin be not too great,
The busy Fiend control,
Yet longer for Repentance wait,
And heal his wounded Soul.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jonath. 'Tis all in vain, his Fury still continues:
With wild Distraction on my Friend he stares,
Stamps on the Ground, and seems intent on Mischief.

A I R.

A I R.

Saul. *A Serpent in my Bosom warm'd
Would sting me to the Heart;
But of his Venom soon disarm'd,
Himself shall feel the Smart.
Ambitious Boy! now learn, what Danger
It is to rouse a Monarch's Anger!*
Throws his Javelin. Exit David.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Saul. Has he escap'd my Rage?
I charge thee, Jonathan, upon thy Duty,
And All, on your Allegiance, to destroy
This bold, aspiring Youth; for while he lives,
I am not safe. Reply not, but obey. [Exit.

A I R.

Merab. *Capricious Man, in Humour lost,
By ev'ry Wind of Passion toss'd,
Now sets his Vassal on the Throne,
Then low as Earth he casts him down;
His Temper knows no middle State,
Extreme alike in Love and Hate.*

S C E N E VI.

R E C I T A T I V E accompany'd.

Jonath. O Filial Piety! O Sacred Friendship!
How shall I reconcile you? ——— Cruel Father!
Your just Commands I always have obey'd:
But to destroy my Friend! the Brave, the Virtuous,
The God-like David! Israel's Defender,
And Terror of her Foes! — to disobey You —
What shall I call it? — 'Tis an Act of Duty
To G O D — to David — nay, indeed to You.

B

A I R.

A I R.

*No, cruel Father, no:
 Your hard Commands I can't obey.
 Shall I with sacrilegious Blow
 Take pious David's Life away!
 No; with my Life I must defend
 Against the World my best, my dearest Friend.*

C H O R U S.

*Preserve him for the Glory of thy Name,
 Thy People's Safety, and the Heathen's Shame.*



A C T II. S C E N E I.

C H O R U S.

E*NVY! Eldest-born of Hell!
 Cease in human Breast to dwell.
 Ever at all Good repining,
 Still the Happy undermining!
 God and Man by thee infested,
 Thou by God and Man detested!
 Most thyself thou dost torment,
 At once the Crime and Punishment.
 Hide thee in the blackest Night:
 Virtue sickens at thy Sight!
 Hence, thou Eldest-born of Hell!
 Cease in human Breasts to dwell.*

S C E N E II.

J O N A T H A N and D A V I D.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jonath. Ah! dearest Friend, undone by too much Virtue!
 Think you, an Evil Spirit was the Cause

Of all my Father's Rage? It was indeed
 A Spirit of Envy, and of mortal Hate.
 He has resolv'd your Death; and sternly charg'd
 His whole Retinue, me especially,
 To execute his Vengeance.

A I R.

*But sooner Jordan's Stream, I swear,
 Back to his Spring shall swiftly roll,
 Than I consent to hurt a Hair
 Of thee, thou Darling of my Soul.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

David. O strange Vicissitude! But Yesterday
 He thought me worthy of his Daughter's Love;
 To Day he seeks my Life.

Jonath. My Sister *Merab*, by his own Gift thy Right,
 He has bestow'd on *Adriel*.

David. O, my Prince, would that were all!
 It would not grieve me much. The scornful Maid
 (Didst thou observe?) with such disdainful Pride
 Receiv'd the King's Command! — but lovely *Michal*,
 As mild as she is fair, out-strips all Praise.

A I R.

*Such haughty Beauties rather move
 Aversion, than engage our Love.
 They only can our Cares beguile,
 Who gently speak, and sweetly smile.
 If Virtue in that Dress appear,
 Who, that sees, can Love forbear?*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jonath. My Father comes. Retire, my Friend, while I
 With peaceful Accents try to calm his Rage. [Exit David.]

S C E N E III.

SAUL and JONATHAN.

RECITATIVE.

Saul. Hast thou obey'd my Orders, and destroy'd
My mortal Enemy, the Son of *Jesse*?

Jonath. Alas, my Father! He your Enemy?
Say rather, he has done important Service
To you, and to the Nation; hazarded
His Life for both, and slain our Giant Foe,
Whose Presence made the boldest of us tremble.

A I R.

*Sin not, O King, against the Youth,
Who ne'er offended you:
Think, to his Loyalty and Truth
What great Rewards are due!*

*Think, with what Joy this God-like Man
You saw, that glorious Day!
Think, and with Ruin, if you can,
Such Services repay.*

Saul. As Great Jehovah lives, I swear,
The Youth shall not be slain:
Bid him return, and void of Fear
Adorn our Court again.

Jonath. From Cities storm'd, and Battles won,
What Glory can accrue?
By this the Hero best is known;
He can himself subdue.
Wiseest and greatest of his Kind,
Who can in Reason's Fetters bind
The Madness of his angry Mind!

RECITATIVE.

Appear, my Friend.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter DAVID.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Saul. No more imagine Danger:
 Be First in our Esteem; with wonted Valour
 Repel the Insults of the *Philistines*:
 And as a Proof of my Sincerity,
 (O Hardness to dissemble!) instantly
 Espouse my Daughter *Michal*.

A I R.

David. Your Words, O King, my Loyal Heart
 With double Ardor fire:
 If God his usual Aid impart,
 Your Foes shall feel what you inspire.
 In all the Dangers of the Field,
 The Great Jehovah is my Shield. [Exeunt *Dav.* and *Jon.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Saul. Yes, he shall wed my Daughter! — but how long
 Shall he enjoy her? — He shall lead my Armies!
 But have the *Philistines* no Darts — no Swords,
 To pierce the Heart of *David*? — Yes, this once
 To them I leave him; they shall do me Right!

S C E N E V.

DAVID and MICHAL.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Michal. A Father's Will has authoriz'd my Love:
 No longer, *Michal*, then attempt to hide
 The Secret of thy Soul. I love thee, *David*,
 And long have lov'd. Thy Virtue was the Cause;
 And that be my Defence.

D U E T.

D U E T.

Mich. *O Fairest of ten thousand fair,
Yet for thy Virtue more admir'd!
Thy Words and Actions all declare
The Wisdom by thy God inspir'd.*

David. *O lovely Maid! thy Form beheld,
Above all Beauty charms our Eyes:
Yet still within that Form conceal'd
Thy Mind, a greater Beauty, lies.*

Both. *How well in Thee does Heav'n at last
Compensate all my Sorrows past.*

[Exeunt.]

C H O R U S.

*Is there a Man, who all his Ways
Directs, his God alone to please?
In vain his Foes against him move:
Superior Pow'r their Hate disarms;
He makes them yield to Virtue's Charms,
And melts their Fury down to Love.*

A C O N C E R T O.

S C E N E VI.

DAVID and MICHAEL.

R E C I T A T I V E.

David. Thy Father is as cruel, and as false,
As thou art kind and true. When I approach'd him
New from the Slaughter of his Enemies,
His Eyes with Fury flam'd; his Arm he rais'd,
With Rage grown stronger; by my guiltless Head
The Javelin whizzing flew, and in the Wall
Mock'd once again his Impotence of Malice.

D U E T.

David. *At Persecution I can laugh;
No Fear my Soul can move,
In God's Protection safe,
And blest in Michal's Love.*

Michal.

Michal. Ah! dearest Youth! for thee I fear!
Fly! — be gone! — for Death is near!

David. Fear not, lovely Fair, for me:
Death, where thou art, cannot be.
Smile, and Danger is no more.

Michal. Fly—for Death is at the Door!
See, the murd'rous Band comes on!
Stay no longer! Fly! — be gone!

S C E N E VII.

MICHAL and DOEG.

RECITATIVE.

Michal. Whom dost thou seek? And who has sent thee hither?

Doeg. I seek for David; and am sent by Saul.

Michal. Thy Errand?

Doeg. 'Tis a Summons to the Court.

Michal. Say, he is sick.

Doeg. In Sicknefs, or in Health,

Alive, or dead, he must be brought to Saul.

Shew me his Chamber. [David's Bed discover'd with an Image in it.

Do you mock the King?

This Disappointment will enrage him more:

Then tremble for th' Event.

[Exit.

A I R.

Michal. No; let the Guilty tremble

At ev'ry Thought of Danger near.

Tho' Numbers, arm'd with Death, assemble,
My Innocence disdains to fear.

Tho' great their Power as their Spite,
Undaunted still, my Soul, remain;

For greater is Jehovah's Might,
And will their lawless Force restrain.

S C E N E VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Merab. Mean as he was, he is my Brother now,

My

My Sister's Husband; and to speak the Truth,
 Has Qualities, which Justice bids me love,
 And pity his Distress. My Father's Cruelty
 Strikes me with Horror! At th' approaching Feast
 I fear some dire Event, unless my Brother,
 His Friend, the faithful *Jonathan*, avert
 Th' impending Ruin. I know, he'll do his best.

A I R.

*Author of Peace, who canst controul
 Ev'ry Passion of the Soul;
 To whose good Spirit alone we owe
 Words that sweet as Honey flow:
 With thy dear Influence his Tongue be fill'd,
 And cruel Wrath to soft Persuasion yield.*

S C E N E IX.

[Symphony.]

S A U L at the Feast of the New Moon.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

*The Time at length is come, when I shall take
 My full Revenge on Jesse's Son.
 No longer shall the Stripling make
 His Sov'reign totter on the Throne.
 He dies — this Blaster of my Fame,
 Bane of my Peace, and Author of my Shame.*

S C E N E X.

S A U L, J O N A T H A N, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Saul. Where is the Son of *Jesse*? Comes he not
 To grace our Feast?
Jonath. He earnestly ask'd Leave
 To go to *Bethlem*, where his Father's House

At

At solemn Rites of annual Sacrifice
Requir'd his Presence.

Saul. O Perverse! Rebellious!
Thinks thou, I do not know, that thou hast chose
The Son of *Jesse* to thy own Confusion?
The World will say, thou art no Son of mine,
Who thus canst love the Man I hate; the Man,
Who, if he lives, will rob thee of thy Crown.
Send, fetch him hither; for the Wretch must die.

Jonath. What has he done? and wherefore must he die?

Saul. Dar'st thou oppose my Will? Die then thyself.

[*Throws his Javelin. Exit Jonathan, then Saul.*]

C H O R U S.

O fatal Consequence
Of Rage, by Reason uncontroll'd!
With ev'ry Law he can dispense;
No Ties the furious Monster hold:
From Crime to Crime he blindly goes,
Nor End, but with his own Destruction, knows.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

SAUL disguis'd at Endor.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

WRETCH that I am! of my own Ruin Author!
Where are my old Supports? The valiant Youth,
Whose very Name was Terror to my Foes,
My Rage has drove away. Of God forsaken,
In vain I ask his Counsel! He vouchsafes
No Answer to the Sons of Disobedience!
Ev'n my own Courage fails me! — Can it be?
Is *Saul* become a Coward? — I'll not believe it!
If Heav'n denies thee Aid, seek it from Hell!
'Tis said, here lives a Woman, close Familiar

C

With

With th' Enemy of Mankind. Her I'll consult,
 And know the Worst. Her Art is Death by Law;
 And while I minded Law, sure Death attended
 Such horrid Practices: Yet, O hard Fate!
 Myself am now reduc'd to ask the Counsel
 Of those I once abhorr'd!

S C E N E II.

SAUL and the Witch of Endor.

RECITATIVE.

Witch. With me what would'st thou?

Saul. I wou'd, that by thy Art thou bring me up
 The Man whom I shall name.

Witch. Alas! thou know'st
 How *Saul* has cut off those who use this Art.
 Would'st thou insnare me?

Saul. As *Jehovah* lives,
 On this Account no Mischief shall befall thee.

Witch. Whom shall I bring up to thee?

Saul. Bring up *Samuel*.

A I R.

Witch. *Infernal Spirits, by whose Pow'r
 Departed Ghosts in living Forms appear,
 Add Horror to the Midnight Hour,
 And chill the boldest Hearts with Fear:
 To this Stranger's wond'ring Eyes
 Let the Prophet Samuel rise.*

S C E N E III.

Apparition of SAMUEL, SAUL.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Samuel. Why hast thou forc'd me from the Realms of Peace
 Back to this World of Woe?

Saul. O holy Prophet!

Refuse

Refuse me not thy Aid in this Distress.
 The num'rous Foe stands ready for the Battle:
 God has forsaken me: No more He answers
 By Prophets or by Dreams: No Hope remains,
 Unless I learn of thee what Course to take.

Samuel. Hath God forsaken thee? And dost thou ask
 My Counsel? Did I not foretel thy Fate,
 When, madly disobedient, thou didst spare
 The curst *Amalekite*, and on the Spoil
 Didst fly rapacious? Therefore God this Day
 Hath verify'd my Words in thy Destruction?
 Hath rent the Kingdom from thee, and bestow'd it
 On *David*, whom thou hatest for his Virtue.
 Thou and thy Sons shall be with me To-morrow,
 And *Israel* by *Philistine* Arms shall fall.
 The Lord hath said it: He will make it good.

S C E N E IV.

[Symphony.]

DAVID, &c. To them an *Amalekite*.

RECITATIVE.

David. Whence comest thou?

Amal. Out of the Camp of *Israel*.

David. Thou canst inform me then: How went the Battle?

Amal. The People, put to flight, in Numbers fell,
 And *Saul*, and *Jonathan* his Son, are dead.

David. Alas! my Brother! — But how know'st thou
 That they are dead?

Amal. Upon Mount *Gilboa*
 I met with *Saul*, just fall'n upon his Spear.
 Swiftly the Foe pursu'd. He cry'd to me,
 Begg'd me to finish his imperfect Work,
 And end a Life of Pain and Ignominy.
 I knew he could not live, and therefore slew him;
 Took from his Head the Crown, and from his Arms
 The Bracelets, and have brought them to my Lord.

David.

David. Whence art thou?

Amal. I am an *Amalekite*.

A I R.

David. *Impious Wretch, of Race accurst!*

And of all that Race the worst!

How hast thou dar'd to lift thy Sword

Against th' Anointed of the Lord?

Fall on him—smite him—let him die;

On thy own Head thy Blood will lie;

Since thy own Mouth has testify'd,

By Thee the Lord's Anointed dy'd.

[To one of his Attendants, who kills the *Amalekite*.

S C E N E V.

[A March.]

ELEGY on the Death of SAUL and JONATHAN.

CHORUS. I.

Mourn, Israel, mourn, thy Beauty lost,

Thy choicest Youth on Gilboa slain.

How have thy fairest Hopes been crost!

What Heaps of mighty Warriors strow the Plain!

A I R. II.

O let it not in Gath be heard,

The News in Askelon let none proclaim;

Lest we, whom once so much they fear'd,

Be by their Women now despis'd,

And lest the Daughters of th' Uncircumcis'd

Rejoice and triumph in our Shame.

A I R. III.

From this unhappy Day,

No more, ye Gilboan Hills, on you

Descend refreshing Rain or kindly Dew,

Which erst your Heads with Plenty crown'd;

Since there the Shield of Saul, in Arms renown'd,

Was wilely cast away.

A I R.

A I R. IV.

*Brave Jonathan his Bow ne'er drew,
But wing'd with Death his Arrow flew,
And drank the Blood of slaughter'd Foes:
Nor drew great Saul his Sword in vain;
It reek'd, where'er he dealt his Blows,
With Entrails of the mighty Slain.*

C H O R U S. V.

*Eagles were not so swift as they,
Nor Lions with so strong a Grasp held fast and tore the Prey.*

A I R. VI.

*In sweetest Harmony they liv'd,
Nor Death their Union cou'd divide:
The pious Son ne'er left his Father's Side,
But him defending bravely dy'd:
A Loss too great to be surviv'd!*

A I R. VII.

*For Saul, ye Maids of Israel, mean,
To whose indulgent Care
You owe the Scarlet and the Gold you wear,
And all the Pomp in which your Beauty long has shone.*

C H O R U S. VIII.

*O fatal Day! How low the Mighty lie!
David. O Jonathan! how nobly didst thou die,
For thy King and Country slain!
For thee, my Brother Jonathan,
How great is my Distress!
What Language can my Grief express?
Great was the Pleasure I enjoy'd in thee!
And more than Woman's Love thy wondrous Love to me!*

C H O R U S. IX.

*O fatal Day! How low the Mighty lie!
Where, Israel, is thy Glory fled?
Spoil'd of thy Arms, and sunk in Infamy,
How canst thou raise again thy drooping Head!*

RECITATIVE.

Abiathar. *Ye Men of Judah, weep no more;
 Let Gladness reign in all our Host;
 For pious David will restore
 What Saul by Disobedience lost.
 The Lord of Hosts is David's Friend,
 And Conquest will his Arms attend.*

CHORUS.

*Gird on thy Sword, thou Man of Might,
 Pursue thy wonted Fame:
 Go on, be prosperous in Fight,
 Retrieve the Hebrew Name.
 Thy strong Right-Hand, with Terror arm'd,
 Shall thy obdurate Foes dismay;
 While others, by thy Virtue charm'd,
 Shall crowd to own thy Righteous Sway.*

F I N I S.



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S A U L,

A N

O R A T O R I O.

O R

S A C R E D D R A M A.

As it is Perform'd at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L *in* C o v e n t - G a r d e n .

Set to Musick by Mr. H A N D E L.

'Αρετὴ πρῶτον φίλον ὄσις ἀρετῆς. Aur. Carm.

Qui autem in virtute summum bonum ponunt, præclare illi quidem: Sed hæc ipsa virtus Amicitiam & gignet & Continet: Nec sine virtute Amicitia esse ullo pacto potest. Cic.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SAUL.

JONATHAN.

DAVID.

ABNER.

MERAB.

MICHAL.

DOEG.

WITCH of Endor.

Apparition of SAMUEL.

Amalekite.

Chorus's.

N. B. MERAB's scornful Behaviour, Act I. Scene II. is a Hint taken from COWLEY's *Davideis*, and hath no Foundation in the *Sacred History*.





S A U L,
A N
O R A T O R I O.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An EPINICION, or Song of Triumph, for the Victory over
Goliath and the *Philistines*.

I.

OW excellent thy Name, O Lord,
In all the World is known!
Above all Heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious Throne!

II.

An Infant rais'd by thy Command,
To quell thy Rebel Foes,
Cou'd fierce Goliath's dreadful hand
Superior in the Fight oppose.

III.

Along the Monster Atheist strode
With more than Human Pride,
And Armies of the Living God
Exulting in his Strength defy'd.

A 2

IV. How

IV.

*The Youth inspir'd by Thee, O Lord,
With Ease the Boaster slew,
Our fainting Courage soon restor'd,
And headlong drove that impious Crew.*

V.

*How excellent thy Name, O Lord,
In all the World is known!
Above all Heav'ns, O King, ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious Throne!*

Hallelujah.

S C E N E II.

SAUL, JONATHAN, MERAB, MICHAL, &c. ABNER
introducing DAVID.

RECITATIVE.

Michal. He comes! —

AIR.

*O God-like Youth! by all confess'd,
Of Human Race the Pride!
O Virgin among Women blest,
Whom Heav'n ordains thy Bride!
But ah! how strong a Bar I see
Betwixt my Happiness and me!*

RECITATIVE.

Abner. Behold, O King, the brave, victorious Youth,
And in his Hand the haughty Giant's Head.

Saul. Young Man, whose Son art thou?

David. The Son of *Jesse*,
Thy faithful Servant, and a *Bethlemite*.

Saul. Return no more to *Jesse*: Stay with me.
And as an Earnest of my future Favour
Thou shalt espouse my Daughter: Small Reward

Of

Of such Desert! since to thy Arm alone
We owe our Safety, Peace, and Liberty.

A I R.

David. *O King, your Favours with Delight
I take, but must refuse your Praise:
For ev'ry pious Israelite
To God alone that Tribute pays:
Through him we put to flight our Foes,
And in his Name
We trod them under that against us rose.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jonath. O early Piety! O modest Merit!
In this Embrace my Heart bestows itself.
Henceforth, thou noble Youth, accept my Friendship,
And *Jonathan* and *David* are but one.

A I R.

Merab. *What abject Thoughts a Prince can have!
In Rank a Prince, in Mind a Slave.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Yet think with whom you stoop to link yourself,
How poor in Fortune, and in Birth how low! [*Aside to Jonath.*]

A I R.

<i>Jonath.</i> <i>Birth and Fortune I despise! From Virtue let my Friendship rise. No Titles proud thy Stem adorn; Yet born of God is nobly born: And of his Gifts so rich thy Store, That Ophir to thy Wealth is poor.</i>	[<i>To Merab.</i> [<i>To David.</i>
--	---

R E C I T A T I V E.

Saul. Thou, *Merab*, first in Birth, be first in Honour:
Thine be the valiant Youth, whose Arm has sav'd
Thy Country from her Foes.

Merab. [*Aside.*] O mean Alliance!

A I R.

A I R.

*My Soul rejects the Thought with Scorn,
That such a Boy, 'till now unknown,
Of poor, Plebeian Parents born,
Should mix with Royal Blood his own!
Tho' Saul's Commands I can't decline,
I must prevent his low Design,
And save the Honour of his Line.*

A I R.

Michal. *See with what a scornful Air
She the precious Gift receives!
Tho' e'er so Noble, or so Fair,
She cannot merit what he gives.
Ah! lovely Youth! wast thou design'd
With that proud Beauty to be join'd?*

S C E N E III.

SAUL, MICHAL, &c. *Chorus of Women.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Michal. Already see the Daughters of the Land,
In joyful Dance, with Instruments of Musick
Come to congratulate your Victory.

CHORUS of Women alternately.

I.

*Welcome, welcome, mighty King!
Welcome all who Conquest bring!*

II.

*Welcome, David, warlike Boy,
Author of our present Joy!*

III. Saul,

III.

*Saul, who hast thy Thousands slain,
Welcome to thy Friends again!*

IV.

*David his Ten thousands slew;
Ten thousand Praises are his due!*

RECITATIVE.

Saul. What do I hear? Am I then sunk so low,
To have this upstart Boy preferr'd before me?

CHORUS.

*David his Ten thousands slew;
Ten thousand Praises are his due!*

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Saul. To him Ten thousands! and to me but Thousands?
What can they give him more? except the Kingdom?

A I R.

*With Rage I shall burst his Praises to hear!
Oh! how I both hate the Stripling, and fear!
What Mortal a Rival in Glory can bear?*

[Exit.] }

S C E N E IV.

RECITATIVE.

Jonath. Imprudent Women! your ill-tim'd Comparisons,
I fear, have injur'd him you meant to honour.
Saul's furious Look, as he departed hence,
Too plainly shew'd the Tempest of his Soul.

Mich. 'Tis but his old Disease, which thou canst cure. [To David.
O take thy Harp, and as thou oft hast done,

From

From the King's Breast expel the raging Fiend,
And sooth his tortur'd Soul with Sounds Divine.

[Exit David.

A I R.

*Fell Rage and black Despair possess
With horrid Sway the Monarch's Breast;
When David with Celestial Fire
Struck the sweet persuasive Lyre:
Soft gliding down his ravish'd Ears,
The healing Sounds dispel his Cares;
Despair and Rage at once are gone,
And Peace and Hope resume the Throne.*

S C E N E V.

SAUL, DAVID, JONATHAN, MERAB, MICHAL, ABNER,
ABIATHAR.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Abiath. Rack'd with Infernal Pains ev'n now the King
Comes forth, and mutters horrid Words, which Hell,
No human Tongue, has taught him.

A I R.

David. O Lord, whose Mercies numberless
O'er all thy Works prevail,
Tho' daily Man thy Law transgress,
Thy Patience cannot fail:
If yet his Sin be not too great,
The busy Fiend control,
Yet longer for Repentance wait,
And heal his wounded Soul.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jonath. 'Tis all in vain, his Fury still continues:
With wild Distraction on my Friend he stares,
Stamps on the Ground, and seems intent on Mischief.

A I R.

S A U L.

A I R.

Saul. *A Serpent in my Bosom warm'd
Would sting me to the Heart;
But of his Venom soon disarm'd,
Himself shall feel the Smart.
Ambitious Boy! now learn, what Danger
It is to rouse a Monarch's Anger!*
Throws his Javelin. Exit David.

RECITATIVE.

Saul. Has he escap'd my Rage?
I charge thee, Jonathan, upon thy Duty,
And All, on your Allegiance, to destroy
This bold, aspiring Youth; for while he lives,
I am not safe. Reply not, but obey. [Exit.

A I R.

Merab. *Capricious Man, in Humour lost,
By ev'ry Wind of Passion toss'd,
Now sets his Vassal on the Throne,
Then low as Earth he casts him down;
His Temper knows no middle State,
Extreme alike in Love and Hate.*

S C E N E VI.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Jonath. O Filial Piety! O Sacred Friendship!
How shall I reconcile you? ——— Cruel Father!
Your just Commands I always have obey'd:
But to destroy my Friend! the Brave, the Virtuous,
The God-like David! Israel's Defender,
And Terror of her Foes! — to disobey You —
What shall I call it? — 'Tis an Act of Duty
To G O D — to David — nay, indeed to You.

B

A I R.

A I R.

*No, cruel Father, no:
 Your hard Commands I can't obey.
 Shall I with sacrilegious Blow
 Take pious David's Life away!
 No; with my Life I must defend
 Against the World my best, my dearest Friend.*

C H O R U S.

*Preserve him for the Glory of thy Name,
 Thy People's Safety, and the Heathen's Shame.*



A C T II. S C E N E I.

C H O R U S.

E*NVY! Eldest-born of Hell!
 Cease in human Breast to dwell.
 Ever at all Good repining,
 Still the Happy undermining!
 God and Man by thee infested,
 Thou by God and Man detested!
 Most thyself thou dost torment,
 At once the Crime and Punishment.
 Hide thee in the blackest Night:
 Virtue sickens at thy Sight!
 Hence, thou Eldest-born of Hell!
 Cease in human Breasts to dwell.*

S C E N E II.

JONATHAN and DAVID.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jonath. Ah! dearest Friend, undone by too much Virtue!
 Think you, an Evil Spirit was the Cause

Of all my Father's Rage? It was indeed
 A Spirit of Envy, and of mortal Hate.
 He has resolv'd your Death; and sternly charg'd
 His whole Retinue, me especially,
 To execute his Vengeance.

A I R.

*But sooner Jordan's Stream, I swear,
 Back to his Spring shall swiftly roll,
 Than I consent to hurt a Hair
 Of thee, thou Darling of my Soul.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

David. O strange Vicissitude! But Yesterday
 He thought me worthy of his Daughter's Love;
 To Day he seeks my Life.

Jonath. My Sister *Merab*, by his own Gift thy Right,
 He has bestow'd on *Adriel*.

David. O, my Prince, would that were all!
 It would not grieve me much. The scornful Maid
 (Didst thou observe?) with such disdainful Pride
 Receiv'd the King's Command! — but lovely *Michal*,
 As mild as she is fair, out-strips all Praise.

A I R.

*Such haughty Beauties rather move
 Aversion, than engage our Love.
 They only can our Cares beguile,
 Who gently speak, and sweetly smile.
 If Virtue in that Dress appear,
 Who, that sees, can Love forbear?*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jonath. My Father comes. Retire, my Friend, while I
 With peaceful Accents try to calm his Rage. [Exit David.]

SCENE III.

SAUL and JONATHAN.

RECITATIVE.

Saul. Hast thou obey'd my Orders, and destroy'd
My mortal Enemy, the Son of *Jesse*?

Jonath. Alas, my Father! He your Enemy?
Say rather, he has done important Service
To you, and to the Nation; hazarded
His Life for both, and slain our Giant Foe,
Whose Presence made the boldest of us tremble.

A I R.

*Sin not, O King, against the Youth,
Who ne'er offended you:
Think, to his Loyalty and Truth
What great Rewards are due!*

*Think, with what Joy this God-like Man
You saw, that glorious Day!
Think, and with Ruin, if you can,
Such Services repay.*

Saul. *As Great Jehovah lives, I swear,
The Youth shall not be slain:
Bid him return, and void of Fear
Adorn our Court again.*

Jonath. *From Cities storm'd, and Battles won,
What Glory can accrue?
By this the Hero best is known;
He can himself subdue.
Wiseſt and greateſt of his Kind,
Who can in Reason's Fetters bind
The Madneſs of his angry Mind!*

RECITATIVE.

Appear, my Friend.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter DAVID.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Saul. No more imagine Danger:
 Be First in our Esteem; with wonted Valour
 Repel the Insults of the *Philistines*:
 And as a Proof of my Sincerity,
 (O Hardness to dissemble!) instantly
 Espouse my Daughter *Michal*.

A I R.

David. *Your Words, O King, my Loyal Heart*
With double Ardor fire:
If God his usual Aid impart,
Your Foes shall feel what you inspire.
In all the Dangers of the Field,
The Great Jehovah is my Shield. [Exeunt *Dav.* and *Jon.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Saul. Yes, he shall wed my Daughter! — but how long
 Shall he enjoy her? — He shall lead my Armies!
 But have the *Philistines* no Darts — no Swords,
 To pierce the Heart of *David*? — Yes, this once
 To them I leave him; they shall do me Right!

S C E N E V.

DAVID and MICHAL.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Michal. A Father's Will has authoriz'd my Love:
 No longer, *Michal*, then attempt to hide
 The Secret of thy Soul. I love thee, *David*,
 And long have lov'd. Thy Virtue was the Cause;
 And that be my Defence.

D U E T.

D U E T.

- Mich. *O Fairest of ten thousand fair,
Yet for thy Virtue more admir'd!
Thy Words and Actions all declare
The Wisdom by thy God inspir'd.*
- David. *O lovely Maid! thy Form beheld,
Above all Beauty charms our Eyes:
Yet still within that Form conceal'd
Thy Mind, a greater Beauty, lies.*
- Both. *How well in Thee does Heav'n at last
Compensate all my Sorrows past.*

[Exeunt.]

C H O R U S.

*Is there a Man, who all his Ways
Directs, his God alone to please?
In vain his Foes against him move:
Superior Pow'r their Hate disarms;
He makes them yield to Virtue's Charms,
And melts their Fury down to Love.*

A C O N C E R T O.

S C E N E VI.

DAVID and MICHAL.

R E C I T A T I V E.

David. Thy Father is as cruel, and as false,
As thou art kind and true. When I approach'd him
New from the Slaughter of his Enemies,
His Eyes with Fury flam'd; his Arm he rais'd,
With Rage grown stronger; by my guiltless Head
The Javelin whizzing flew, and in the Wall
Mock'd once again his Impotence of Malice.

D U E T.

- David. *At Persecution I can laugh;
No Fear my Soul can move,
In God's Protection safe,
And blest in Michal's Love.*

Michal.

Michal. Ah! dearest Youth! for thee I fear!
Fly! — be gone! — for Death is near!

David. Fear not, lovely Fair, for me:
Death, where thou art, cannot be.
Smile, and Danger is no more.

Michal. Fly—for Death is at the Door!
See, the murderous Band comes on!
Stay no longer! Fly! — be gone!

S C E N E VII.

MICHAL and DOEG.

RECITATIVE.

Michal. Whom dost thou seek? And who has sent thee hither?

Doeg. I seek for *David*; and am sent by *Saul*.

Michal. Thy Errand?

Doeg. 'Tis a Summons to the Court.

Michal. Say, he is sick.

Doeg. In Sickness, or in Health,
Alive, or dead, he must be brought to *Saul*.
Shew me his Chamber. [*David's Bed discover'd with an Image in it.*
Do you mock the King?

This Disappointment will enrage him more:

Then tremble for th' Event. [Exit.

A I R.

Michal. No; let the Guilty tremble
At ev'ry Thought of Danger near.
Tho' Numbers, arm'd with Death, assemble,
My Innocence disdains to fear.
Tho' great their Power as their Spite,
Undaunted still, my Soul, remain;
For greater is Jehovah's Might,
And will their lawless Force restrain.

S C E N E VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Merab. Mean as he was, he is my Brother now,

My

My Sister's Husband ; and to speak the Truth,
 Has Qualities, which Justice bids me love,
 And pity his Distress. My Father's Cruelty
 Strikes me with Horror ! At th' approaching Feast
 I fear some dire Event, unless my Brother,
 His Friend, the faithful *Jonathan*, avert
 Th' impending Ruin. I know, he'll do his best.

A I R.

*Author of Peace, who canst controul
 Ev'ry Passion of the Soul;
 To whose good Spirit alone we owe
 Words that sweet as Honey flow :
 With thy dear Influence his Tongue be fill'd,
 And cruel Wrath to soft Persuasion yield.*

S C E N E IX.

[Symphony.]

S A U L at the Feast of the New Moon.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

*The Time at length is come, when I shall take
 My full Revenge on Jesse's Son.
 No longer shall the Stripling make
 His Sov'reign totter on the Throne.
 He dies — this Blaster of my Fame,
 Bane of my Peace, and Author of my Shame.*

S C E N E X.

S A U L, J O N A T H A N, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Saul. Where is the Son of *Jesse*? Comes he not
 To grace our Feast?

Jonath. He earnestly ask'd Leave
 To go to *Bethlem*, where his Father's House

At solemn Rites of annual Sacrifice
Requir'd his Presence.

Saul. O Perverse ! Rebellious !
Thinks thou, I do not know, that thou hast chose
The Son of *Jesse* to thy own Confusion ?
The World will say, thou art no Son of mine,
Who thus canst love the Man I hate ; the Man,
Who, if he lives, will rob thee of thy Crown.
Send, fetch him hither ; for the Wretch must die.

Jonath. What has he done ? and wherefore must he die ?

Saul. Dar'st thou oppose my Will ? Die then thyself.

[*Throws his Javelin.* Exit Jonathan, then Saul.

C H O R U S.

O fatal Consequence
Of Rage, by Reason uncontroll'd !
With ev'ry Law he can dispense ;
No Ties the furious Monster hold ;
From Crime to Crime he blindly goes,
Nor End, but with his own Destruction, knows.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

SAUL disguis'd at Endor.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

WRETCH that I am ! of my own Ruin Author !
Where are my old Supports ? The valiant Youth,
Whose very Name was Terror to my Foes,
My Rage has drove away. Of God forsaken,
In vain I ask his Counsel ! He vouchsafes
No Answer to the Sons of Disobedience !
Ev'n my own Courage fails me ! — Can it be ?
Is *Saul* become a Coward ? — I'll not believe it !
If Heav'n denies thee Aid, seek it from Hell !
'Tis said, here lives a Woman, close Familiar

C

With

With th' Enemy of Mankind. Her I'll consult,
 And know the Worst. Her Art is Death by Law;
 And while I minded Law, sure Death attended
 Such horrid Practices: Yet, O hard Fate!
 Myself am now reduc'd to ask the Counsel
 Of those I once abhorr'd!

S C E N E II.

SAUL and the Witch of Endor.

RECITATIVE.

Witch. With me what would'st thou?

Saul. I wou'd, that by thy Art thou bring me up
 The Man whom I shall name.

Witch. Alas! thou know'st
 How *Saul* has cut off those who use this Art.
 Would'st thou insnare me?

Saul. As *Jehovah* lives,
 On this Account no Mischief shall befall thee.

Witch. Whom shall I bring up to thee?

Saul. Bring up *Samuel*.

A I R.

Witch. *Infernal Spirits, by whose Pow'r
 Departed Ghosts in living Forms appear,
 Add Horror to the Midnight Hour,
 And chill the boldest Hearts with Fear:
 To this Stranger's wond'ring Eyes
 Let the Prophet Samuel rise.*

S C E N E III.

Apparition of SAMUEL, SAUL.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Samuel. Why hast thou forc'd me from the Realms of Peace
 Back to this World of Woe?

Saul. O holy Prophet!

Refuse

Refuse me not thy Aid in this Distress.
 The num'rous Foe stands ready for the Battle:
 God has forsaken me: No more He answers
 By Prophets or by Dreams: No Hope remains,
 Unless I learn of thee what Course to take.

Samuel. Hath God forsaken thee? And dost thou ask
 My Counsel? Did I not foretel thy Fate,
 When, madly disobedient, thou didst spare
 The curst *Amalekite*, and on the Spoil
 Didst fly rapacious? Therefore God this Day
 Hath verif'd my Words in thy Destruction?
 Hath rent the Kingdom from thee, and bestow'd it
 On *David*, whom thou hatest for his Virtue.
 Thou and thy Sons shall be with me To-morrow,
 And *Israel* by *Philistine* Arms shall fall.
 The Lord hath said it: He will make it good.

S C E N E IV.

[Symphony.]

DAVID, &c. To them an *Amalekite*.

RECITATIVE.

David. Whence comest thou?

Amal. Out of the Camp of *Israel*.

David. Thou canst inform me then: How went the Battle?

Amal. The People, put to flight, in Numbers fell,
 And *Saul*, and *Jonathan* his Son, are dead.

David. Alas! my Brother! — But how know'st thou
 That they are dead?

Amal. Upon Mount *Gilboa*
 I met with *Saul*, just fall'n upon his Spear.
 Swiftly the Foe pursu'd. He cry'd to me,
 Begg'd me to finish his imperfect Work,
 And end a Life of Pain and Ignominy.
 I knew he could not live, and therefore slew him;
 Took from his Head the Crown, and from his Arms
 The Bracelets, and have brought them to my Lord.

David. Whence art thou?

Amal. I am an *Amalekite*.

A I R.

David. *Impious Wretch, of Race accurst!*

And of all that Race the worst!

How hast thou dar'd to lift thy Sword

Against th' Anointed of the Lord?

Fall on him—smite him—let him die;

On thy own Head thy Blood will lie;

Since thy own Mouth has testify'd,

By Thee the Lord's Anointed dy'd.

[To one of his Attendants, who kills the *Amalekite*.]

S C E N E V.

[A March.]

E L E G Y on the Death of SAUL and JONATHAN.

C H O R U S. I.

Mourn, Israel, mourn, thy Beauty lost,

Thy choicest Youth on Gilboa slain.

How have thy fairest Hopes been crost!

What Heaps of mighty Warriors strow the Plain?

A I R. II.

O let it not in Gath be heard,

The News in Askelon let none proclaim;

Lest we, whom once so much they fear'd,

Be by their Women now despis'd,

And lest the Daughters of th' Uncircumcis'd

Rejoice and triumph in our Shame.

A I R. III.

From this unhappy Day,

No more, ye Gilboan Hills, on you

Descend refreshing Rain or kindly Dew,

Which erst your Heads with Plenty crown'd;

Since there the Shield of Saul, in Arms renown'd,

Was wilily cast away.

A I R.

A I R. IV.

*Brave Jonathan his Bow ne'er drew,
But wing'd with Death his Arrow flew,
And drank the Blood of slaughter'd Foes:
Nor drew great Saul his Sword in vain;
It reek'd, where'er he dealt his Blows,
With Entrails of the mighty Slain.*

C H O R U S. V.

*Eagles were not so swift as they,
Nor Lions with so strong a Grasp held fast and tore the Prey.*

A I R. VI.

*In sweetest Harmony they liv'd,
Nor Death their Union cou'd divide:
The pious Son ne'er left his Father's Side,
But him defending bravely dy'd:
A Loss too great to be surviv'd!*

A I R. VII.

*For Saul, ye Maids of Israel, moan,
To whose indulgent Care
You owe the Scarlet and the Gold you wear,
And all the Pomp in which your Beauty long has shone.*

C H O R U S. VIII.

*O fatal Day! How low the Mighty lie!
David. O Jonathan! how nobly didst thou die,
For thy King and Country slain!
For thee, my Brother Jonathan,
How great is my Distress!
What Language can my Grief express?
Great was the Pleasure I enjoy'd in thee!
And more than Woman's Love thy wondrous Love to me!*

C H O R U S. IX.

*O fatal Day! How low the Mighty lie!
Where, Israel, is thy Glory fled?
Spoil'd of thy Arms, and sunk in Infamy,
How canst thou raise again thy drooping Head!*

R E C I T.

RECITATIVE.

Abiathar. *Ye Men of Judah, weep no more;
 Let Gladness reign in all our Host;
 For pious David will restore
 What Saul by Disobedience lost.
 The Lord of Hosts is David's Friend,
 And Conquest will his Arms attend.*

CHORUS.

*Gird on thy Sword, thou Man of Might,
 Pursue thy wonted Fame:
 Go on, be prosperous in Fight,
 Retrieve the Hebrew Name.
 Thy strong Right-Hand, with Terror arm'd,
 Shall thy obdurate Foes dismay;
 While others, by thy Virtue charm'd,
 Shall crowd to own thy Righteous Sway.*

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M,DCC,LXXXVI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

S A U L.

J O N A T H A N.

D A V I D.

M E R A B, }
M I C H A L, } Daughters of SAUL.

A B N E R, }
D O E G, } Officers.

A B I A T H A R, High Priest.

W I T C H O F E N D O R.

A P P A R I T I O N O F S A M U E L.

A M A L E K I T E.

C H O R U S O F W O M E N.

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S A U L;

A N

O R A T O R I O.

P A R T I.

An EPINICION, or Song of Triumph, for the Victory over
GOLIAH and the PHILISTINES.

HOW excellent, thy Name, O Lord,
In all the World is known!
Above all Heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious Throne!

A I R. Miss C A N T E L O.

An Infant rais'd by thy Command,
To quell thy Rebel Foes,
Cou'd fierce Goliah's dreadful Hand
Superior in the Fight oppose.

C H O R U S.

Along the Monster Atheist strode
With more than human Pride,
And Armies of the living God
Exulting in his Strength defy'd.

The Youth inspir'd by Thee, O Lord,
 With Ease the Boaster flew,
 Our fainting Courage soon restor'd,
 And headlong drove that impious Crew.

How excellent, thy Name, O Lord,
 In all the World is known!
 Above all Heav'ns, O King, ador'd,
 How hast thou set thy glorious Throne!

H A L L E L U J A H.

R E C I T. Miss C A N T E L O.

MICHAEL. He comes!——

A I R.

O God-like Youth! by all confess'd,
 Of human Race the Pride!
 O Virgin among Women blest,
 Whom Heav'n ordains thy Bride!
 But ah! how strong a Bar I see
 Betwixt my Happiness and me!

R E C I T. Mr. S A L E.

ABNER. Behold, O King, the brave, victorious Youth,
 And in his Hand the haughty Giant's Head.

Signor TASCA.—SAUL. Young Man, whose Son art thou?
 Miss HARWOOD.—DAVID. The Son of Jesse,

Thy faithful Servant, and a Bethlehemite.

Signor TASCA.—SAUL. Return no more to Jesse: Stay with me.
 And as an Earnest of my future Favour
 Thou shalt espouse my Daughter: Small Reward
 Of such Desert! since to thy Arm alone
 We owe our Safety, Peace, and Liberty.

A I R. Miss H A R W O O D.

DAVID. O King, your Favours with Delight
 I take, but must refuse your Praise :
 For every pious Israelite
 To God alone that Tribute pays.

R E C I T. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

JONATHAN. O early Piety ! O modest Merit !
 In this Embrace my Heart bestows itself.
 Henceforth, thou noble Youth, accept my Friendship,
 And Jonathan and David are but one.

A I R. Miss A B R A M S.

MERAB. What abject Thoughts a Prince can have !
 In Rank a Prince, in Mind a Slave.
 A Prince, to Deeds of Glory born,
 Such abject Meanness sure should scorn ;
 Nor on his Name Dishonour bring,
 But in his Actions shew the King.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Yet think with whom you stoop to link yourself,
 How poor in Fortune, and in Birth how low !

A I R. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

JONATH. Birth and Fortune I despise !
 From Virtue let my Friendship rise.

R E C I T. Signor T A S C A.

SAUL. Thou, Merab, first in Birth, be first in Honour.
 Thine be the valiant Youth, whose Arm has saved
 Thy Country from her Foes.

Miss ABRAMS.—MERAB. O mean Alliance!

A I R. Miss ABRAMS.

My Soul rejects the Thought with Scorn,
That such a Boy, 'till now unknown,
Of poor, Plebeian Parents born,
Should mix with Royal Blood his own!
Tho' Saul's Commands I can't decline,
I must prevent his low Design,
And save the Honour of his Line.

A I R. Miss CANTELO.

MICHAEL. Ah! lovely Youth! wast thou design'd
With that proud Beauty to be join'd?

[SYMPHONY WITH CARILONS.]

R E C I T. Miss CANTELO.

MICHAEL. Already see the Daughters of the Land,
In joyful Dance, with Instruments of Music
Come to congratulate your Victory.

C H O R U S OF WOMEN.

Welcome, welcome, mighty King!
Welcome all who Conquest bring!
Welcome, David, warlike Boy,
Author of our present Joy!

Saul, who hast thy Thousands slain,
Welcome to thy Friends again!

David his Ten Thousands slew;
Ten Thousand Praises are his due!

R E C I T. accomp. Signor T A S C A.

SAUL. What do I hear? Am I then sunk so low,
To have this upstart Boy preferr'd before me?

F U L L C H O R U S.

David his Ten Thousands flew ;
Ten Thousand Praises are his due !

R E C I T. accomp. Signor T A S C A.

SAUL. To him Ten Thousands ! and to me but Thousands !
What can they give him more, except the Kingdom ?

A I R.

With Rage I shall burst his Praises to hear !
Oh ! how I both hate the Stripling, and fear !
What Mortal a Rival in Glory can bear ?

R E C I T. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

JONATH. Imprudent Women ! your ill-tim'd Comparifons,
I fear, have injur'd him you meant to honour.
Saul's furious Look, as he departed hence,
Too plainly shew'd the Tempest of his Soul.

Madame MARA.—MICH. 'Tis but his old Disease, which thou
canst cure.

O take thy Harp, and as thou oft hast done,
From the King's Breast expel the raging Fiend,
And soothe his tortur'd Soul with Sounds Divine.

A I R. Madame M A R A.

Fell Rage and black Despair possess
With horrid Sway the Monarch's Breast ;

When David with Celestial Fire
 Struck the sweet persuasive Lyre :
 Soft gliding down his ravish'd Ears,
 The healing Sounds dispel his Cares;
 Despair and Rage at once are gone,
 And Peace and Hope resume the Throne.

R E C I T. Mr. S A L E.

ABIATHAR. Rack'd with infernal Pains ev'n now the King
 Comes forth, and mutters horrid Words, which Hell,
 No human Tongue, has taught him.

A I R. Miss H A R W O O D.

DAVID. O Lord, whose Mercies numberless
 O'er all thy Works prevail,
 Tho' daily Man thy Law transgresses,
 Thy Patience cannot fail :
 If yet his Sin be not too great,
 The busy Fiend controul,
 Yet longer for Repentance wait,
 And heal his wounded Soul.

[A I R, H A R P.]

A I R. Miss A B R A M S.

Fly, malicious Spirit, fly;
 Own the Pow'r of Harmony;
 To thy native Hell retire.
 Gracious Lord his Pain assuage,
 And instead of burning Rage,
 With Peace his Mind inspire.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

JONATH. 'Tis all in vain, his Fury still continues :
 With wild Distraction on my Friend he stares,
 Stamps on the Ground, and seems intent on Mischief.

AIR. Signor T A S C A.

SAUL. A Serpent in my Bosom warm'd,
 Would sting me to the Heart;
 But of his Venom soon disarm'd,
 Himself shall feel the Smart.
 Ambitious Boy! now learn, what Danger
 It is to rouse a Monarch's Anger! [Throws his Javelin.

RECIT. Signor T A S C A.

SAUL. Has he escap'd my Rage?
 I charge thee, Jonathan, upon thy Duty,
 And all, on your Allegiance, to destroy
 This bold, aspiring Youth; for while he lives,
 I am not safe. Reply not, but obey.

AIR. Madame M A R A.

MERAB. Capricious Man, in Humour lost,
 By ev'ry Wind of Passion tofs'd,
 Now sets his Vassal on the Throne,
 Then low as Earth he casts him down;
 His Temper knows no middle State,
 Extreme alike in Love and Hate.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON.

JONATH. O Filial Piety! O Sacred Friendship!
 How shall I reconcile you?—Cruel Father!

Your just Commands I always have obey'd :
 But to destroy my Friend ! the Brave, the Virtuous,
 The God-like David ! Israel's Defender,
 And Terror of her Foes !—to disobey You—
 What shall I call it ?—'Tis an Act of Duty
 To God—to David—nay, indeed to You.

A I R.

No, cruel Father, no :
 Your hard Commands I can't obey.
 Shall I with sacrilegious Blow
 Take pious David's Life away !
 No ; with my Life I must defend
 Against the World my best, my dearest Friend.

C H O R U S.

Preserve him for the Glory of thy Name,
 Thy People's Safety, and the Heathen's Shame;

P A R T II.

C H O R U S.

ENVY ! Eldest-born of Hell !
 Cease in human Breast to dwell.
 Ever at all Good repining,
 Still the Happy undermining !
 God and Man by thee infested,
 Thou by God and Man detested !
 Most thyself thou dost torment,
 At once the Crime and Punishment.

Hide thee in the blackest Night :
 Virtue sickens at thy Sight !
 Hence, thou Eldest-born of Hell !
 Cease in human Breasts to dwell.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

JONATH. Ah ! dearest Friend, undone by too much Virtue !
 Think you, an Evil Spirit was the Cause
 Of all my Father's Rage ? It was indeed
 A Spirit of Envy, and of mortal Hate.
 He has resolv'd your Death ; and sternly charg'd
 His whole Retinue, me especially,
 To execute his Vengeance.

A I R.

But sooner Jordan's Stream, I swear,
 Back to his Spring shall swiftly roll,
 Than I consent to hurt a Hair
 Of thee, thou Darling of my Soul.

RECIT. Miss HARWOOD.

DAVID. O strange Vicissitude ! But Yesterday
 He thought me worthy of his Daughter's Love ;
 To Day he seeks my Life.

Mr. HARRISON.—JONATH. My Sister Merab, by his own Gift
 thy Right,
 He has bestow'd on Adriel.

Miss HARWOOD.—DAVID. O, my Prince, would that were all !
 It would not grieve me much. The scornful Maid
 (Didst thou observe ?) with such disdainful Pride
 Receiv'd the King's Command !—but lovely Michal,
 As mild as she is fair, out-strips all Praise.

A I R. Miss H A R W O O D.

Such haughty Beauties rather move
 Aversion, than engage our Love.
 They only can our Cares beguile,
 Who gently speak, and sweetly smile.
 If Virtue in that Dress appear,
 Who, that sees, can Love forbear?

Da Capo.

R E C I T. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

JONATH. My Father comes. Retire, my Friend, while I
 With peaceful Accents try to calm his Rage.

R E C I T. Signor T A S C A.

SAUL. Hast thou obey'd my Orders, and destroy'd
 My mortal Enemy, the Son of Jesse?
 Mr. HARRISON.—JON. Alas, my Father! He your Enemy?
 Say rather, he has done important Service
 To you, and to the Nation; hazarded
 His Life for both, and slain our Giant Foe,
 Whose Presence made the boldest of us tremble.

A I R.

Sin not, O King, against the Youth,
 Who ne'er offended you:
 Think to his Loyalty and Truth,
 What great Rewards are due!

Think, with what Joy this God-like Man
 You saw, that glorious Day!
 Think, and with Ruin, if you can,
 Such Services repay.

A I R. Signor T A S C A.

SAUL. As Great Jehovah lives, I swear,
The Youth shall not be slain :
Bid him return, and void of Fear,
Adorn our Court again.

R E C I T. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Appear, my Friend.

R E C I T. Signor T A S C A.

SAUL. No more imagine Danger :
Be first in our Esteem ; with wonted Valour
Repel the Insults of the Philistines :
And as a Proof of my Sincerity,
(O Hardness to dissemble !) instantly
Espouse my Daughter Michal.

A I R. Miss H A R W O O D.

DAVID. Your Words, O King, my loyal Heart
With double Ardour fire :
If God his usual Aid impart,
Your Foes shall feel what you inspire.
In all the Dangers of the Field,
The Great Jehovah is my Shield.

R E C I T. Signor T A S C A.

SAUL. Yes, he shall wed my Daughter !—but how long
Shall he enjoy her ?—He shall lead my Armies !
But have the Philistines no Darts—no Swords,
To pierce the Heart of David ?—Yes, this once
To them I leave him ; they shall do me Right !

RECIT. Miss CANTELO.

MICHAEL. A Father's Will has authoriz'd my Love :
 No longer, Michal, then attempt to hide
 The Secret of thy Soul. I love thee, David,
 And long have lov'd. Thy Virtue was the Cause ;
 And that be my Defence.

DUET. Miss CANTELO and Miss HARWOOD.

MICH. O fairest of Ten Thousand Fair,
 Yet for thy Virtue more admir'd !
 Thy Words and Actions all declare
 The Wisdom by thy God inspir'd.

DAVID. O lovely Maid ! thy Form beheld,
 Above all Beauty charms our Eyes :
 Yet still within that Form conceal'd
 Thy Mind, a greater Beauty, lies.

Both. How well in thee does Heav'n at last
 Compensate all my Sorrows past.

C H O R U S.

Is there a Man who all his Ways
 Directs, his God alone to please ?
 In vain his Foes against him move :
 Superior Pow'r their Hate disarms ;
 He makes them yield to Virtue's Charms,
 And melts their Fury down to Love.

[SYMPHONY.]

RECIT. Miss HARWOOD.

DAVID. Thy Father is as cruel, and as false,
 As thou art kind and true. When I approach'd him
 New from the Slaughter of his Enemies,

His Eyes with Fury flam'd; his Arm he rais'd,
With Rage grown stronger; by my guiltless Head
The Javelin whizzing flew, and in the Wall
Mock'd once again his Impotence of Malice.

DUET. Miss ABRAMS and Mr. DYNE.

DAVID. At Persecution I can laugh;
No Fear my Soul can move,
In God's Protection safe,
And blest in Michal's Love.

MICHAL. Ah! dearest Youth! for thee I fear!
Fly!—be gone!—for Death is near!

DAVID. Fear not, lovely Fair, for me:
Death, where thou art, cannot be:
Smile, and Danger is no more.

MICHAL. Fly—for Death is at the Door!
See, the murd'rous Band comes on!
Stay no longer! Fly!—be gone!

RECIT. Miss CANTELO and Mr. SALE.

MICHAL. Whom dost thou seek? And who has sent thee hither?

DOEG. I seek for David, and am sent by Saul.

MICHAL. Thy Errand?

DOEG. 'Tis a Summons to the Court.

MICHAL. Say, he is sick.

DOEG. In Sicknefs, or in Health,
Alive, or dead, he must be brought to Saul.

Shew me his Chamber.

[A Bed supposed to be shewn,
with a Wooden Image.]

Do you mock the King?

This Disappointment will enrage him more:

Then tremble for th' Event.

A I R. Miss C A N T E L O.

MICHAL. No; let the Guilty tremble
 At ev'ry Thought of Danger near,
 Tho' Numbers, arm'd with Death, assemble,
 My Innocence disdains to fear.
 Tho' great their Power as their Spite,
 Undaunted still, my Soul, remain;
 For greater is Jehovah's Might,
 And will their lawless Force restrain.

R E C I T. Miss A B R A M S.

MERAB. Mean as he was, he is my Brother now,
 My Sister's Husband; and to speak the Truth,
 Has Qualities, which Justice bids me love,
 And pity his Distress. My Father's Cruelty
 Strikes me with Horror! At th' approaching Feast
 I fear some dire Event, unless my Brother,
 His Friend, the faithful Jonathan, avert
 Th' impending Ruin. I know, he'll do his best.

A I R. Madame M A R A.

Author of Peace, who canst controul
 Ev'ry Passion of the Soul;
 To whose good Spirit alone we owe
 Words that sweet as Honey flow:
 With thy dear Influence his Tongue be fill'd,
 And cruel Wrath to soft Persuasion yield.

[SYMPHONY.] SAUL AT THE FEAST OF THE NEW MOON.

R E C I T. accomp. Signor T A S C A.

SAUL. The Time at length is come, when I shall take
 My full Revenge on Jesse's Son.

No longer shall the Stripling make
His Sov'reign totter on the Throne.
He dies—this Blaster of my Fame,
Bane of my Peace, and Author of my Shame.

RECIT. Signor 'TASCA and Mr. HARRISON.

SAUL. Where is the Son of Jesse? Comes he not
To grace our Feast?

JONATH. He earnestly ask'd Leave
To go to Bethlem, where his Father's House
At solemn Rites of annual Sacrifice
Requir'd his Presence.

SAUL. O Perverse! Rebellious!
Thinks thou, I do not know, that thou hast chose
The Son of Jesse to thy own Confusion?
The World will say, thou art no Son of mine,
Who thus canst love the Man I hate; the Man,
Who, if he lives, will rob thee of thy Crown.
Send, fetch him hither; for the Wretch must die.

JONATH. What has he done? and wherefore must he die?

SAUL. Dar'st thou oppose my Will? Die then thyself.

[Throws his Javelin.]

C H O R U S.

O fatal Consequence
Of Rage, by Reason uncontroll'd!
With ev'ry Law he can dispense;
No Ties the furious Monster hold:
From Crime to Crime he blindly goes,
Nor End, but with his own Destruction, knows.

PART III.

RECIT. accomp. Signor TASCA.

SAUL. **W**RETCH that I am ! of my own Ruin Author !
Where are my old Supports ? The valiant Youth,
Whose very Name was Terror to my Foes,
My Rage has drove away. Of God forsaken,
In vain I ask his Counsel ! He vouchsafes
No Answer to the Sons of Disobedience !
Ev'n my own Courage fails me !—Can it be ?
Is Saul become a Coward ?—I'll not believe it !
If Heav'n denies thee Aid, seek it from Hell !
'Tis said, here lives a Woman, close familiar
With th' Enemy of Mankind. Her I'll consult,
And know the worst. Her Art is Death by Law ;
And while I minded Law, sure Death attended
Such horrid Practices : Yet, O hard Fate !
Myself am now reduc'd to ask the Counsel
Of those I once abhorr'd !

RECIT. Mr. DYNE and Signor TASCA.

WITCH. With me what would'st thou ?

SAUL. I wou'd, that by thy Art thou bring me up
The Man whom I shall name.

WITCH. Alas ! thou know'st
How Saul has cut off those who use this Art.
Would'st thou insnare me ?

SAUL. As Jehovah lives,
On this Account no Mischief shall befall thee.

WITCH. Whom shall I bring up to thee ?

SAUL. Bring up Samuel.

A I R. Mr. HARRISON.

Infernal Spirits, by whose Pow'r
 Departed Ghosts in living Forms appear,
 Add Horror to the Midnight Hour,
 And chill the boldest Hearts with Fear :
 To this Stranger's wond'ring Eyes
 Let the Prophet Samuel rise.

R E C I T. accomp. Mr. S A L E.

SAMUEL. Why hast thou forc'd me from the Realms of Peace
 Back to this World of Woe?

Signor TASCA.—SAUL. O holy Prophet !
 Refuse me not thy Aid in this Distress.
 The num'rous Foe stands ready for the Battle :
 God has forsaken me : No more He answers
 By Prophets or by Dreams : No Hope remains,
 Unless I learn of thee what Course to take.

Mr. SALE.—SAMU. Hath God forsaken thee ? And dost thou ask
 My Counsel ? Did I not foretel thy Fate,
 When, madly disobedient, thou didst spare
 The curst Amalekite, and on the Spoil
 Didst fly rapacious ? Therefore God this Day
 Hath verify'd my Words in thy Destruction ?
 Hath rent the Kingdom from thee, and bestow'd it
 On David, whom thou hatest for his Virtue.
 Thou and thy Sons shall be with me To-morrow,
 And Israel by Philistine Arms shall fall.
 The Lord hath said it. He will make it good.

[S Y M P H O N Y.]

RECIT. Miss HARWOOD and Mr. HINDLE.

DAVID. Whence comest thou?

AMAL. Out of the Camp of Israel.

DAVID. Thou canst inform me then : How went the Battle?

AMAL. The People put to flight, in Numbers fell,
And Saul and Jonathan his Son, are dead.

DAVID. Alas ! my Brother ! — But how know'st thou
That they are dead ?

AMAL. Upon Mount Gilboa
I met with Saul, just fall'n upon his Spear.
Swiftly the Foe pursu'd. He cry'd to me,
Begg'd me to finish his imperfect Work,
And end a Life of Pain and Ignominy.
I knew he could not live, and therefore slew him ;
Took from his Head the Crown, and from his Arms
The Bracelets, and have brought them to my Lord.

DAVID. Whence art thou ?

AMAL. I am an Amalekite.

A I R. Miss A B R A M S.

Impious Wretch, of Race accurst !
And of all that Race the worst !
How hast thou dar'd to lift thy Sword
Against th' Anointed of the Lord ?
Fall on him—smite him—let him die ;
On thy own Head thy Blood will lie ;
Since thy own Mouth has testify'd,
By Thee the Lord's Anointed dy'd.

[A M A R C H.]

C H O R U S.

Mourn, Israel, mourn, thy Beauty lost,
Thy choicest Youth on Gilboa slain.
How have thy fairest Hopes been crost !
What Heaps of mighty Warriors strow the Plain !

A I R. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

O let it not in Gath be heard,
 The News in Askelon let none proclaim;
 Left we, whom once so much they fear'd,
 Be by their Women now despis'd,
 And left the Daughters of th' Uncircumcis'd
 Rejoice and triumph in our Shame.

A I R. Miss A B R A M S, Junior.

Brave Jonathan his Bow ne'er drew,
 But wing'd with Death his Arrow flew,
 And drank the Blood of slaughter'd Foes:
 Nor drew great Saul his Sword in vain;
 It reek'd, where'er he dealt his Blows,
 With Entrails of the mighty Slain.

C H O R U S.

Eagles were not so swift as they,
 Nor Lions with so strong a Grasp held fast and tore the Prey.

A I R. Madame M A R A.

In sweetest Harmony they liv'd,
 Nor Death their Union could divide:
 The pious Son ne'er left his Fathers Side,
 But him defending bravely dy'd:
 A Loss too great to be surviv'd!

For Saul, ye Maids of Israel, moan,
 To whose indulgent Care
 You owe the Scarlet and the Gold you wear,
 And all the Pomp in which your Beauty long has shone.

AIR and CHORUS continued, Miss HARWOOD.

O fatal Day! How low the Mighty lie;
 DAVID. O Jonathan! how nobly didst thou die,

For thy King and Country slain !
 For thee, my Brother Jonathan,
 How great is my Distress !
 What Language can my Grief express ?
 Great was the Pleasure I enjoy'd in thee !
 And more than Woman's Love thy wond'rous Love to me !

C H O R U S.

O fatal Day ! how low the Mighty lie ;
 Where, Israel, is thy Glory fled ?
 Spoil'd of thy Arms, and sunk in Infamy,
 How canst thou raise again thy drooping Head !

A I R. Signor. T A S C A.

ABIATHAR. Ye Men of Judah, weep no more ;
 Let Gladness reign in all our Host ;
 For pious David will restore
 What Saul by Disobedience lost.
 The Lord of Host's is David's Friend,
 And Conquest will his Arms attend.

C H O R U S.

Gird on thy Sword, thou Man of Might,
 Pursue thy wonted Fame :
 Go on, be prosperous in Fight,
 Retrieve the Hebrew Name.
 Thy strong Right-Hand, with Terror arm'd,
 Shall thy obdurate Foes dismay ;
 While others, by thy Virtue charm'd,
 Shall crowd to own thy Righteous Sway.

T H E E N D.

S T O R Y
OF
S E M E L E.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL *in* Covent-Garden.

Alter'd from the SEMELE of Mr. WILLIAM CONGREVE.

Set to Musick by Mr. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



L O N D O N:

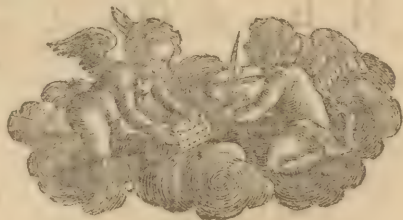
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MDCC XLIV.

[Price One Shilling.]

A R G U M E N T.

AFTER *Jupiter's* Amour with *Europa*, the Daughter of *Agenor*, King of *Phœnicia*, he again incenses *Juno* by a new Affair in the same Family, viz. with *Semele*, Neice to *Europa*, and Daughter to *Cadmus* King of *Thebes*. *Semele* is on the Point of Marriage with *Athamas*, a Prince of *Boeotia*; which Marriage is about to be solemnized in the Temple of *Juno*, Goddess of Marriages, when *Jupiter*, by ill Omens, interrupts the Ceremony, and afterwards transports *Semele* to a private Abode prepared for her; *Juno*, after many Contrivances, at length assumes the Shape and Voice of *Ino*, Sister to *Semele*; by the help of which Disguise and artful Insinuations, she prevails with *Semele* to make a Request to *Jupiter*, which being granted, must end in her Ruin.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER.

CADMUS, *King of Thebes.*

ATHAMAS, *A Prince of Bœotia, in Love with, and
design'd to marry Semele.*

SOMNUS.

APOLLO.

JUNO.

IRIS.

SEMELE, *Daughter to Cadmus, belov'd by and in love
with Jupiter.*

INO, *Sister to Semele, in love with Athamas.*

Chorus of Priests and Augurs.

Chorus of Loves and Zephyrs.

Chorus of Nymphs and Swains.

Attendants.

SCENE BOEOTIA.



The STORY of

S E M E L E.

PART I. SCENE I.

The SCENE is the Temple of Juno: Near the Altar is a Golden Image of the Goddess. Priests are in their Solemnities, as after a Sacrifice newly offer'd; Flames arise from the Altar, and the Statute of Juno is seen to bow.

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, SEMELE, INO, and
Chorus of Priests.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*



BEHOLD! auspicious Flashes rise!
Juno accepts our Sacrifice;
The grateful Odour swift ascends,
And see, the golden Image bends.

CHORUS.

*Lucky Omens bless our Rites,
And sure Success shall crown your Loves;
Peaceful Days and fruitful Nights
Attend the Pair that she approves.*

Cadm.

6 *The STORY of*

Cadm. Daughter, obey,
 Hear and obey;
 With kind Consenting
 Ease a Parent's Care;
 Invent no new Delay,

Atha. O hear a faithful Lover's Pray'r;
 On this auspicious Day,
 Invent no new Delay.

Hear ----

Cadm. And obey ----

Both. Invent no new Delay,
 On this auspicious Day.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Semele. [Apart.] Ah me!
 What Refuge now is left me?
 How various, how tormenting
 Are my Miseries!
 O *Jove!* assist me:
 Can *Semele* forgo thy Love,
 And to a Mortal's Passion yield?
 Thy Vengeance will o'ertake
 Such Perfidy.
 If I deny, my Father's Wrath I fear.
 O *Jove!* in Pity teach me which to choose,
 Incline me to comply, or help me to refuse.

S O N G.

*The Morning Lark to mine accords his Note,
 And tunes to my Distress his warbling Throat;
 Each setting and each rising Sun I mourn,
 Wailing alike his Absence and Return.*

The Morning Lark, &c.

Atha.

Atha. See, she blushing turns her Eyes;
 See, with Sighs her Bosom panting:
 If from Love those Sighs arise,
 Nothing to my Bliss is wanting.

S O N G.

Hymen, *haste, thy Torch prepare,*
Love already his has lighted;
One soft Sigh has cur'd Despair,
And more than my past Pains requited.
 Hymen, *haste, &c.*

Ino. Alas! she yields,
 And has undone me:
 I can no longer hide my Passion;
 It must have Vent ---
 Or inward Burning
 Will consume me.
 O *Athamas!* ---
 I cannot utter it ---

Atha. On me Fair *Ino* calls
 With mournful Accent,
 Her Colour fading,
 And her Eyes o'erflowing.

Ino. O *Semele!*

Semele. On me she calls,
 Yet seems to shun me:
 What would my Sister?
 Speak ----

Ino. Thou hast undone me.

A Four-Part S O N G.

Cadm. Why dost thou thus untimely grieve,
 And all our solemn Rites prophane?
 Can He, or She thy Woes relieve?
 Or I? Of whom dost thou complain?

Ino.

Ino. *Of all; but all I fear in vain.*

Atha. *Can I thy Woes relieve?*

Semele. *Can I assuage thy Pain?*

Cadm. }

Atha. } *Of whom dost thou complain?*

Semele. }

Ino. *Of all, but all I fear in vain.*

[Thunder is heard, and the Fire is extinguish'd on the Altar.

Chorus of Priests.

Avert these Omens, all ye Pow'rs!

Some God, averse, our holy Rites controlls;

O'erwhelm'd with sudden Night the Day expires!

Ill-boding Thunder on the right hand rolls.

And Jove himself descends in Show'rs,

To quench our late propitious Fires.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

[*Flames are rekindled on the Altar.*]

Again auspicious Flashes rise,

Juno accepts our Sacrifice.

[*The Fire is again extinguish'd.*]

Again the sickly Flame decaying dies:

Juno assents, but angry *Jove* denies.

Atha. Thy Aid, pronubial *Juno*, *Athamas* implores.

Semele. [*Apart.*] Thee, *Jove*, and thee alone, thy *Semele* adores.

[*A loud Clap of Thunder, the Altar sinks.*]

Chorus of Priests.

Cease, cease your Vows, 'tis impious to proceed;

Be gone, and fly this holy Place with Speed:

This dreadful Conflict is of dire Presage;

Be gone, and fly from Jove's impending Rage. [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

ATHAMAS and INO.

Atha. O *Athamas*, what Torture hast thou born !
 And O, what hast thou yet to bear !
 From Love, from Hope, from near Possession torn,
 And plung'd at once in deep Despair.

S O N G.

Ino. Turn, hopeleſs Lover, turn thy Eyes,
 And ſee a Maid bemoan ;
 In flowing Tears and aching Sighs,
 Thy Woes too like her own.

Turn, hopeleſs Lover, &c.

Atha. She weeps !
 The gentle Maid, in tender Pity,
 Weeps to behold my Miſery !
 So *Semele* wou'd melt
 To ſee another mourn.

S O N G.

Your tuneful Voice my Tale would tell,
 In pity of my ſad Deſpair ;
 And with ſweet Melody compel
 Attention from the flying Fair.

Your tuneful Voice, &c.

Ino. Too well I ſee
 Thou wilt not underſtand me.
 Whence cou'd proceed ſuch Tenderneſs ?
 Whence ſuch Compaſſion ?
 Inſenſible ! Ingrate ! -----
 Ah no, I cannot blame thee :

For by Effects unknown before
 Who cou'd the hidden Cause explore;
 Or think that Love cou'd act so strange a Part,
 To plead for Pity in a Rival's Heart?

Atha. Ah me, what have I heard!
 She does her Passion own.

D U E T.

Ino. You've undone me;
 Look not on me;
 Guilt upbraiding,
 Shame invading,

Atha. With my Life I wou'd atone
 Pains you've born, to me unknown.
 Cease to shun me.

Ino. You've undone me;

Both. Love, Love alone,
 Has both undone.

S C E N E III.

To them, Enter CADMUS, attended.

Cadm. Ah, wretched Prince, doom'd to disastrous Love!
 Ah me, of Parents most forlorn!

Prepare, O *Athamas*! to prove
 The sharpest Pangs that e'er were born;
 Prepare with me our common Loss to mourn.

Atha. Can Fate, or *Semele* invent
 Another, yet another Punishment?

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Cadm. Wing'd with our Fears, and pious Haste,
 From *Juno's* Fane we fled;
 Scarce we the brazen Gates had pass'd,
 When *Semele* around her Head
 With azure Flames was grac'd;

Whose

Whose lambent Glories in her Tresses play'd.
 While this we saw with dread Surprise,
 Swifter than Light'ning downward tending,
 An Eagle stoop'd, of mighty Size,
 On purple Wings descending;
 Like Gold his Beak, like Stars shone forth his Eyes;
 His silver plummy Breast with Snow contending:
 Sudden he snatch'd the trembling Maid,
 And soaring from our Sight convey'd;
 Diffusing ever as he lessening flew
 Celestial Odour, and ambrosial Dew.

Atha. O Prodigy, to me of dire Portent!

Ino. To me, I hope, of fortunate Event.

S C E N E IV.

Enter to them Chorus of Priests and Augurs.

Cadm. See, see, Jove's Priests and holy Augurs come:
 Speak, speak, of Semele and me declare the Doom.

Chorus of Priests and Augurs.

Hail Cadmus, hail! Jove salutes the Theban King.

Cease your Mourning,

Joys returning,

Songs of Mirth and Triumph sing.

S O N G.

Endless Pleasure, endless Love,

Semele enjoys above;

On her Bosom Jove reclining,

Useless now his Thunder lies;

To her Arms his Bolts resigning,

And his Lightning to her Eyes.

CHORUS.

*Endless Pleasure, endless Love,
Semele enjoys above.*



PART II. SCENE I.

The SCENE is a pleasant Country.

JUNO and IRIS.

Juno.  *IRIS*, impatient of thy Stay,
From *Samos* have I wing'd my Way,
To meet thy slow Return.

Iris. With all his Speed, not yet the Sun
Thro' half his Race has run,
Since I to execute thy dread Command
Have thrice encompass'd Sea and Land.

Juno. Say, where is *Semele's* Abode?

RECITATIVE *accompany'd*

Iris. Look where *Citheron* proudly stands,
Baotia parting from *Cecropian* Lands.
High on the Summit of that Hill,
Beyond the Reach of Mortal Eyes,
By *Jove's* Command, and *Vulcan's* Skill,
Behold a new-erected Palace rise.

SONG.

S O N G.

*There from Mortal Cares retiring,
 She resides in sweet Retreat;
 On her Pleasure, Jove requiring,
 All the Loves and Graces wait.*

There from, &c.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Juno. No more ---- I'll hear no more.
 Awake *Saturnia* from thy Lethargy;
 Seize, destroy the cursed *Semele*.
 Scale proud *Citheron's* Top:
 Snatch her, tear her in thy Fury,
 And down to the Flood of *Acheron*
 Let her fall, let her fall, fall, fall,
 Rolling down the Depths of Night,
 Never more to behold Light.
 If I th' imperial Scepter sway ----- I swear
 By Hell -----
 Tremble thou Universe this Oath to hear,
 Not one of curs'd *Agenor's* Race to spare.
Iris. Hear, mighty Queen, while I recount
 What Obstacles you must surmount.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

With Adamant the Gates are barr'd,
 Whose Entrance two fierce Dragons guard;
 At each Approach they lash their forky Stings,
 And clap their brazen Wings:
 And as their scaly Horrors rise,
 They all at once disclose
 A thousand fiery Eyes
 Which never know Repose.

S O N G.

Juno. *Hence, Iris, hence away,
 Far from the Realms of Day;
 O'er Scythian Hills to the Meotian Lake
 A speedy Flight we'll take:
 There Somnus I'll compel
 His downy Bed to leave, and silent Cell:
 With Noise and Light I will his Peace molest,
 Nor shall he sink again to pleasing Rest,
 'Till to my vow'd Revenge he grants Supplies,
 And seals with Sleep the wakeful Dragons Eyes.
 Hence, Iris, &c.* [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*An Apartment in the Palace of SEMELE, she is sleeping,
 Loves and Zephirs waiting. Semele awakes and rises.*

S O N G.

*O Sleep, why dost thou leave me?
 Why thy Visionary Joys remove?
 O Sleep again deceive me,
 To my Arms restore my wand'ring Love.*

S C E N E III.

To them enter JUPITER.

*Semele. Let me not another Moment
 Bear the Pangs of Absence;
 Since you have form'd my Soul for Loving,
 No more afflict me
 With Doubts and Fears, and cruel Jealousies.*

S O N G.

Jupiter. *Lay your Doubts and Fears aside,
And for Joys alone provide;
Tho' this Human Shape I wear,
Think not I Man's Falshood bear.*

Lay your Doubts, &c.

----- I was not absent;
You are Mortal, and require
Time to rest and to repose.

I was not absent,
While Love was with thee

I was present:
Love and I are one.

S O N G.

Semele. *With fond Desiring,
With Blifs expiring,
Panting,
Fainting,*

*If this be Love, not you alone
But Love and I are one.*

*Causeless doubting,
Or despairing,
Rashly trusting,
Idly fearing,
If this be Love, not you alone
But Love and I are one.*

With fond desiring, &c.

Chorus of Loves and Zephirs.

*How engaging, how endearing,
Is a Lover's Pain and Care!
And what Joy the Nymph's Appearing
After Absence or Despair!*

Semele.

Semele. ----- Ah me!

Jupiter. Why sighs my *Semele*?

What gentle Sorrow
 Swells thy soft Bosom?
 Why tremble those fair Eyes
 With interrupted Light?
 Where hov'ring for a Vent,
 Amidst their humid Fires,
 Some new-form'd Wish appears.
 Speak, and obtain.

Semele. At my own Happiness
 I sigh and tremble;
 For I am Mortal,
 Still a Woman;
 And ever when you leave me,
 Tho' compass'd round with Deities
 Of *Loves* and *Graces*,
 A Fear invades me,
 And conscious of a Nature
 Far inferior,
 I seek for Solitude,
 And shun Society.

Jupiter. [*Apart.*] Too well I read her Meaning,
 But must not understand her:
 Aiming at Immortality
 With dangerous Ambition.

S O N G.

*Lest she too much explain,
 I must with speed amuse her;
 It gives the Lover double Pain,
 Who hears his Nymph complain,
 And hearing, must refuse her.*

Lest she, &c.

Chorus

Chorus of Loves and Zephyrs.

*Now Love that everlasting Boy invites
To revel while you may in soft Delights.*

Jupiter. By my Command,
Now at this Instant,
Two winged Zephyrs
From her downy Bed
Thy much-lov'd *Ino* bear,
And both together,
Waft her hither,
Thro' the balmy Air.

Semele. Shall I my Sister see!
The dear Companion
Of my tender Years.

Jupiter. See, she appears,
But sees not me;
For I am visible
Alone to thee.

While I retire, rise and meet her,
And with Welcomes greet her.
Now all this Scene shall to *Arcadia* turn,
The Seat of happy Nymphs and Swains;
There, without Rage of Jealousy, they burn,
And taste the Sweets of Love without its Pains.

S O N G.

*Where'er you walk, cool Gales shall fan the Glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a Shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing Flow'rs shall rise;
And all things flourish where you turn your Eyes.*

Where'er, &c.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

SEMELE, INO, and Chorus of Nymphs and Swains.

Semele. Dear Sister, how was your Passage hither?

Ino. O'er many States and peopled Towns we pass'd,
O'er Hills and Valleys, and o'er Desarts waste;
O'er barren Moors, and o'er unwholesome Fens,
And Woods, where Beasts inhabit dreadful Dens.
Thro' all which pathless Way our Speed was such,
We stop'd not once the Face of Earth to touch.
Mean time they told me, while thro' Air we fled,
That *Jove* did thus ordain.

Accompany'd.

But hark! the heav'nly Sphere turns round,
And Silence now is drown'd
In Ecstasy of Sound.
How on a sudden the still Air is charm'd,
As if all Harmony were just alarm'd!
And ev'ry Soul with Transport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.

D U E T.

*Prepare then, ye Immortal Choir,
Each sacred Minstrel tune his Lyre,
And all in Chorus join.*

C H O R U S.

*Bless the glad Earth with heav'nly Lays,
And to that Pitch th' eternal Accents raise,
That all appear Divine.*



P A R T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *the Cave of Sleep, the God of Sleep lying on his Bed. A soft Symphony is heard afterwards.*

JUNO and IRIS appear.

Juno.  OMNUS, awake,
 Raise thy reclining Head.
 Iris. Thyself forsake,
 And lift up thy heavy Lids of Lead.

S O N G.

Somnus waking. *Leave me, loathsome Light.*
Receive me, silent Night.
 Lethe, *why does thy ling'ring Current cease?*
 O murmur, murmur me again to Peace. [Sleeps again.]

Iris. Dull God, canst thou attend the Water's fall,
 And not hear Saturnia call?

Juno. Peace Iris, Peace, I know how to charm him,
 Pasithea's Name alone can warm him.

Somnus, arise!
 Disclose thy tender Eyes;
 For Pasithea's Sight
 Endure the Light.

Somnus, arise!

S O N G.

Somnus. *More sweet is that Name*
Than a soft purling Stream;
With Pleasure Repose I'll forsake,
If you'll grant me but her to sooth me awake.

More sweet, &c.

Juno.

Juno. My Will obey,
 She shall be thine.
 Thou, with thy softer Pow'rs,
 first *Jove* shall captivate:
 To *Morpheus* then give order,
 Thy various Minister,
 That with a Dream in Shape of *Semele*,
 But far more beautiful,
 And more alluring,
 He may invade the sleeping Deity;
 And more to agitate
 His kindling Fire,
 Still let the Phantom seem
 To fly before him,
 That he may wake impetuous,
 Furious in Desire;
 Unable to refuse whatever Boon
 Her Coyness shall require.
Somn. I tremble to comply.
Juno. To me thy leaden Rod resign,
 To charm the Centinels
 On Mount *Citheron*,
 Then cast a Sleep on mortal *Ino*:
 That I may seem her Form to wear,
 When I to *Semele* appear.

D U E T.

Juno. Obey my Will, thy Rod resign,
 And *Pasithea* shall be thine.
Somn. All I must grant, for all is due
 To *Pasithea*, Love, and You.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

An Apartment. SEMELE alone.

S O N G.

*My racking Thoughts by no kind Slumbers freed,
But painful Nights do joyful Days succeed.*

S C E N E III.

To her enter JUNO as INO, with a Mirrour in her Hand.

*Juno, apart.] Thus shap'd like Ino,
With Ease I shall deceive her,
And in this Mirrour she shall see
Herself as much transform'd as me.*

*To Semele.] Do I some Goddess see!
Or is it Semele?*

Semele. Dear Sister, speak,
Whence this Astonishment?

Juno. Your Charms improving
To Divine Perfection,
Shew you were late admitted
Amongst Celestial Beauties.

Has *Jove* consented?

And are you made Immortal?

Semele. Ah! no, I still am Mortal,
Nor am I sensible
Of any Change, or new Perfection.

A R I O S O.

[Juno giving her the Glass.]

*Behold in this Mirrour
Whence comes my Surprise,
Such Lustre and Terror
Unite in your Eyes;*

That

*That mine cannot fix on a Radiance so bright,,
'Tis unsafe for the Sense, and too slipp'ry for Sight.*

*Semele. O Ecstasy of Happiness
Celestial Graces
I discover in each Feature!*

S O N G.

*Myself I shall adore,
If I persist in gazing;
No Object sure before
Was ever half so pleasing.*

Myself, &c.

*Juno. Be wise, as you are beautiful,
Nor lose this Opportunity.
When Jove appears
All ardent with Desire,
Refuse his proffer'd Flame
'Till you obtain a Boon without a Name.*

*Semele. Can that avail me?
But how shall I attain
To Immortality?*

| R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

*Juno. Conjure him by his Oath
Not to approach your Bed
In Likeness of a Mortal;
But like himself, the mighty Thunderer,
In Pomp of Majesty,
And heav'nly Attire;
As when he proud Saturnia charms,
And with ineffable Delights
Fills her encircling Arms,
And pays the Nuptial Rites.*

You

You shall partake then of Immortality,
 And thenceforth leave this Mortal State
 To reign above
 Ador'd by *Jove*,
 In spite of jealous *Juno*'s Hate.

S O N G.

Semele. Thus let my Thanks be paid,
 Thus let my Arms embrace thee;
 And when I'm a Goddess-made,
 With Charms like mine I'll grace thee.

Juno. Rich Odours fill the fragrant Air,
 And *Jove*'s Approach declare.
 I must retire -----

Semele. Adieu ----- your Counsel I'll pursue.

Juno, apart.] And sure Destruction will ensue.
 Vain wretched Fool -----
 Adieu. -----

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter JUPITER to SEMELE.

S O N G.

Jupiter. Come to my Arms, my lovely Fair,
 Sooth my uneasy Care:
 In my Dream late I woo'd thee,
 And in vain I pursu'd thee,
 For you fled from my Pray'r,
 And bid me despair.

Come to my Arms, &c.

----- O *Semele*
 Why art thou thus insensible?

S O N G.

SONG.

Semele. I ever am granting,
 You always complain;
 I always am wanting,
 Yet never obtain.

Jupiter. Speak, speak your Desire,
 Say what you require,
 I'll grant it -----

Semele. Swear by the *Stygian* Lake.

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.

Jupiter. By that tremendous Flood, I swear,
 Ye *Stygian* Waters, hear;
 And thou, *Olympus*, shake,
 In Witness to the Oath I take.

[*Thunder is heard at a distance, and underneath.*]

Semele. You'll grant what I require.

Jupiter. I'll grant what you require.

Semele. Then cast off this human Shape which you wear,
 And *Jove* since you are, like *Jove* too appear.

Accompany'd.

Jupiter. Ah, take heed what you press,
 For, beyond all Redress,
 Should I grant your Request I shall harm you.

S O N G.

Semele. *No no! I'll take no less
Than all in full Excess;
Your Oath it may alarm you,
Yet haste and prepare,
For I'll know what you are,
With all your Powers arm you.
No no! &c.*

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

J U P I T E R *pensive and dejected.*

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Ah! whither is she gone! unhappy Fair!
Why did she wish? ---- why did I rashly swear?
'Tis past, 'tis past recall,
She must a Victim fall.

Anon when I appear
The mighty Thunderer,
Arm'd with inevitable Fire,
She needs must instantly expire.
'Tis past, &c.

My softest Lightning yet I'll try,
And mildest melting Bolt apply;
In vain ---- for she was fram'd to prove
None but the lambent Flames of Love.
'Tis past, &c.

S C E N E VI.

JUNO alone.

S O N G.

*Above measure
 Is the Pleasure
 Which my Revenge supplies.
 Love's a Bubble
 Gain'd with Trouble,
 And in possessing dies.
 With what Joy shall I mount to my Heav'n again,
 At once from my Rival and Jealousy freed!
 The Sweets of Revenge make it worth while to reign,
 And Heav'n will hereafter be Heav'n indeed.*

Above measure, &c.

S C E N E VII.

*The Scene discovers Semele under a Canopy, leaning pensively :
 She looks up, and sees Jupiter descending in a Cloud : Flashes
 of Lightning issue from either side, and Thunder is heard.*

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Ah me ! too late I now repent
 My Pride and impious Vanity.
 He comes ! far off his Lightnings scorch me.
 ---- I feel my Life consuming :
 I burn, I burn, I faint, for Pity I implore ----
 O help, O help ---- I can no more ---- [She dies.

*[The Cloud bursts, and Semele with the Palace instantly
 disappear.]*

S C E N E VIII.

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, INO, and Chorus of Priests.

Ino. Of my ill-boding Dream
Behold the dire Event.

All. O Terror and Astonishment!

C H O R U S.

*Nature to each allots his proper Sphere,
But that forsaken, we like Meteors err:
Toss'd thro' the Void, by some rude shock we're broke,
And all our boasted Fire is lost in smoke.*

Ino. How I was hence remov'd,
Or hither how return'd, I know not:
So long a Trance withheld me.
But *Hermes* in a Vision told me
(As I have now related)
The Fate of *Semele*;
And added, as from me he fled,
That *Jove* ordain'd I *Athamas* should wed.

Cadm. Be *Jove* in ev'ry thing obey'd. [*Joins their Hands.*]

Atha. Unworthy of your Charms myself I yield;
Be *Jove's* Commands and your's fulfill'd.

S O N G.

*Despair no more shall wound me,
Since you so kind do prove;
All Joy and Bliss surround me,
My Soul is tun'd to Love.*

Despair no more, &c.

Cadm. See from above the bellying Clouds descend,
And big with some new wonder this way tend.

S C E N E

S C E N E the LAST.

A bright Cloud descends and rests on Mount Citheron, which opening, discovers Apollo seated in it as the God of Prophecy.

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.

Apollo. Apollo comes to relieve your Care,
And future Happiness declare.
From Semele's Ashes a Phoenix shall rise,
The Joy of this Earth, and Delight of the Skies:
A God He shall prove
More mighty than Love,
And Sighing and Sorrow for ever prevent.

C H O R U S.

Happy, happy shall we be,
Free from Care, from Sorrow free;
Guiltless Pleasures we'll enjoy,
Virtuous Love will never cloy;
All that's Good and Just we'll prove,
And Bacchus crown the Joys of Love.

F I N I S.



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER.

CADMUS, *King of Thebes.*

ATHAMAS, *A Prince of Bœotia, in love with, and
design'd to marry Semele.*

SOMNUS.

APOLLO.

JUNO.

IRIS.

SEMELE, *Daughter to Cadmus, belov'd by and in love
with Jupiter.*

INO, *Sister to Semele, in love with Athamas.*

Chorus of Priests and Augurs.

Chorus of Loves and Zephyrs.

Chorus of Nymphs and Swains.

Attendants.

SCENE BOEOTIA.

N. B. The Lines marked thus “ are omitted in the Representation
on account of the Length of the Piece.

S E M E L E.

P A R T I. S C E N E I.

The SCENE is the Temple of Juno: Near the Altar is a Golden Image of the Goddess. Priests are in their Solemnities, as after a Sacrifice newly offer'd; Flames arise from the Altar, and the Statue of Juno is seen to bow.

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, SEMELE, INO, and
Chorus of Priests.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

BEHOLD! auspicious Flashes rise!
Juno accepts our Sacrifice;
The grateful Odour swift ascends,
And see, the golden Image bends.

C H O R U S.

*Lucky Omens bless our Rites,
And sure Success shall crown your Loves;
Peaceful Days and fruitful Nights
Attend the Pair that she approves.*

Cadm. Daughter, obey,
Hear and obey;
With kind Consenting
Ease a Parent's Care;
Invent no new Delay.

Atha. *O bear a faithful Lover's Pray'r;
On this auspicious Day,
Invent no new Delay.*

Hear —

Cadm. *And obey —*

Both. *Invent no new Delay,
On this auspicious Day.*

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Semele. [Apart.] Ah me!

What Refuge now is left me?

How various, how tormenting

Are my Miseries!

O Jove! assist me:

Can Semele forgo thy Love,

And to a Mortal's Passion yield?

Thy Vengeance will o'ertake

Perfidy.

I deny, my Father's Wrath I fear.

S O N G.

*O Jove! in pity teach me which to choose,
Incline me to comply, or help me to refuse.*

S O N G.

*The Morning Lark to mine accords his Note,
And tunes to my Distress his warbling Throat.
" Each setting and each rising Sun I mourn,
" Wailing alike his Absence and Return.*

S O N G.

Ino. *See, she blushing turns her Eyes;
See, with Sighs her Bosom panting,
" If from Love those Sighs arise,
" My Rest ever will be wanting.*

S O N G.

S O N G.

Atha. Hymen, haste, thy Torch prepare,
 Love already his has lighted;
 One soft Sigh has cur'd Despair,
 And more than my past Pains requited.
 Hymen, haste, &c.

Ino. Alas! she yields,
 And has undone me:
 I can no longer hide my Passion;
 It must have Vent —
 Or inward Burning
 Will consume me.
 O Athamas! —
 I cannot utter it —

Atha. On me fair Ino calls
 With mournful Accent,
 Her Colour fading,
 And her Eyes o'erflowing.

Ino. O Semele!
 Semele. On me she calls,
 Yet seems to shun me:
 What would my Sister?
 Speak —

Ino. Thou hast undone me.

A Four-Part S O N G.

Cadm. Why dost thou thus untimely grieve,
 And all our solemn Rites prophane?
 Can He, or She thy Woes relieve?
 Or I? Of whom dost thou complain?
 Ino. Of all; but all I fear in vain.
 Atha. Can I thy Woes relieve?
 Semele. Can I assuage thy Pain?

Cath.

Atha.

Semele.

} Of whom dost thou complain?

Ino.

Of all, but all I fear in vain.

[Thunder is heard, and the Fire is extinguish'd on the Altar.]

Chorus of Priests.

*Avert these Omens, all ye Pow'rs !
Some God, averse, our holy Rites controlls ;
O'erwhelm'd with sudden Night the Day expires !
Ill-boding Thunder on the right Hand rolls.
And Jove himself descends in Show'rs,
To quench our late propitious Fires.*

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

" [Flames are rekindled on the Altar.]

" Again auspicious Flashes rise,

" Juno accepts our Sacrifice.

" [The Fire is again extinguish'd.]

" Again the sickly Flame decaying dies :

" Juno assents, but angry Jove denies.

" Atha. Thy Aid, pronubial Juno, Athamas implores.

" Sem. apart.] Thee, Jove, and thee alone, thy Semele adores.

" [A loud Clap of Thunder, the Altar sinks.]

Chorus of Priests.

" Cease, cease your Vows, 'tis impious to proceed ;

" Be gone, and fly this holy Place with Speed :

" This dreadful Conflict is of dire Presage ;

" Be gone, and fly from Jove's impending Rage. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

ATHAMAS and INO.

*Atha. O Athamas, what Torture hast thou borne !
And O, what hast thou yet to bear !
From Love, from Hope, from near Possession torn,
And plung'd at once in deep Despair.*

SONG.

S O N G

Ino. *Turn, hopeless Lover, turn thy Eyes,
And see a Maid bemoan;
In flowing Tears and aching Sighs,
Thy Woes too like her own.*

Turn, hopeless Lover, &c.

Atha. She weeps!

*The gentle Maid in tender Pity,
Weeps to behold my Misery!
So Semele wou'd melt
To see another mourn.*

S O N G.

*Your tuneful Voice my Tale would tell,
In pity of my sad Despair.
" And with sweet Melody compel,
" Attention from the flying Fair.*

Ino. Too well I see

*Thou wilt not understand me.
Whence cou'd proceed such Tenderness?
Whence such Compassion?
Insensible! Ingrate!——
Ah no, I cannot blame thee:
For by Effects unknown before
Who cou'd the hidden Cause explore;
Or think that Love cou'd act so strange a Part,
To plead for Pity in a Rival's Heart?*

*Atha. Ah me, what have I heard!
She does her Passion own.*

D U E T.

Ino. *You've undone me;
Look not on me;
Guilt upbraiding,
Shame invading,*

Ath.

Ath. *With my Life I wou'd atone
Pains you've borne to me unknown.
Cease to shun me.*

Ino. *You've undone me;*

Both. *Love, Love alone,
Has both undone.*

S C E N E III.

"To them, Enter CADMUS, attended.

"Cadm. Ah, wretched Prince, doom'd to disastrous Love!

"Ah me, of Parents most forlorn!

"Prepare, O Athamas! to prove

"The sharpest Pangs that e'er were borne;

"Prepare with me our common Loss to mourn.

"Atba. Can Fate, or Semele invent

"Another, yet another Punishment?

R E C I T A T I V E accompany'd.

*Cadm. Wing'd with our Fears, and pious Haste,
From Juno's Fane we fled;
Scarce we the brazen Gates had pass'd,
When Semele around her Head*

*With azure Flames was grac'd;
Whose lambent Glories in her Tresses play'd.
While this we saw with dread Surprise,
Swifter than Lightning downward tending,
An Eagle stoop'd, of mighty Size,*

*On purple Wings descending;
Like Gold his Beak, like Stars shone forth his Eyes;
His silver plummy Breast with Snow contending:*

*Sudden he snatch'd the trembling Maid,
And soaring from our Sight convey'd;
Diffusing ever as he lessening flew
Celestial Odour, and ambrosial Dew.*

Atba.

Atba. O Prodigy, to me of dire Portent !

Ino. To me, I hope, of fortunate Event.

S C E N E IV.

Enter to them Chorus of Priests and Augurs.

Cadm. See, see, *Jove's* Priests and holy Augurs come :
Speak, speak, of *Semele* and me declare the Doom.

Chorus of Priests and Augurs.

Hail Cadmus, hail ! Jove salutes the Theban King.

Cease your Mourning,

Joys returning,

Songs of Mirth and Triumph sing.

S O N G.

Endless Pleasure, endless Love,

Semele enjoys above ;

On her Bosom Jove reclining,

Useless now his Thunder lies ;

To her Arms his Bolts resigning,

And his Lightning to her Eyes.

C H O R U S.

Endless Pleasure, endless Love.

Semele enjoys above.

P A R T II. S C E N E I.

The SCENE is a pleasant Country.

JUNO and IRIS.

Juno. **I** *IRIS,* impatient of thy Stay,
From *Samos* have I wing'd my Way,
To meet thy slow Return.

B

Iris.

Iris. With all his Speed, not yet the Sun
Thro' half his Race has run,
Since I to execute thy dread Command
Have thrice encompass'd Sea and Land.

Juno. Say, where is *Semele's* Abode?

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Iris. Look where *Citheron* proudly stands,
Bœotia parting from *Cecropian* Lands.
High on the Summit of that Hill,
Beyond the Reach of Mortal Eyes,
By *Jove's* Command, and *Vulcan's* Skill,
Behold a new-erected Palace rise.

S O N G.

There from Mortal Cares retiring,
She resides in sweet Retreat;
On her Pleasure, Jove requiring,
All the Loves and Graces wait. There from, &c.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Juno. No more----I'll hear no more.
Awake *Saturnia* from thy Lethargy;
Seize, destroy the curst *Semele*.
Scale proud *Citheron's* Top:
Snatch her, tear her in thy Fury,
And down to the Flood of *Acheron*
Let her fall, let her fall, fall, fall,
Rolling down the Depth of Night,
Never more to behold Light.
If I th' imperial Scepter sway----I swear
By Hell-----

Tremble thou Universe this Oath to hear,
Not one of curs'd *Agenor's* Race to spare.

Iris. Hear, mighty Queen, while I recount
What Obstacles you must surmount.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

With Adamant the Gates are barr'd,
 Whose Entrance two fierce Dragons guard;
 At each Approach they lash their forky Stings,
 And clap their brazen Wings:
 And as their scaly Horrors rise,
 They all at once disclose
 A thousand fiery Eyes
 Which never know Repose.

S O N G.

Juno. *Hence, Iris, hence away.
 Far from the Realms of Day;
 O'er Scythian Hills to the Meotian Lake
 A speedy Flight we'll take:
 There Somnus I'll compel
 His downy Bed to leave, and silent Cell:
 With Noise and Light I will his Peace molest,
 Nor shall he sink again to pleasing Rest,
 'Till to my vow'd Revenge he grants Supplies,
 And seals with Sleep the wakeful Dragons Eyes.
 Hence, Iris, &c.* [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*An Apartment in the Palace of SEMELE, she is sleeping,
 Loves and Zephirs waiting. Semele awakes and rises.*

S O N G.

*O Sleep, why dost thou leave me?
 Why thy Visionary Joys remove?
 O Sleep again deceive me,
 To my Arms restore my wand'ring Love.*

To them enter JUPITER.

Semele. Let me not another Moment
Bear the Pangs of Absence;
Since you have form'd my Soul for Loving,
No more afflict me
With Doubts and Fears, and cruel Jealousies.

S O N G.

Jupiter. Lay your Doubts and Fears aside.
And for Joys alone provide;
Tho' this Human Shape I wear,
Think not I Man's Falshood bear. *Lay your, &c.*

You are Mortal, and require
Time to rest and to repose.

I was not absent,
While Love was with thee
I was present:
Love and I are one.

S O N G.

Semele. With fond Desiring,
With Bliss expiring,
Panting,
Fainting,
If this be Love, not you alone
But Love and I are one.
Causeless doubting,
Or despairing,
Rashly trusting,
Idly fearing,
If this be Love, not you alone
But Love and I are one.

With fond desiring, &c.
Chorus

Chorus of Loves and Zephirs.

*How engaging, how endearing,
Is a Lover's Pain and Care.*

Semele. — Ah me!

Jupiter. Why sighs my *Semele*?

- " What gentle Sorrow
- " Swells thy soft Bosom?
- " Why tremble those fair Eyes
- " With interrupted Light?
- " Where hov'ring for a Vent,
- " Amidst their humid Fires,
- " Some new-form'd Wish appears.
- " Speak, and obtain.

Semele. At my own Happiness

- I sigh and tremble;
- For I am Mortal,
- Still a Woman;
- " And ever when you leave me,
- " Tho' compass'd round with Deities
- " Of *Loves* and *Graces*,
- " A Fear invades me,
- " And conscious of a Nature
- " Far inferior,
- " I seek for Solitude,
- " And shun Society.

Jupiter. [*Apart.*] Too well I read her Meaning,
But must not understand her:
Aiming at Immortality
With dangerous Ambition.

SONG.

*I must with speed amuse her ;
 Lest she too much explain,
 It gives the Lover double Pain,
 Who hears the Nymph complain,
 And hearing, must refuse her. I must, &c.*

Chorus of Loves and Zephirs.

*Now Love that everlasting Boy invites
 To revel while you may in soft Delights.*

Jupiter. By my Command,
 Now at this Instant,
 Two winged Zephyrs
 From her downy Bed
 Thy much-lov'd *Ino* bear,
 And both together,
 Waft her hither,
 Thro' the balmy Air.

Semele. Shall I my Sister see!
 The dear Companion
 Of my tender Years.

Jupiter. See, she appears,
 But sees not me ;
 For I am visible
 Alone to thee.

While I retire, rise and meet her,
 And with Welcomes greet her.
 Now all this Scene shall to *Arcadia* turn,
 The Seat of happy Nymphs and Swains ;
 There, without Rage of Jealousy, they burn,
 And taste the Sweets of Love without its Pains.

ASTONISH

*Where'er you walk, cool Gales shall fan the Glade;
 Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a Shade:
 Where'er you tread, the blushing Flow'rs shall rise;
 And all things flourish where you turn your Eyes.
 Where'er, &c.*

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

SEMELE, INO, and Chorus of Nymphs and Swains.

Semele. Dear Sister, how was your Passage hither?

Ino. O'er many States and peopled Towns we pass'd,
 O'er Hills and Valleys, and o'er Desarts waste;
 O'er barren Moors, and o'er unwholesome Fens,
 And Woods, where Beasts inhabit dreadful Dens.
 Thro' all which pathless Way our Speed was such,
 We stop'd not once the Face of Earth to touch.
 Mean time they told me, while thro' Air we fled,
 That *Jove* did thus ordain.

Accompany'd.

But hark! the heav'nly Sphere turns round,
 And Silence now is drown'd

In Ecstasy of Sound.

How on a sudden the still Air is charm'd.

As if all Harmony were just alarm'd!

And ev'ry Soul with Transport fill'd,

Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.

D U E T.

*Prepare then, ye Immortal Choir,
 Each sacred Minstrel tune his Lyre,
 And all in Chorus join.*

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

*Bless the glad Earth with heav'nly Lays,
And to that Pitch th' eternal Accents raise,
That all appear Divine.*

P A R T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *the Cave of Sleep, the God of Sleep lying on his Bed. A soft Symphony is heard afterwards.*

J U N O and I R I S appear.

Juno. **S** O M N U S, awake,
Raife thy reclining Head.

Iris. Thyself forsake,
And lift up thy heavy Lids of Lead.

S O N G.

Somnus waking. *Leave me, loathsome Light.*

Receive me, silent Night.

Lethe, why does thy ling'ring Current cease?

O murmur, murmur me again to Peace. [Sleeps again.]

Iris. Dull God, canst thou attend the Water's Fall,
And not hear Saturnia call?

Juno. Peace Iris, Peace, I know how to charm him,
Pasithea's Name alone can warm him.

Somnus, arise!

Disclose thy tender Eyes;

For Pasithea's Sight

Endure the Light.

Somnus, arise

SONG.

Somnus. *More sweet is that Name
Than a soft purling Stream;
With Pleasure Repose I'll forsake,
If you'll grant me but her to sooth me awake.
More sweet, &c.*

Juno. My Will obey,
She shall be thine.
Thou, with thy softer Pow'rs,
First Jove shall captivate:
To Morpheus then give order,
Thy various Minister,
That with a Dream in Shape of Semele,
But far more beautiful,
And more alluring,
He may invade the sleeping Deity;

Somn. I tremble to comply.

Juno. To me thy leaden Rod resign,
To charm the Centinels
On Mount Citheron,
Then cast a Sleep on mortal Ino:
That I may seem her Form to wear,
When I to Semele appear.

D U E T.

Juno. Obey my Will, thy Rod resign,
And Pafithea shall be thine.
Somn. All I must grant, for all is due
To Pafithea, Love, and You.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

An Apartment. SEMELE alone.

S O N G.

*My racking Thoughts by no kind Slumbers freed,
But painful Nights do joyful Days succeed.*

S C E N E III.

*To her enter JUNO as INO, with a Mirrour in her Hand.
Juno, apart.] Thus shap'd like Ino,*

*With Ease I shall deceive her,
And in this Mirrour she shall see
Herself as much transform'd as me.*

*To Semele.] Do I some Goddess see!
Or is it Semele?*

Semele. Dear Sister, speak,
Whence this Astonishment?

Juno. Your Charms improving
To Divine Perfection,
Shew you were late admitted
Amongst Celestial Beauties.

Has Jove consented?

And are you made Immortal?

Semele. Ah! no, I still am Mortal,
Nor am I sensible

Of any Change, or new Perfection.

R E C I T A T I V E.

[Juno giving her the Glass.]

Behold in this Mirrour

*Whence comes my Surprise,
Such Lustre and Terror*

Unite in your Eyes.

Semele.

O Ecstasy of Happiness!
 Celestial Graces
 I discover in each Feature!

S O N G.

*Myself I shall adore,
 If I persist in gazing?
 No Object sure before
 Was ever half so pleasing.*

Myself, &c.

Juno.

Be wise, as you are beautiful,
 Nor lose this Opportunity.

Semele.

But how shall I attain
 To Immortality?

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Juno.

Conjure him by his Oath
 Not to approach your Bed
 In Likeness of a Mortal;

But like himself, the mighty Thunderer,
 In Pomp of Majesty,
 And heav'nly Attire;

You shall partake then of Immortality,
 And thenceforth leave this Mortal State
 To reign above

Ador'd by Jove,

In spite of jealous Juno's Hate.

S O N G.

Semele.

*Thus let my Thanks be paid,
 Thus let my Arms embrace thee;
 And when I'm a Goddess made,
 With Charms like mine I'll grace thee.*

Juno. Rich Odours fill the fragrant Air,
And *Jove's* Approach declare.

I must retire——

Semele. Adieu——your Counsel I'll pursue.

Juno, apart.] And sure Destruction will ensue.

Vain wretched Fool——

Adieu.——

[*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter JUPITER to SEMELE.

S O N G.

Jupiter. Come to my Arms, my lovely Fair,
Sooth my uneasy Care:

In my Dream late I woo'd thee,

And in vain I pursu'd thee,

For you fled from my Pray'r,

And bid me despair.

Come to my Arms, &c.

—— O *Semele,*

Why art thou thus insensible?

S O N G.

Semele. “ I ever am granting,

“ You always complain;

“ I always am wanting,

“ Yet never obtain.

Jupiter. Speak, speak your Desire,

Say what you require,

I'll grant it——

Semele. Swear by the *Stygian Lake.*

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Jupiter. By that tremendous Flood, I swear,
Ye *Stygian* Waters, hear;
And thou, *Olympus* shake,
In Witness to the Oath I take.

[*Thunder is heard at a distance, and underneath.*]

Semele. You'll grant what I require.

Jupiter. I'll grant what you require.

Semele. Then cast off this human Shape which you wear,
And *Jove* since you are, like *Jove* too appear.

Accompany'd.

Jupiter. Ah, take heed what you press,
For, beyond all Redress,
Should I grant your Request I shall harm you.

S O N G.

Semele. No, no! I'll take no less
Than all in full Excess,
Your Oath it may alarm you,
Yet haste and prepare,
For I'll know what you are,
With all your Powers arm you.
No no! &c.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

JUPITER *pensive and dejected.*

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Ah! whither is she gone! unhappy Fair!
Why did she wish?—why did I rashly swear?
'Tis past, 'tis past recall,
She must a Victim fall.

Anon

Anon when I appear
 The mighty Thunderer
 Arm'd with inevitable Fire,
 She needs must instantly expire.
 'Tis past, &c.

S C E N E VI.

JUNO alone.

S O N G.

*Above measure
 Is the Pleasure
 Which my Revenge supplies.
 Love's a Bubble
 Gain'd with Trouble,
 And in possessing Dies.
 With what Joy shall I mount to my Heav'n again,
 At once from my Rival and Jealousy freed!
 The Sweets of Revenge make it worth while to reign,
 And Heav'n will hereafter be Heav'n indeed.
 Above measure, &c.*

S C E N E VII.

*The Scene discovers Semele under a Canopy leaning pensively:
 She looks up, and sees Jupiter descending in a Cloud: Flashes
 of Lightning issue from either side, and Thunder is heard.*

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Ah me! too late I now repent
 My Pride and impious Vanity.
 He comes! far off his Lightnings scorch me.
 — I feel my Life consuming:

I burn, I burn, I faint, for Pity I implore —

O help, O help — I can no more — [*She dies.*

[*The Cloud bursts, and Semele with the Palace instantly disappear.*

S C E N E VIII.

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, INO, and Chorus of Priests.

Ino. Of my ill-boding Dream
Behold the dire Event.

All. O Terror and Astonishment!

C H O R U S.

*Nature to each allots his proper Sphere,
But that forsaken, we like Meteor's err :
Toss'd thro' the Void, by some rude shock we're broke,
And all our boasted Fire is lost in smoke.*

Ino. How I was hence remov'd,
Or hither how return'd, I know not :
So long a Trance withheld me.
But *Hermes* in a Vision told me

(As I have now related)

The Fate of *Semele* ;

And added, as from me he fled,
That *Jove* ordain'd I *Athamas* should wed.

Cad. Be *Jove* in every thing obey'd. [*Joins their Hands.*

Atha. Unworthy of your Charms myself I yield ;
Be *Jove's* Commands and yours fulfill'd.

Cadm. See from above the bellying Clouds descend,
And big with some new Wonder this way tend.

S C E N E *the* L A S T.

A bright Cloud descends and rests upon Mount Citheron, which opening, discovers Apollo seated in it as the God of Prophecy.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Apollo. *Apollo comes to relieve your Care,
And future Happiness declare.
From Semele's Ashes a Phoenix shall rise,
The Joy of this Earth, and Delight of the Skies :
A God he shall prove
More mighty than Love,
And Sighing and Sorrow for ever prevent.*

C H O R U S.

*Happy, happy shall we be,
Free from Care, from Sorrow free ;
Guiltless Pleasures we'll enjoy,
Virtuous Love will never cloy ;
All that's Good and Just we'll prove,
And Bacchus crown the Joys of Love.*

F I N I S.

L. Hume
S O L O M O N.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SOLOMON.

ZADOK, *the* High Priest.

A Levite.

Chorus of Priests.

Chorus of Israelites.

WOMEN.

PHARAOH's Daughter.

NICAULE, *Queen of* Sheba.

1 Harlot.

2 Harlot.





S O L O M O N.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

P A R T I. S C E N E I.

SOLOMON, ZADOK, Priests, &c.

Chorus of Priests.



OUR Harps and Cymbals sound
To great Jehovah's Praise;
Unto the Lord of Hosts
Your willing Voices raise.

A I R.

Levite. Praise ye the Lord for all his Mercies past,
Whose Truth, whose Justice will for ever last.

Chorus of Priests.

With pious Hearts, and holy Tongue,
Resound your Maker's Name,
Till distant Nations catch the Song,
And glow with holy Flame.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Solomon. Almighty Pow'r! who rul'st the Earth and Skies,
And bad gay Order from Confusion rise;

A 2

Whose

S O L O M O N.

Whose gracious Hand reliev'd thy Slave distress'd,
 With Splendor cloath'd him, and with Knowledge bless'd;
 Thy finish'd Temple with thy Presence grace,
 And shed thy heav'nly Glories o'er the Place.

Zadok. Imperial *Solomon*, thy Pray'rs are heard,
 See! from the op'ning Skies
 Descending Flames involve the Sacrifice;
 And lo! within the sacred Dome
 That gleamy Light,
 Profusely bright,
 Declares the Lord of Hosts is come.

A I R.

*Sacred Raptures chear my Breast,
 Rushing Tides of hallow'd Zeal,
 Joys too fierce to be express'd
 In this swelling Heart I feel:*

*Warm enthusiastic Fires
 In my panting Bosom roll;
 Hope of Bliss, that ne'er expires,
 Dawns upon my ravish'd Soul.*

Chorus of Israelites.

*Throughout the Land Jehovah's Praise record,
 For full of Pow'r and Mercy is the Lord.*
Solomon. Bless'd be the Lord, who look'd with gracious Eyes
 Upon his Vassals humble Sacrifice,
 And has with an approving Smile
 My Work o'erpaid, and grac'd the Pile.

A I R.

A I R.

*What tho' I trace each Herb and Flow'r
That drinks the Morning Dew,
Did I not own Jehovah's Pow'r,
How vain were all I knew?*

*Say what's the rest, but empty Boast,
The Pedant's idle Claim,
Who having all the Substance lost,
Attempts to grasp a Name?*

S C E N E II.

To them the QUEEN.

Solomon. And see my Queen, my wedded Love,
You soon my Tenderness shall prove;
A Palace shall erect its Head,
Of Cedar built, with Gold bespread:
Methinks the Work is now begun,
The Ax resounds on *Lebanon*:
And see, bedeck'd with Canvass Wings,
The dancing Vessel lightly springs,
While *Ophir's* Mines, well-pleas'd, disclose
The Wealth that in their Entrails glows.

A I R.

Queen. *Bless'd the Day when first my Eyes
Saw the wisest of the Wise!
Bless'd the Day when I was led
To ascend the Nuptial Bed!*

But

*But completely bless'd the Day,
On my Bosom as he lay,
When he call'd my Charms divine;
Vowing to be only mine.*

Solomon. Thou fair Inhabitant of Nile,
Rejoice thy Lover with a Smile.

Queen. O Monarch! with each Virtue bless'd,
The brightest Star that gilds the East;
No Joy I know beneath the Sun
But what's compriz'd in *Solomon*.
With thee, how quickly fled the Winter's Night,
And short is Summer's Length of Light.

D U E T.

Queen. Welcome as the Dawn of Day
To the Pilgrim on his Way,
Whom the Darknefs caus'd to stray
Is my lovely King to me.

Solomon. Myrtle Grove, or rosy Shade,
Breathing Odors thro' the Glade
To refresh the Village Maid,
Yields in Sweets, my Queen, to thee.

Zadok. Vain are the transient Beauties of the Face,
Where Virtue fails to animate each Grace;
Bright and more bright her radiant Form appears,
Nor dreads the canker'd Tooth of rolling Years:
O'er such a Partner Comfort spreads her Wing,
And all our Life is one perpetual Spring.

A I R.

*Indulge thy Faith and wedded Truth
With the fair Partner of thy Youth;
She's ever constant, ever kind,
Like the young Roe, or loving Hind.*

Solomon. My blooming Fair, come, come away,
My Love admits of no Delay.

A I R.

*Haste to the Cedar Grove
Where fragrant Spices bloom,
And am'rous Turtles love,
Beneath the pleasing Gloom.*

*While tinkling down the Hill
Avoiding hateful Day;
The little murm'ring Rill,
In Whispers glides away.*

Queen. When thou art absent from my Sight,
The Court I shun and loath the Light.

A I R.

*With thee th' unshelter'd Moor I'd tread,
Nor once of Fate complain;
Tho' burning Suns flash'd round my Head
And clear'd the barren Plain.*

*Thy lovely Form alone I prize,
'Tis thou that canst impart
Continual Pleasure to my Eyes,
And Gladness to my Heart.*

Zadok.

Zadok. Search round the World, there never yet was seen
So wise a Monarch, or so chaste a Queen.

C H O R U S.

*May no rash Intruder disturb their soft Hours,
To form fragrant Pillows, arise, O ye Flow'rs;
Ye Zephirs, soft-breathing, their Slumbers prolong,
While Nightingales lull them to sleep with their Song.*



P A R T II. S C E N E I.

SOLOMON, ZADOK, Levites, Israelites, &c.

C H O R U S.

FROM the Censer curling rise
Grateful Incense to the Skies;
Heaven blesses David's Throne,
Happy, happy Solomon.

2 C H O R U S.

*Live, live for ever, pious David's Son;
Live, live for ever, mighty Solomon.*

Solomon. Prais'd be the Lord, from him my Wisdom springs;
I bow in-raptur'd to the King of Kings;
He led me, abject, to imperial State,
When weak, and trembling for my future Fate;
Strengthen'd by him, each Foe with horror fled,
Then impious Joab at the Altar bled;

The Death he oft deserv'd, stern *Shimei* found;
 And *Adonijah* sunk beneath the Wound;
 Forc'd by his Crimes, I spoke a Brother's Doom,
 Ah may his Vices perish in his Tomb !

A I R.

*When the Sun o'er yonder Hills
 Pours in tides the golden Day;
 Or, when quiv'ring o'er the Rills,
 In the West he dies away;
 He shall ever bear me sing
 Praises to th' eternal King.*

Levite. Great Prince, thy Resolution's just,
 He never fails, in Heav'n who puts his Trust;
 True Worth consists not in the Pride of State;
 'Tis Virtue only makes a Monarch great.

A I R.

*Thrice blest'd that wise discerning King,
 Who can each Passion tame,
 And mount on Virtue's Eagle Wing
 To everlasting Fame :*

*Such shall as mighty Patterns stand,
 To Princes yet unborn;
 To Honour prompt each distant Land,
 And future Times adorn.*

S C E N E II.

SOLOMON, Levite, &c. *To them an Attendant.*

Attendant. My sovereign Liege, two Women stand,
And both beseech the King's Command
To enter here; dissolv'd in Tears
The one a new-born Infant bears;
The other, fierce, and threat'ning loud,
Declares her Story to the Crowd;
And thus she clamours to the Throng,
" Seek we the King, he shall redress our Wrong."

Solomon. Admit them straight, for when we mount a Throne,
Our Hours are all the People's, not our own.

S C E N E III.

To them the two Harlots.

1 Harlot. Thou Son of David, hear a Mother's Grief;
And let the Voice of Justice bring Relief.

This little Babe my Womb conceiv'd,
The smiling Infant I with Joy receiv'd.

That Woman also bore a Son,
Whose vital Thread was quickly spun :

One House we both together kept,

But once, unhappy, as I slept,

She stole at Midnight where I lay,

Bore my soft Darling from my Arms away,
And left her Child behind, a Lump of lifeless Clay;

And now, Oh impious! dares to claim

My Right alone, a Mother's Name.

TRIO.

T R I O.

- 1 Harlot. *Words are weak to paint my Fears;
Heart-felt Anguish, starting Tears,
Best shall plead a Mother's Cause.
To thy Throne, O King, I bend,
My Cause is just, be thou my Friend.*
- 2 Harlot. *False is all her melting Tale.*
- Solomon. *Justice holds the lifted Scale.*
- 2 Harlot. *Then be just, and fear the Laws.*

Solomon. What says the other to th' imputed Charge?
Speak in thy Turn, and tell thy Wrongs at large.

2 Harlot. I cannot varnish o'er my Tongue,
And colour fair the Face of Wrong:
This Babe is mine, the Womb of Earth
Intomb'd, conceals her little Birth:
Give me my Child, my smiling Boy,
To chear my Breast with new-born Joy.

Solomon. Hear me, ye Women, and the King regard,
Who from his Throne thus reads the just Award:
Each claims alike, let both their Portions share,
Divide the Babe, thus each her Part shall bear.
Quick, bring the Faulchion, and the Infant smite,
Nor further clamour for disputed Right.

A I R.

- 2 Harlot. *Thy Sentence, great King,
Is prudent and wise,
And my Hopes on the wing,
Quick bound for the Prize:*

*Contented I hear,
And approve the Decree;
For at least I shall tear
The lov'd Infant from thee.*

I Harlot. Withhold, withhold the executing Hand;
Reverse, O King, thy stern Command.

A I R.

*Can I see my Infant gor'd
With the fierce relentless Sword?
Can I see him yield his Breath,
Smiling at the Hand of Death,
And behold the purple Tides
Gushing down his tender Sides?
Rather be my Hopes beguil'd,
Take him all--- But spare my Child.*

Solomon. Israel, attend to what your King shall say;
Think not I meant the Innocent to slay.
The stern Decision was to trace with Art,
The secret Dictates of the human Heart.
She who could bear the fierce Decree to hear,
Nor send one Sigh, nor shed one pious Tear,
Must be a Stranger to a Mother's Name-----
Hence from my Sight, nor urge a further Claim:
But you whose Fears a Parent's Love attest,
Receive, and bind him to your beating Breast;
To you, in Justice, I the Babe restore,
And may you lose him from your Arms no more.

D U E T.

I Harlot. *Thrice blest'd be the King, for he's virtuous and wise,
Solomon. The Lord all these Blessings has giv'n;*

I Harlot. *My Gratitude calls streaming Tears from my Eyes,
Solomon. Thy Thanks be return'd all to Heav'n.*

*'Tis God that rewards, and will lift from the Dust
Whom to crush proud Oppressors endeavour;*

I Harlot. *How happy are those who in God put their Trust!*

Solomon. *For his Mercy endureth for ever.*

Chorus of Israelites.

*From the East unto the West,
Who so wise as Solomon?
Who like Israel's King is blest'd?
Who so worthy of a Throne?*

Zadock. *From Morn to Eve I cou'd inraptur'd sing
The various Virtues of our happy King;
In whom, with Wonder, we behold combin'd,
The Grace of Feature with the worth of Mind.*

A I R.

*See the tall Palm that lifts the Head,
On Jordan's sedgy Side,
His tow'ring Branches curling spread,
And bloom in graceful Pride.*

*Each meaner Tree regardless springs,
Nor claims our scornful Eyes;
Thus thou art first of mortal Kings,
And wisest of the Wise.*

I Harlot.

I Harlot. No more shall armed Bands our Hopes destroy,
Peace waves her wing and pours forth ev'ry Joy.

A I R.

*Beneath the Vine, or Fig-tree's Shade,
Ev'ry Shepherd sings the Maid
Who his simple Heart betray'd,
In a rustic Measure:
While of Torments he complains,
All around, the Village Swains
Catch the Song and feel his Pains,
Mingling Sighs with Pleasure.*

Chorus of Priests.

*Swell, swell the full Chorus to Solomon's Praise,
Record him, ye Bards, as the Pride of our Days;
Flow sweetly the Numbers that dwell on his Name,
And rouse the whole Nation in Songs to his Fame.*



P A R T III. S C E N E I.

SOLOMON, Queen of SHEBA, ZADOK, *and* Chorus.

QUEEN of Sheba.

FROM *Arabia's* spicy Shores,
Bounded by the hoary Main,
Sheba's Queen these Seats explores,
To be taught thy heav'nly Strain.

Solomon. Thrice welcome Queen, with open Arms
Our Court receives thee, and thy Charms;
The Temple of the Lord first meets your Eyes,
Rich with the well-accepted Sacrifice.

Here all our Treasures free behold,
Where Cedars lie, o'erwrought with Gold:
Next view a Mansion fit for Kings to own,
The Forest call'd of tow'ring *Lebanon*;
Where Art her utmost Skill displays,
And ev'ry Object claims your Praise.

A I R.

Q Sheba. Ev'ry Sight these Eyes behold,
Does a different Charm unfold;
Flashing Gems, and sculptur'd Gold,
Still attract my ravish'd Sight:
But to hear fair Truth distilling,
In Expressions choice and thrilling
From that Tongue, so soft and killing,
That my Soul does most delight.

Solomon.

Solomon. Sweep, sweep the String, to sooth the royal Fair,
And rouse each Passion with th' alternate Air.

A I R.

*Musick, spread thy Voice around,
Sweetly flow the lulling Sound.*

C H O R U S.

Musick, spread, &c.

A I R.

*Now a diff'rent Measure try,
Shake the Dome, and pierce the Sky.
Rouse us next to martial Deeds;
Clanking Arms, and neighing Steeds;
Seem in Fury to oppose---
Now the hard-fought Battle glows.*

C H O R U S.

Now a diff'rent Measure try, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Then at once from Rage remove;
Draw the Tear from hopeless Love;
Lengthen out the solemn Air,
Full of Death and wild Despair.*

C H O R U S.

Draw the Tear, &c.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Next the tortur'd Soul release,
And the Mind restore to Peace.

A I R.

*Thus rolling Surges rise,
And plough the troubled Main;
But soon the Tempest dies,
And all is calm again.*

C H O R U S.

Thus rolling, &c.

Q. Sheba. Thy Harmony's divine, great King,
All, all obeys the Artist's String;
And now, illustrious Prince, receive
Such Tribute as my Realm can give.
Here, purest Gold, from Earth's dark Entrails torn;
And Gems resplendent, that outshine the Morn:
There Balsam breathes a grateful Smell,
With thee the fragrant Strangers wish to dwell:
Yet, of all Objects I behold,
Amid the Glare of Gems and Gold,
The Temple most attracts my Eye,
Where, with unweary'd Zeal, you serve the Lord on high.

A I R.

Levite. Pious King, and virtuous Queen,
May your Names resound in Story;
In Time's latest Annals seen,
Crown'd with Honour, crown'd with Glory!

Zadok. Thrice happy King, to have atchiev'd
What scarce will henceforth be believ'd:

C

When

When seven times around the Sphere,
 The Sun had led the new-born Year,
 The Temple rose to mark thy Days
 With endless Themes for future Praise.
 Our pious *David* wish'd, in vain,
 By this great Act to bless his Reign;
 But Heav'n the Monarch's Hopes withstood,
 For ah! his Hands were stain'd with Blood.

A I R.

*Golden Columns, fair and bright,
 Catch the Mortals ravish'd Sight;
 Round their Sides ambitious, twine
 Tendrils of the clasping Vine:
 Cherubims stand there display'd,
 O'er the Ark their Wings are laid:
 Ev'ry Object swells with State;
 All is pious, all is great.*

C H O R U S.

- 1 Chorus. *Praise the Lord with Harp and Tongue;
 Praise him all ye Old and Young,
 He's in Mercy ever strong.*
- 2 Chorus. *Praise the Lord thro' ev'ry State;
 Praise him early, praise him late;
 God alone is good and great.*

Full C H O R U S.

*Let the loud Hosannahs rise
 Widely spreading thro' the Skies,
 God alone is just and wise.*

Solomon.

Solomon. Gold now is common on our happy Shore,
 And Cedars frequent are as Sycamore;
 All, all conspires to bless my Days;
 Fair Plenty does her Treasure raise,
 And o'er the fruitful Plains her countless Gifts displays.

A I R.

How green our fertile Pastures look!

How fair our Olive Groves!

How limpid is the gliding Brook

That thro' the Meadows roves!

An hundred diff'rent balmy Flow'rs

Salute the passing Gale,

When Ev'ning Breezes fan the Bow'rs,

And sweep th' enamel'd Vale.

Q. Sheba. May Peace in Salem ever dwell!

Illustrious Solomon, farewell:

Thy wise Instructions be my future Care,

Soft as the Show'rs that chear the vernal Air;

Whose Warmth bids ev'ry Plant her Sweets disclose,

The Lilly wakes, and paints the op'ning Rose.

A I R.

Will the Sun forget to streak

Eastern Skies with amber Ray,

When the dusky Shades to break

He unbars the Gates of Day?

Then demand if Sheba's Queen

E'er can banish from her Thought

All the Splendor she has seen,

All the Knowledge thou hast taught.

Solomon.

Solomon. Adieu, fair Queen, and in thy Breast
May Peace and Virtue ever rest!

D U E T.

Queen. Ev'ry Joy that Wisdom knows,
May'st thou, pious Monarch, share!

Solomon. Ev'ry Blessing Heav'n bestows,
Be thy Portion, virtuous Fair!

Queen. Gently slow thy rolling Days.

Solomon. Sorrow be a Stranger here.

Both. May thy People sound thy Praise,
Praise unbought by Price or Fear!

G R A N D C H O R U S.

*The Name of the Wicked shall quickly be past;
But the Fame of the Just shall eternally last.*

F I N I S.



L6/14
ma 252639
S O L O M O N.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

As it is Performed at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

Set to Musick by GEORGE-FREDERICK HANDEL, Esq;

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the *Strand*.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SOLOMON.

ZADOK, *the* High Priest.

A Levite.

Chorus *of* Priests.

Chorus *of* Israelites.

WOMEN.

NICAULE, *Queen of* Sheba.

1 Harlot.

2 Harlot.



SOLOMON



S O L O M O N.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

P A R T I. S C E N E I.

S O L O M O N, Z A D O K, Levites, Israclites, &c.

C H O R U S.



*FROM the Censer curling rise
Grateful Incense to the Skies;
Heaven blesses David's Throne,
Happy, happy Solomon.*

2 C H O R U S.

*Live, live for ever, pious David's Son;
Live, live for ever, mighty Solomon.*

S O L O M O N.

Prais'd be the Lord, from him my Wisdom springs;
I bow in-raptur'd to the King of Kings.

A 2

A I R.

A I R.

*When the sun gives brightest Day,
 Golden Features, chearing Creatures,
 Till he Westward dies away.
 He shall ever hear me sing
 Praises to th' eternal King.*

Da Capo.

L E V I T E.

Great Prince, thy Resolution's just,
 He never fails, in Heav'n who puts his Trust ;
 True Worth consists not in the Pride of State ;
 'Tis Virtue only makes a Monarch great.

A I R.

*Thrice blest'd that wise discerning King,
 Who can each Passion tame,
 And mount on Virtue's Eagle Wing
 To everlasting Fame :*

*Such shall as mighty Patterns stand,
 To Princes yet unborn ;
 To Honour prompt each distant Land,
 And future Times adorn.*

S C E N E II.

SOLOMON, Levite, &c. *To them an Attendant.*

A T T E N D A N T.

My sovereign Liege, two Women stand,
And both beseech the King's Command
To enter here; dissolv'd in Tears
The one a new-born Infant bears;
The other, fierce, and threat'ning loud,
Declares her Story to the Crowd;
And thus she clamours to the Throng,
" Seek we the King, he shall redress our Wrong."

S O L O M O N.

Admit them straight, for when we mount a Throne,
Our Hours are all the People's, not our own.

A I R.

Z A D O K.

*Wise, great and good,
Above thy Years endu'd,
How bright each Grace does shine,
Thus blest'd with what's Divine.
Firm as a Rock thy Strength shall stand,
Thy Wisdom ever blest the Land.*

Da Capo.

S C E N E III.

To them the two Harlots.

I H A R L O T.

Thou Son of *David*, hear a Mother's Grief;
 And let the Voice of Justice bring Relief.
 This little Babe my Womb conceiv'd,
 The smiling Infant I with Joy receiv'd.
 That Woman also bore a Son,
 Whose vital Thread was quickly spun:
 One House we both together kept,
 But once, unhappy! as I slept,
 She stole at Midnight where I lay,
 Bore my soft Darling from my Arms away,
 And left her Child behind, a Lump of lifeless Clay;
 And now, Oh impious! dares to claim
 My Right alone, a Mother's Name.

T R I O.

- 1 Harlot. *Words are weak to paint my Fears;
 Heart-felt Anguish, starting Tears,
 Best shall plead a Mother's Cause.
 To thy Throne, O King, I bend,
 My Cause is just, be thou my Friend.*
- 2 Harlot. *False is all her melting Tale.*
- Solomon. *Justice holds the lifted Scale.*
- 2 Harlot. *Then be just, and fear the Laws.*

S O L O M O N.

What says the other to th' imputed Charge?
 Speak in thy Turn, and tell thy Wrongs at large.

2 H A R L O T.

I cannot varnish o'er my Tongue,
 And colour fair the Face of Wrong:
 'This Babe is mine, the Womb of Earth
 Intomb'd, conceals her little Birth:
 Give me my Child, my smiling Boy,
 To chear my Breast with new-born Joy.

S O L O M O N.

Hear me, ye Women, and the King regard,
 Who from his Throne thus reads the just Award:
 Each claims alike, let both their Portions share,
 Divide the Babe, thus each her Part shall bear.
 Quick, bring the Faulchion, and the Infant smite,
 Nor further clamour for disputed Right.

A I R.

2 Harlot. *Thy Sentence, great King,
 Is prudent and wise,
 And my Hopes on the Wing,
 Quick bound for the Prize:
 Contented I bear,
 And approve the Decree;
 For at least I shall tear
 The lov'd Infant from thee.*

1 H A R-

I H A R L O T.

Withhold, withhold the executing Hand;
Reverse, O King, thy stern Command.

A I R.

*Can I see my Infant gor'd
With the fierce relentless Sword?
Can I see him yield his Breath,
Smiling at the Hand of Death,
And behold the purple Tides
Gushing down his tender Sides?
Rather be my Hopes beguil'd,
Take him all — But spare my Child.*

S O L O M O N.

*Israel, attend to what your King shall say;
Think not I meant the Innocent to slay.
The stern Decision was to trace with Art,
The secret Dictates of the human Heart.
She who could bear the fierce Decree to hear,
Nor send one Sigh, nor shed one pious Tear,
Must be a Stranger to a Mother's Name——
Hence from my Sight, nor urge a further Claim:
But you whose Fears a Parent's Love attest,
Receive, and bind him to your beating Breast;
To you, in Justice, I the Babe restore,
And may you lose him from your Arms no more.*

D U E T .

I Harlot. *Thrice blest'd be the King, for he's virtuous and wise,*
Solomon. *The Lord all these Blessings has giv'n ;*

I Harlot. *My Gratitude calls streaming Tears from my Eyes,*
Solomon. *Thy Thanks be return'd all to Heav'n.*

'Tis God that rewards, and will lift from the Dust
Whom to crush proud Oppressors endeavour ;

I Harlot. *How happy are those who in God put their Trust !*
Solomon. *For his Mercy endureth for ever.*

Chorus of Israelites.

From the East unto the West,
Who so wise as Solomon ?
Who like Israel's King is blest'd ?
Who so worthy of a Throne ?





P A R T II. S C E N E I.

S O L O M O N, *Queen of Sheba*, Z A D O K, *and* Chorus.

Q U E E N of Sheba.

FROM *Arabia's* spicy Shores,
 Bounded by the hoary Main,
Sheba's Queen these Seats explores,
 To be taught thy heav'nly Strain.

A I R.

*To view the Wonders of thy Throne,
 She comes to all the World made known ;
 Where every thing that clears the Sight,
 Or sooths the Ear gives due Delight.*

S O L O M O N.

Thrice welcome Queen, with open Arms ;
 Our Court receives thee, and thy Charms ;
 The Temple of the Lord first meets your Eyes,
 Rich with the well-accepted Sacrifice.

Here all our Treasures free behold,
 Where Cedars lie, o'erwrought with Gold ;
 Next view a Mansion fit for Kings to own,
 The Forest call'd of tow'ring *Lebanon* ;
 Where Art her utmost Skill displays,
 And ev'ry Object claims your Praise.

T H A T

I

A I

S O L O M O N.

11

A I R.

Q U E E N of Sheba.

*Ev'ry Sight these Eyes behold,
Does a different Charm unfold;
Flashing Gems, and sculptur'd Gold,
Still attract my ravish'd Sight:
But to hear fair Truth distilling,
In Expressions choice and thrilling
From that Tongue, so soft and killing,
That my Soul does most delight.*

S O L O M O N.

Sweep, sweep the String, to sooth the royal Fair,
And rouse each Passion with th' alternate Air.

A I R.

*Musick, spread thy Voice around,
Sweetly flow the lulling Sound.*

C H O R U S.

Musick, spread, &c.

A I R.

*Now a diff'rent Measure try,
Shake the Dome, and pierce the Sky.
Rouse us next to martial Deeds;
Clanking Arms, and neighing Steeds,
Seem in Fury to oppose —
Now the hard-fought Battle glows.*

B 2

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

Now a diff'rent Measure try, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Then at once from Rage remove;
 Draw the Tear from hopeless Love;
 Lengthen out the solemn Air,
 Full of Death and wild Despair.

C H O R U S.

Draw the Tear, &c.

A I R.

*Sad solemn Sound, O, ease my Breast,
 Mourn my lost Love,
 Then silent prove,
 Grieve like my Soul, and be at rest.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Next the tortur'd Soul release,
 And the Mind restore to Peace.

A I R.

*Beneath the Vine or Fig-tree's Shade,
 Ev'ry Shepherd sings the Maid,
 Who his simple Heart betray'd,
 In a rustic Measure.*

*While of Torment he complains,
 All around the Village Swains
 Catch the Song and feel his Pains,
 Mingling Sighs with Pleasure.*

C H O R U S.

Beneath the Vine, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Love, from such a Parent sprung,
 In spite of adverse Fate is strong,
 In spite of Time is ever young.
 But how weak and brittle prove,
 The Ties of mercenary Love.

A I R and C H O R U S.

Love from such, &c.

A I R.

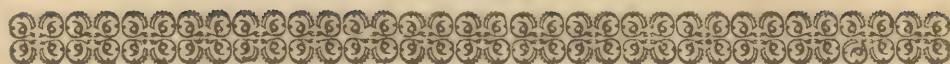
A I R.

*Thus rolling Surges rise,
And plough the troubled Main ;
But soon the Tempest dies,
And all is calm again.*

C H O R U S.

Thus rolling, &c.





P A R T III. S C E N E I.

SOLOMON, Queen of SHEBA, ZADOK, and Chorus.

R E C I T A T I V E.

S O L O M O N.

AGES to come shall hail these happy Days,
That brought you here, thou fairest of the Fair.
Let choice Delights our Moments now employ,
Sacred to Love, to Harmony and Joy.

A I R.

*Haste to the Cedar-Grove,
Where fragrant Spices bloom,
And am'rous Turtle's love,
Beneath the pleasing Gloom.*

*While tinkling down the Hill,
Avoiding hateful Day;
The little murm'ring Rill,
In Whispers glides away.*

Da Capo.

A I R.

A I R.

QUEEN of Sheba.

*This Musick is divine, O King,
 All, all obey the Artist's String,
 All that I see gives vast Delight,
 All charm the Ear or please the Sight ;
 Here grateful Odours ever dwell,
 And sweetest Balsams fragrant smell.*

Da Capo.

Accompaniment.

*But when the Temple I behold,
 Blazing with Glare of Gems and Gold,
 Divinely bright ; my wond'ring Eye,
 Sees not so great beneath the Sky.
 The Stars themselves cannot afford,
 A nobler Mansion for Heav'n's Lord,
 Where with unwear'd Zeal you sing,
 The Praises of th' eternal King.*

A I R.

L E V I T E.

*Pious King, and virtuous Queen,
 May your Names resound in Story ;
 In Time's latest Annals seen,
 Crown'd with Honour, crown'd with Glory !*

Z A D O K.

*Thrice happy King, to have atchiev'd
 What scarce will henceforth be believ'd :
 When seven times around the Sphere,
 The Sun had led the new-born Year,
 The Temple rose to mark thy Days
 With endless Themes for future Praise.*

Our pious *David* wish'd, in vain,
 By this great Act to bless his Reign;
 But Heav'n the Monarch's Hopes withstood,
 For ah! his Hands were stain'd with Blood.

A I R.

*Golden Columns, fair and bright,
 Catch the Mortals ravish'd Sight;
 Round their Sides ambitious, twine
 Tendrils of the clasping Vine:
 Cherubims stand there display'd,
 O'er the Ark their Wings are laid:
 Ev'ry Object swells with State;
 All is pious, all is great.*

C H O R U S.

1 Chorus. *Praise the Lord with Harp and Tongue;
 Praise him all ye Old and Young;
 He's in Mercy ever strong.*

2 Chorus. *Praise the Lord thro' ev'ry State;
 Praise him early, praise him late;
 God alone is good and great.*

Full C H O R U S.

*Let the loud Hosannahs rise
 Widely spreading thro' the Skies.
 God alone is just and wise.*

S O L O M O N.

S O L O M O N.

Gold now is common on our happy Shore,
 And Cedars frequent are as Sycamore ;
 All, all conspire to bless my Days ;
 Fair Plenty does her Treasures raise,
 And o'er the fruitful Plains her countless Gifts displays. }

A I R.

*How green our fertile Pastures look !
 How fair our Olive Groves !
 How limpid is the gliding Brook
 That thro' the Meadows roves !*

*An hundred diff'rent balmy Flow'rs
 Salute the passing Gale,
 When Ev'ning Breezes fan the Bow'rs,
 And sweep th' enamel'd Vale.*

Q U E E N of Sheba.

May Peace in *Salem* ever dwell !
 Illustrious *Solomon*, farewell :
 Thy wise Instructions be my future Care,
 Soft as the Show'rs that chear the vernal Air ;
 Whose Warmth bids ev'ry Plant her Sweets disclose,
 The Lilly wakes, and paints the op'ning Rose.

A I R.

*Will the Sun forget to streak
 Eastern Skies with amber Ray,
 When the dusky Shades to break
 He unbars the Gates of Day?*

*Then demand if Sheba's Queen
 E'er can banish from her Thought
 All the Splendor she has seen,
 All the Knowledge thou hast taught.*

S O L O M O N.

Adieu, fair Queen, and in thy Breast
 May Peace and Virtue ever rest!

D U E T.

Queen. *Ev'ry Joy that Wisdom knows,
 May'st thou, pious Monarch share!*

Solomon. *Ev'ry Blessing Heav'n bestows,
 Be thy Portion, virtuous Fair!*

Queen. *Gently flow thy rolling Days.*

Solomon. *Sorrow be a Stranger here.*

Both. *May thy People sound thy Praise,
 Praise unbought by Price or Fear!*

GRAND CHORUS.

*The Name of the Wicked shall quickly be past ;
But the Fame of the Just shall eternally last.*

F I N I S.



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S U S A N N A.

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A N

O R A T O R I O.

As it is Perform'd at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

Set to Musick by GEORGE-FREDERICK HANDEL, Esq;



L O N D O N:

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in the *Strand*. M D C C X L I X.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CHELSIAS, *Susanna's Father.*

JOACIM, *her Husband.*

DANIEL.

1 ELDER.

2 ELDER.

JUDGE.

WOMEN.

SUSANNA.

An Attendant.



S U S A N N A.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

P A R T I. S C E N E I.

JOACIM, SUSANNA, CHELSIAS, *and* Chorus of Israelites.

C H O R U S.



OW long, Oh Lord! shall Israel groan
In Slav'ry and in Pain,
Jehovah! hear thy People's Moan,
And break th' Oppressor's Chain.

Joacim. Our Crimes repeated, have provok'd his Rage,
And now He scourges a degenerate Age.

My Wife, my fair *Susanna*, come,
And from my Bosom chase this Gloom. .

A I R.

*Clouds o'ertake the brightest Day;
Beauteous Faces,
Blooming Graces,
Soon submit, and feel Decay.
But true Faith and wedded Love
Banish Pain, and Joys improve.*

A 2

Susanna.

Susanna. Oh *Joacim*! when thou art by,
 My Soul dilates with new-born Joy;
 Down my pale Cheeks the Tears no longer run,
 But fly, like Dew, before the morning Sun.

D U E T.

Joacim. When thou art nigh
 My Pulse beats high,
 And Raptures swell my Breast:

Susanna. Search, search my Mind,
 And there you'll find
 Your lovely Form impress'd.

Both. With Joy in their Wings the young Moments shall fly,
 And chase ev'ry Cloud that would darken the Sky:
 If thou art but present my Cares to beguile,
 Oppression is softned, and Bondage will smile.

Chelsias. Lives there in *Babylon* so blest'd a Pair?
 Soft roll my Age, unknown to Pain or Care:
 My virtuous Daughter learnt the Words of Truth,
 To fear the Lord I taught her pious Youth.

A I R.

Who fears the Lord may dare all Foes,
 Him Safety shrouds where'er he goes;
 And when in Battle fierce he glows,
 No Sword, no Dart shall harm him.
 The Lord's Protection is a Shield,
 Which ne'er to mortal Force will yield;
 Tho' Millions charge him in the Field,
 Yet nothing shall alarm him.

Joacim. A Flame, like mine, so faithful and so pure,
 Shall to the Length of latest Time endure:

For Heav'n-born Virtue does the Warmth inspire,
And smiling Angels fan the Godlike Fire.

A I R.

*When first I saw my lovely Maid
Beneath the Citron's balmy Shade,
In native Innocence array'd,
My Heart became her Prize:
I gaz'd, I hug'd the pleasing Chain,
Could mortal Breast from Love refrain?
And thousand Virtues still maintain
The Conquest of her Eyes.*

Susanna. Let me confess, I hear my Praises sung
With matchless Pleasure, by thy tuneful Tongue;
And ne'er this Bosom felt the sharpen'd Dart,
'Till from your Lips I caught the am'rous Smart.

A I R.

*Would Custom bid the melting Fair
The Purpose of her Soul declare,
I then had call'd you mine;
Long ere the Day our Hands were ty'd,
And I became thy happy Bride
At Heav'n's eternal Shrine.*

Chelfias. Down my old Cheeks the Tears of Transport roll,
And balmy Comfort opens on my Soul;
Your wedded Truth each wond'ring Husband know,
Catch the bright Pattern, and with Fondness glow;
From thee, *Susanna*, may each wedded Wife
To Faith connubial dedicate her Life.

Peace,

Peace, crown'd with Roses, on your Slumbers wait,
And joyous Plenty guard the op'ning Gate.

Susanna. Oh! pious *Chelfias*, thy paternal Care
Hast taught my Steps to shun the gilded Snare,
Where Error lies conceal'd ----

Too great my Thanks to be in Words express'd,
Reign thou the Second in this grateful Breast.

A I R.

*Without the Swain's assiduous Care,
How soon the sickly Flow'r,
Depriv'd of Sun and chearing Air,
Would wither in her Bow'r!
And shall the human Mind demand less Pain,
Than the gay painted Native of the Plain?*

Joachim. Source of each Joy, thou Comfort of my Life,
My fair *Susanna*, my unspotted Wife!
A while I'm summon'd from the Town away,
Yet think not long I'll from thy Presence stay:
Mean while, be't thine each Friend to entertain,
With Converse sweet make light their galling Chain;
Each true Believer shall be welcome here,
And nourish pious Hopes without a Fear.

Susanna. In this alone with Sorrow I obey;
What Joy have I when *Joachim's* away?
Forgive the Tears that trickle from my Eyes,
Be dumb my Sorrows, and unheard my Sighs.

Joachim. Ere round the Sphere the Sun has urg'd his Wain,
And six times rested in the western Main,
Depend, my Fair, to see your Lord return.

Susanna. 'Till then, *Susanna*, 'tis thy Lot to mourn.

A I R.

SUSANNA.

7

A I R.

Joacim. *The Parent Bird, in search of Food,
A while deserts her callow Brood;
What Torments wring her anxious Breast,
Lest some rude Hand despoil her Nest:
But when she homewards does repair,
And finds each flutt'ring Infant there,
The Joy she feels, my Soul explain,
When next my Fair I greet again.*
[Exeunt Joacim and Chelcias.]

S C E N E II.

SUSANNA.

Susanna. On Joacim, may ev'ry Joy attend
At once a Husband, Lover, and a Friend.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

What means this Weight that in my Bosom lies?
What mean these Shades that swim before my Eyes?
If ought prophetic in this Breast I feel
Portending Good, Oh! quick the same reveal.
Let Joacim, my Husband, find it all;
If bad, on me alone the Danger fall.

A I R.

*Bending to the Throne of Glory,
This alone, great God, I crave;
Let me innocent before you
Rise from the devouring Grave.*

If

*If thy Will is now requiring
That I die before my Time,
All my longing Soul's desiring
Is to fall without a Crime.*

S C E N E III.

First ELDER.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

*1 Elder. Tyrannic Love! I feel thy cruel Dart,
Nor Age protects me from the burning Smart.
What, seated with the Elders of the Land,
To guide stern Justice? Unrelenting Hand!
Shall I submit to feel the raging Fires?
Youth pleads a Warrant for his hot Desires:
But when the Blood should scarce attempt to flow,
I feel the purple Torrents fiercely glow;
Love conquers all; alas! I find it so.*

A I R.

*Ye verdant Hills, ye balmy Vales,
Bear witness of my Pains;
How oft' have Shinar's golden Dales
Been taught my am'rous Strains!
The wounded Oaks in yonder Grove,
Retain the Name of her I love.*

*In vain would Age his Ice bespread,
To numb each gay Desire;
Tho' Sev'nty Winters hoar my Head,
My Heart is still on fire.*

S U S A N N A.

*By mossy Fount and Grot I rove,
And gently murmur Songs of Love.*

*Oh! sweetest of thy lovely Race,
Unveil thy matchless Charms;
Let me adore that Angel's Face,
And die within thy Arms;
My ceaseless Pangs thy Bosom move,
To grant the just Returns of Love.*

S C E N E IV.

1st and 2d ELDER, and CHORUS.

2 Elder. Say, is it fit that Age should drop his Pride,
To sooth and fondle at a Woman's Side?
Was it for this the Faithful spoke my Fame,
Nor fear'd Injustice when they heard my Name?
Now, Approbation shall withdraw her Praise,
And dark Reproach attend my setting Days.

1 Elder. Hail! reverend Brother; by that pensive Face,
Methinks some long-disputed, dubious Case,
Waits the Decision of thy blameless Tongue.

2 Elder. Who judge too rashly, will be often wrong.

1 Elder. Then tell your Friend why thus you thoughtful
stand,

Purse your arch'd Brow, and cross each folded Hand?

2 Elder. Suppose 'twere Love, could'st thou prescribe
a Cure?

1 Elder. Alas! I cannot --- I those Pangs endure:
The Shafts that fly from fair *Susanna's* Eyes
Wound the grave Statesman, and unman the Wife;
Her beauteous Image fills up all my Heart;

Is't for her Charms you likewise feel the Smart?

2 Elder. Yes; 'tis her Beauty, like a magick Spell,
That fires my Blood and bids my Years rebel:
Love, frantic Love, does all this Bosom rule,
To its hot Rage the burning Dog-Star's cool.

A I R.

*The Oak, that for a thousand Years
Withstood the Tempest's Might,
Like me, the darted Lightning fears,
And flames with sudden Light.
Curs'd be the Day, and curs'd the fatal Hour
That brought my Age into a Woman's Pow'r!*

1 Elder. Ye winged gales! convey these whisp'ring Sighs,
And tell *Susanna* that her Lover dies:
But softly murmur when you speak my Name;
Unfold my Passion, but conceal my Shame.

2 Elder. See! where around the quiv'ring Poplars twine,
The ruddy Clusters of the mantling Vine,
The Charmer sits --- with winged Haste we'll fly,
And, close conceal'd from ev'ry searching Eye,
Await our Time; then rush upon the Fair,
Force her to Bliss, and cure our wild Despair.

A I R.

1 Elder. *When the Trumpet sounds to Arms,
Will the ling'ring Soldier stay?
When the Nymph displays her Charms,
Who the Call will disobey?*

*Age and Dignity in vain
Loudly thunder in my Ear,
"From the horrid Act refrain."
Love forbids my Soul to fear.*

C H O R U S.

*Righteous Heav'n beholds their Guile,
And forbears his Wrath a while;
Yet his Bolt shall quickly fly,
Darted thro' the flaming Sky:
Tremble, Guilt, for thou shalt find,
Wrath divine outstrips the Wind.*



P A R T II. S C E N E I.

JOACIM *solus.*

FROST nips the Flow'rs that would the Fields adorn,
And tainted Mildews waste the bearded Corn;
Untimely Storms the vernal Grove destroy,
And Absence, cruel Absence murders Joy.

A I R.

*On fair Euphrates' verdant Side,
Where nodding Osiers play,
With her I've mark'd the rolling Tide,
And ev'ry Sight was gay.*

*No more the flow'ry Banks have Charms
To please me as before,
'Till dear Susanna fills these Arms,
Contentment is no more. Da Capo.*

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

S U S A N N A and Attendant.

Susanna. Lead me, Oh lead me to some cool Retreat,
My Spirits faint beneath the burning Heat.

A I R.

*Crystal Streams in Murmurs flowing,
Balmy Breezes gently blowing,
Rob of Sweets the Jess'min Bow'r:
Bow the Pines that shade yon Mountain,
Curl the softly-trickling Fountain,
Cool the noon-tide's raging Pow'r.*

Susanna. Too lovely Youth, for whom these Sorrows flow,
When will thy Presence banish ev'ry Woe?

Attendant. Soon will thy Lord, thy *Joachim*, return;
Cease then so short an Absence thus to mourn.

Susanna. Alas! whoe'er has felt the subtle Fire,
The pleasing Anguish of a chaste Desire,
Knows that an Hour swells out into a Day,
The lovely Object of our Vows away:
But, when the Darling of our Soul is near,
Time clothes with Eagles Wings the rolling Year.
But thou art kind, nor think thy Mistress vain,
If now I wish to hear the tender Strain,
Which *Joachim* compos'd, ere yet he led
These humble Beauties to the bridal Bed.

A I R

A I R.

*Attend. Ask if yon damask Rose be sweet,
That scents th' ambient Air;
Then ask each Shepherd that you meet
If dear Susanna's fair.*

*Say, will the Vulture leave his Prey,
And warble thro' the Grove?
Bid wanton Linnets quit the Spray,
Then doubt thy Shepherd's Love.*

*The Spoils of War let Heroes share;
Let Pride in Splendor shine;
Ye Bards, unenvy'd Laurels wear;
Be fair Susanna mine.*

*Susanna. In vain you try to cure my rising Grief,
My wounded Bosom spurns at all Relief.*

*Attendant. I know the Pangs that cleave the bleeding Heart,
Still in my Breast I feel the pointed Dart;
An humble Swain did all my Pains create,
An humble Swain best suited with my State:
But Death soon seiz'd him, an untimely Prize!
And tore the Youth for ever from my Eyes.*

A I R.

*Beneath the Cypress' gloomy Shade,
Where silver Lilies paint the Glade,
I saw the lovely Shepherd laid,
Whose Loss I still deplore:
He was in truth the sweetest Swain
That ever trod this flow'ry Plain,
Or wak'd in Virgin's Heart a Pain;
But is, alas! no more.*

Susanna.

Susanna. Thy plaintive Strains my inmost Sorrows move,
For well *Susanna* knows the Pangs of Love.

Attendant. Excuse th' involuntary Tears that flow,
But my sad Heart must vent its secret Woe.

Susanna. I was to blame to wake thy inmost Smart;
Compose, sweet Maid, compose thy beating Heart.
But haste, good Virgin, hither Unguents bring,
And all the Spices that embalm the Spring;
To shun the scorching Day, I mean to lave
My fainting Limbs in yonder silver Wave. [*Exit Attendant.*]

S C E N E III.

S U S A N N A and two Elders.

A short Symphony.

Susanna. But hark! what sudden Noise invades my Ear?
Defend me, Heav'n, from ev'ry Wrong I fear! ---
What mean ye both? Say, why do ye invade
The awful Gloom of this sequester'd Shape?

A I R.

1 Elder. *Blooming as the Face of Spring,
Mild as Beams of dying Light,
Softer than the Cygnet's Wing,
Source of Joy and fond Delight!
Hear my Pray'r,
Charming Fair,
With one Smile dismiss my Care.*

2 Elder. We long have languish'd, and now mean to prove
The matchless Sweets of long expecting Love.

Susanna. You wrong yourselves to plead so foul a Cause;

Are these the boasted Guardians of our Laws?
But sure in Sport you both together came,
For I may doubt your yet unspotted Fame?
Hence, pious Elders, lest some jealous Spy
Behold your Conduct with an envious Eye.

A I R.

2 Elder. *The Torrent that sweeps in its Course
Whole Forests and Cities along,
Resistless is found in its Force,
My Passion is equally strong.*

*Whate'er would my Purpose restrain,
In pieces my Fury shall tear,
Denial is offer'd in vain;
Then yield to Intreaty, proud Fair.*

Susanna. Deceitful Wolves! who left in Truth's Defence,
Wrong the high Trust, and prey on Innocence;
Desist, rash Men! nor press my trembling Hand,
Lest I awake the Vengeance of the Land.

2 Elder. Thou foolish Woman! will thy 'Plaints avail
When our grave Tongues repeat the well-forg'd Tale?
Will those suspect, to whom your Grief complains,
That Blood could riot in an Elder's Veins?

T R I O.

Susanna. *Away, away!
Ye tempt me both in vain.*

2 Elder. *Yet stay, yet stay,
And hear my love-sick Strain.*

2 Elder.

2 Elder. *I scorn to intreat,
When by Force I may gain
Relief to my Sorrows,
And Ease to my Pain.*

Susanna. Alas! I find the fatal Toils are set,
Turn as I will I struggle in the Net:
Yet hear the inmost Purpose of my Soul,
Which Wrongs shall ne'er suppress, nor Fears control;
By Falshood's Aid appearing Truth be thine,
Self-conscious Virtue shall be ever mine.

2 Elder. That shall be try'd ---- Who waits there? ---- Ho,
within!

S C E N E IV.

Enter CHORUS.

2 Elder. I caught the fair Delinquent in her Sin;
The youthful Partner of her stoln Embrace
Broke from our feeble Arms, and fled the Place.
Ourselves beheld within the mazy Grove
Their guilty Pleasures, and adult'rous Love.

1 Elder. To Judgment soon th' ill-fated Beauty lead,
Ah! would these Eyes had ne'er beheld the Deed!

A I R.

Susanna. If guiltless Blood be your Intent,
I here resign it all;
Fearless of Death, as innocent,
I triumph in my Fall:
And, if to Fate my Days must run,
Oh righteous Heav'n! thy Will be done.

2 Elder. [*Interrupting her.*] Quick to her Fate the loose
Adult'refs bear,

Fair to the Eye, but falser than she's fair.

[*Susanna repeats the Air* If guiltless Blood, &c.

C H O R U S.

*Let Justice reign, and flourish thro' the Land,
Nor Youth, nor Charms divert her iron Hand.*

S C E N E V.

J O A C I M and C H O R U S.

Joacim. Is fair *Susanna* false? It ne'er can be.
Detested Scroll ne'er gain Belief from me.
Is she not softer than the Breath of Love,
Fair as the Roe, and constant as the Dove?
Hence, let me speed to *Babylon's* proud Walls,
Where Danger threatens, and *Susanna* calls.

A I R.

*On the rapid Whirlwind's Wing,
See, I fly to seek the Fair;
On the rapid Whirlwind's Wing,
Lo I cleave the yielding Air.
At my Sight,
Fresh Delight
From her Breast shall chase Despair.*

C H O R U S.

*Oh Joacim! thy wedded Truth
Is warranted by Heav'n;
And to thy Faith, illustrious Youth,
Shall due Reward be gi-v'n.*



P A R T III. S C E N E I.

SUSANNA, ELDERS, DANIEL, JUDGE, *and* CHORUS.

C H O R U S.



*HE Cause is decided, the Sentence decreed,
Sufanna is guilty, Sufanna must bleed.*

Sufanna. I hear my Doom, nor yet the Laws accuse,
The Witnesses your much-wrong'd Ears abuse.
Then welcome Death! I meet you with Delight,
And change this Earth for Realms of endless Light.

A I R.

*Faith displays her rosy Wing;
Cherubs Songs of Gladness sing;
Virtue, clad in bright Array,
Streaming with eternal Day,
Whispers in my ravish'd Ear,
"Innocence shall never fear;
"Welcome to this bright Abode,
"Seat of Angels, Seat of God."*

I Elder. Permit me, Fair, to mourn thy Fate severe,
And join thy Sorrows with one pious Tear.

A I R.

*Round thy Urn my Tears shall flow,
Joy no more this Heart shall know;*

*The Remembrance of thy Woe
 Never ceasing,
 Still increasing,
 With the Length of Time shall grow.*

Susanna. 'Tis thus the Crocodile his Grief displays,
 Sheds the false Dew, and, while he weeps, betrays.
 Ah! when I think what *Joachim* must feel,
 This tortur'd Heart can scarce its Pangs conceal.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

But you, who see me on the Verge of Life,
 I charge you, greet him from his dying Wife;
 Tell him, howe'er the Elders have decreed,
 Their impious Lust provok'd the bloody Deed;
 And, had *Susanna* plighted Vows betray'd,
 Beneath the Cover of yon conscious Shade,
 Their venal Tongues had spar'd her much-wrong'd Name,
 Nor mark'd her Actions with the Brand of Shame.

2 Elder. The Sentence now is past; the Wretch convey
 To instant Death; I'll hear no more --- away.

Daniel. The Blood of Innocence, with ceaseless Cries,
 Shall cleave the Womb of Earth, and reach the Skies.

1 Elder. What Voice is that so clam'rous in the Croud,
 That censures Judgment in a Tone so loud?

Daniel. Fools that ye are, too forward to believe
 A varnish'd Tale, invented to deceive;
 Reverse, reverse the stern Decree,
 And set the chaste *Susanna* free.

1 Elder. Presumptuous Boy! art thou to dictate here?
 Think of thy Youth, and shake with awful Fear.

A I R.

Daniel. *'Tis not Age's sullen Face,
Wrinkled Front, and solemn Pace,
That the truly Wise declares.
Sacred Wisdom oft appears
In the Bloom of vernal Tears,
Oft she flies from silver Hairs.*

Judge. Oh, wond'rous Youth! re-judge the Cause,
And from thy Tongue pronounce the Laws;
As she appears to thy discerning Eye,
The Fair we will acquit, or doom to die.

Daniel. If you demand that I the Cause decide,
Her old Accusers for a while divide;
Let not the One the Other's Questions hear,
For Truth will ne'er in diff'rent Garbs appear.

C H O R U S

*Impartial Heav'n! whose Hand shall never cease
To cheer fair Virtue with the Balm of Peace,
With thy own Ardors bless the pious Youth,
And guide his Footsteps to the Paths of Truth.*

Daniel. Thou artful Wretch, in Vice's Practice gray,
Who sav'st the Guilty, and the Just would slay;
Thou say'st that lately, with a wanton Youth,
The fair *Susanna* broke her Vows of Truth;
If so, what Tree, declare at once, declare,
Stretch'd forth her Boughs to screen the guilty Pair?

1 Elder. A verdant Lentisk, Pride of all the Grove,
Stood the gay Witness of their lawless Love.

Daniel. False is thy Tale, thy Lips have utter'd Lies,
And Heav'n shall scourge you for your Blasphemies.

[*A short Symphony.*]

And say, thou Partner in the impious Deed,
Of *Canaan's*, sure, and not of *Israel's* Seed,
Beneath what Tree you chaste *Susanna* saw,
Embrace her Lover, and transgress the Law.

2 *Elder.* Far to the West, direct your straining Eyes,
Where yon tall Holm-tree darts into the Skies;
See his large Boughs an ample Shade afford,
There, there *Susanna* wrong'd her wedded Lord.

Daniel. Vain is Deceit when Justice holds the Scale,
The Falshood's flagrant by the vary'd Tale.

Susanna! from thy captive Dungeon go,
Thy Fame is whiter than unsullied Snow.
For you, an ignominious Death's decreed,
Virtue is clear'd, and impious Guilt shall bleed.
And hence be taught, Who Justice would dispense
To stop the Ear to ev'ry soothing Sense;
Your Mind be steel'd against each flatt'ring Call,
For, if you stumble, you as surely fall.
Instant conduct them to their Fate,
And bid my Presence of a Sight I hate:
And hence let Virtue never know a Fear,
For in her Dangers a kind Help is near.

A I R.

A I R.

*Chastity, thou Cherub bright,
Gentle as the Dawn of Light,
Soft as Musick's dying Strain :
Teach the Fair how vain is Beauty,
When she breaks the Bounds of Duty,
Vain are Charms, and Graces vain.*

Susanna. But see! my Lord, my Joacim appears,
With the kind Tutor of my infant Years.

S C E N E II.

To them JOACIM and CHELSIAS.

A I R.

Joacim. Gold within the Furnace try'd
Shall the sharp Essay abide,
Purer from the purging Fire :
So shall Virtue, when pursu'd
By foul Envy's venom'd Brood,
With superior Grace aspire.

Chelsias. The joyful News of chaste *Susanna's* Truth
Wakes me to Comfort, and recalls my Youth.

Susanna. Receive my Thanks, they're all that I can pay ;
If I deserve, you pointed out the Way.

A I R.

Chelsias. Raise your Voice to Sounds of Joy,
Pierce the list'ning Skies ;
Impious Hopes themselves destroy,
But Virtue gains the Prize.

C H O R U S.

*Bless'd be the Day that gave Susanna birth,
The chastest Beauty that e'er grac'd the Earth.*

Susanna. Hence, ev'ry Pang that late my Soul oppress'd;
Comfort, return, and harbour in this Breast.
Nature, lest Blessing should too quickly cloy,
Blends Good with Bad, and mixes Tears with Joy.

A I R.

*Guilt trembling spoke my Doom,
And Vice her Foy display'd,
Till Truth dispell'd the Gloom,
And came to Virtue's Aid.*

*Kind Heav'n, my Pray'rs receive,
They're due alone to thee;
Oppression's left to grieve,
And Innocence is free.*

Joachim. Sweet are the Accents of thy tuneful Tongue,
Less sweet the Lark begins his Morning Song.
Malice shall strive thy spotless Fame to stain,
And raise her Voice against my Fair in vain:

Susanna. Lord of my Heart, and of each warm Desire,
With thee the Flame began, and shall expire.

D U E T.

Joachim. To my chaste Susanna's Praise
I'll the swelling Note prolong.

Susanna. While my grateful Voice I raise,
Thy dear Name shall grace the Song.

Joachim.

Joacim. *Echo, catch the tender Strains,*
 Sufanna. *On thy Wings the Musick bear,*
 Both. *Till it reach the distant Plains,*
 Dying in the Void of Air.

C H O R U S.

A Virtuous Wife shall soften Fortune's Frown,
She's far more precious than a golden Crown.

F I N I S.



E R R A T A.

Page 8. Line 11. after *Justice* dele ?
 Line 20. for *golden* read *flow'ry*
 Page 11. Line 11. for *tainted* read *tainting*
 Page 23. Line 6. for *Blessing* read *Blessings*

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16
THEODORA.

A N

ORATORIO.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL *in* Covent-Garden.

Set to Musick by Mr. HANDEL.



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BELIEVE nothing more need be mention'd to account for, or recommend the Choice of the following Subject on this Occasion, than that the great Mr. *Boyle* thought it worthy his Pen: In a Treatise entitled, *The Martyrdom of Theodora and Didymus*, Book II. written by a Person of Honour: and printed in 1687; and since reprinted in his Works. Where, in his Preface, he tells us, that "Having had occasion to

" turn over a Martyrology, and some other Books, that related to the Sufferings of the primitive Christians, he chanced to light on those of a Virgin, who, tho' (to his Wonder) she was left unnamed by the other Writers, that mention the Fact, seem'd plainly to be the same, that is by one of them expressly call'd *Theodora*.

" And that in another Author, he found mention made of a Person about *Dioclesian's* Time, whom he took to be our Martyr, that was intimated to be of high Quality, if not a Princess; which Title, says he, I had without scruple given her: If I had been half as sure that she was a Princess as that she deserv'd to be one.

But the *French* Tragedian, I think, has styled her a Daughter, or Descendant of *Antiochus*, and herein I have follow'd *Him*; but in no other Circumstance or Sentiment whatever; the rest being chiefly taken from Mr. *Boyle's* Plan, as far as the Scantiness of a Performance of this kind would permit.

It seems, this noble Author had divided the Story into two Parts: " In the first whereof, he gave somewhat at large the Character of these two excellent Persons: He mention'd the Rise and Progress of *Didymus's* Love; the Degeneracy of the then Christians, which provok'd Divine Providence to expose them to a very bloody Persecution; that *Theodora* being involv'd therein was brought before the President of *Antioch*; that she resolutely own'd her Religion before him, and resisted both his Promises, and his Threats; that thereupon the Judge doom'd her to offer Sacrifice to Idols, or to be prostituted in the public *Stews*; that, after an eager Debate in her own Mind, refusing to offer Sacrifice, she was led away to the infamous Place; where being shut up in a Room, she employ'd the little Time given her for further Deliberation, in fervent Prayer to the true God, for a Rescue of her Purity, not her Life; in order whereunto she design'd, and hoped, by Resistance and Contumelies, to provoke her first Assailant to become her Murderer.

These were the Contents of the first Part; which having gone through many Hands, in loose Papers only, some of them happened to be lost, and the Author could not be prevail'd upon to endeavour their Recovery.

" The Second Part consists of an Account of the last Hours of her Life; and particularly of those Sufferings, that ended in her and *Didymus's* glorious
" Martyrdom;

“ Martyrdom; and, (happily) so much of this Book, says the Author, was
 “ by little and little retriev’d, that a Pretence was afforded my Friends, to
 “ press me to repair the Breaches, and restore, out of my Memory, or other-
 “ wise, a Piece, which they would needs persuade me, might do some good,
 “ by rendering Virtue amiable, and recommending Piety, to a Sort of Readers,
 “ that are much more affected by shining examples, and patheticall Expres-
 “ sions, than by dry Precepts and grave Discourses.

And I flatter myself there may be Readers to whom the following Lines, (to
 complete in some measure the Story, and point out the Moral of it,) may be
 acceptable, tho’ they would have prov’d tedious, especially at the Conclusion
 of the Performance.

SEPTIMIUS to the Christians.

Ye happy Christians, happy ’midst your Woes,
 Behold a Convert; take me to your Fold;
 Your Enemy no more, if helpless Friend.
 As lovely in their Deaths, as in their Lives,
 Fal’n are the matchless Pair: and falling thus,
 They struck Conviction in a thousand Hearts;
 But chiefly *Theodora*, whom no Threats,
 Nor her disfigur’d Lover’s lifeless Limbs,
 Could terrify. — She saw, and with a Smile
 Contemptuous on the Impotence of Rage,
 Bade lead her to the Stake. — Where while she pray’d,
 A sweet Effusion of celestial Joy,
 Flush’d in her Cheeks, and gave her native Charms
 New Lustre, ev’n such Majesty, she seem’d
 Not going to Heav’n, but just come from thence;
 To Lesson with this Truth the Standers-by;
 That, *Whoso hopes to live, must wish to die.*

*Join ye your Songs, ye Saints on Earth,
 With the blest Saints above:
 And hail the Triumphs of their Birth,
 In Glory, Peace, and Love.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENS, *President of Antioch.*

DIDYMUS, *A Roman Officer, converted by, and in Love
 with Theodora.*

SEPTIMIUS, *a Roman Officer, his Friend.*

THEODORA, *A Christian of Noble Birth.*

IRENE, *A Christian.*

Chorus of Christians.

Chorus of Heathens.





T H E O D O R A.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

P A R T I. S C E N E I.

R E C I T A T I V E.

V A L E N S.



IS Dioclesian's Natal Day. ----
Proclaim, throughout the Bounds of *Antioch*,
A Feast, and solemn Sacrifice to *Jove*. ----
Who so disdains to join the sacred Rites,
Shall feel our Wrath, in Chastisement, or Death.
And This, *Septimius*, take you in Charge.

A I R.

Go, my faithful Soldier, go.
Let the fragrant Incense rise,
To Jove, great Ruler of the Skies:

C H O R U S.

And draw a Blessing down,
On his Imperial Crown;
Who rules the World below.

B

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V E.

Didymus. --- Vouchsafe, dread Sir, a gracious Ear
To my Request. --- Let not your Sentence doom
To Racks and Flames, all, all, whose scrup'lous Minds
Will not permit them, or, to bend the Knee
To Gods they know not, or, in wanton Mood,
To celebrate the Day with *Roman* Rites.

Valens. Art thou a *Roman*, and yet dar'st defend
• A Sect, rebellious to the Gods and *Rome*?

Didymus. Many there are in *Antioch*, who disdain
An Idol-Offering, yet are Friends to *Cæsar*.

Valens. It cannot be: They are not *Cæsar's* Friends,
Who own not *Cæsar's* Gods. --- I'll hear no more.

A I R.

Racks, Gibbets, Sword, and Fire,
Shall speak my vengeful Ire,
Against the stubborn Knee:
Nor gushing Tears,
Nor ardent Pray'rs,
Shall shake our firm Decree.

Chorus of Heathens.

For ever thus stand fix'd the Doom
Of Rebels to the Gods and Rome:
While sweeter than the Trumpet's Sound,
Their Groans and Cries are heard around.

S C E N E II.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Didymus. Most cruel Edict! Sure, thy gen'rous Soul,
Septimius, abhors the dreadful Task

Of Persecution. --- Ought we not to leave
The free-born Mind of Man, still ever free?
Since vain is the Attempt, to force Belief
With the severest Instruments of Death.

A I R.

*The raptur'd Soul defies the Sword,
Secure of Virtue's Claim;
And trusting Heav'n's unerring Word,
Enjoys the circling Flame.
No Engines can a Tyrant find
To storm the Truth supported Mind.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Septimius. I know thy Virtues, and ask not thy Faith:
Enjoy it as you will, my *Didymus*. ---
Tho' not a Christian, (for I worship still
The Gods my Fathers worship'd) yet, I own,
Something within declares for Acts of Mercy.
But *Antioch's* President must be obey'd;
Such is the *Roman* Discipline: While We
Can only pity, whom we dare not spare.

A I R.

*Descend, kind Pity, heav'nly Guest,
Descend, and fill each human Breast
With sympathizing Woe.
That Liberty, and Peace of Mind,
May sweetly harmonize Mankind,
And bless the World below.*

SCENE III.

Theodora, *with the Christians.*

RECITATIVE.

Tho' hard, my Friends, yet wholsom are the Truths
Taught in Affliction's School; whence the pure Soul
Rises refin'd, and soars above the World.

A I R.

*Fond, flatt'ring World, adieu!
Thy gaily-smiling Pow'r,
Empty Treasures,
Fleeting Pleasures,
Ne'er shall tempt, or charm me more.
Faith inviting,
Hope delighting,
Nobler Joys we now persue.*

RECITATIVE.

Irene. O bright Example of all Goodness!
How easy seems Affliction's heavy Load,
While thus instructed, and companion'd thus,
As 'twere, with Heav'n conversing, we look down
On the vain Pomp of proud Prosperity!

A I R.

*Bane of Virtue, Nurse of Passions,
Soother of vile Inclinations,
Such is, Prosperity, thy Name.*

*True Happiness is only found,
Where Grace, and Truth, and Love abound,
And pure Religion feeds the Flame.*

CHORUS.

*Come, mighty Father, mighty Lord,
With Love our Souls inspire:
While Grace, and Truth, flow from thy Word,
And feed the holy Fire.*

SCENE IV.

RECITATIVE.

Messenger. --- Fly, fly, my Brethren, Heathen Rage
Persues us swift, ----
Arm'd with the Terrors of insulting Death.

Irene. Ah! whither should we fly? or fly from whom?
The Lord is still the same, to day, for ever:
And his Protection here, and ev'ry where. ---
--- Tho' gath'ring round our destin'd Heads
The Storm now thickens, and looks big with Fate;
Still shall thy Servants wait on Thee, O Lord,
And in thy saving Mercy put their Trust.

AIR.

*As with rosy Steps the Morn
Advancing, drives the Shades of Night;
So from virtuous Toils well-borne,
Raise Thou our Hopes of endless light.
---Triumphant Saviour! Lord of Day!
Thou art the Life, the Light, the Way.*

CHORUS.

*All Pow'r in Heav'n above, or Earth beneath,
 Belongs to Thee alone,
 Thou everlasting One,
 Mighty to save, in Perils, Storm, and Death.*

SCENE V.

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

RECITATIVE.

Septimius. Mistaken Wretches! why thus blind to Fate,
 Do ye in private Oratories dare
 Oppose the President's Decree? and scorn
 With native Rites to celebrate the Day,
 Sacred to *Cæsar*, and protecting *Jove*?

AIR.

*Dread the Fruits of Christian Folly,
 And this stubborn Melancholy;
 Fond of Life and Liberty.
 Chains, and Dungeons are ye wooing,
 And the Storm of Death persuing;
 Rebels to the known Decree.*

RECITATIVE.

Theodora. Deluded Mortal! call it not Rebellion,
 That thus we persevere in Spirit, and Truth,
 To worship God: It is *his* dread Command,
 His, whom we cannot, dare not, disobey,
 Tho' Death be our Reward. ---

Septimius. --- Death is not yet thy Doom;
 But worse than Death to such a virtuous Mind,

Which

Which *Didymus* wants Eloquence to praise. ---
 Lady, these Guards are order'd to convey you,
 To the vile Place, a Prostitute, to whom
Valens thinks proper to devote your Charms.

Theodora. O worse than Death indeed! --- Lead me, ye
 Guards,
 Lead me, or to the Rack, or to the Flames;
 I'll thank your gracious Mercy. ---

A I R.

*Angels, ever bright, and fair,
 Take, O take me to your Care:
 Speed to your own Courts my Flight,
 Clad in Robes of Virgin white. [Exit with Septimius.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter DIDYMUS.

RECITATIVE.

Didymus. Unhappy happy Crew! --- why stand you thus
 Wild with Amazement? --- say where is my Love,
 My kind Instructor in fair Virtue's Path,
 My Life, my *Theodora*? --- has the Tyrant
 Seiz'd on his guiltless Prey? ---

Irene. --- Alas! she's gone.
 Too late thou cam'st to save, (if in thy Pow'r
 To save,) the fairest, noblest, best of Women. ---
 A Roman Soldier led her trembling hence
 To the vile Place, where *Venus* keeps her Court.
 Yet on his Brow Reluctance seem'd to sit,
 And helpless Pity bade us wait our Doom.

A I R.

A I R.

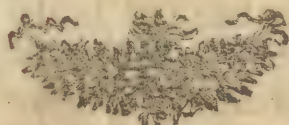
Didym. Kind Heav'n, if *Virtue* be thy Care,
 With *Courage* fire me,
 Or *Art* inspire me,
 To free the *Captive Fair*.
 On the *Wings* of the *Wind* will I fly,
 With this *Princess* to live, or this *Christian* to die. [Exit.]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Irene. O *Love*! how great thy *Pow'r*! but greater still,
 When *Virtue* prompts the steady *Mind* to prove
 The native *Strength* in *Deeds* of highest *Honour*.

C H O R U S.

Go, gen'rous, pious *Youth*,
 May all the *Pow'rs* above
 Reward thy virtuous *Love*,
 Thy *Constancy* and *Truth*;
 With *Theodora's Charms*,
 Free from these dire *Alarms*:
 Or crown you with the *Blest*,
 In *Glory*, *Peace*, and *Rest*.





T H E O D O R A.

P A R T II. S C E N E I.

R E C I T A T I V E.

V A L E N S.

YE Men of *Antioch*, with solemn Pomp,
Renew the grateful Sacrifice to *Jove*:
And while your Songs ascend the vaulted Skies,
Pour on the smoking Altars Floods of Wine
In honour of the smiling Deities,
Fair *Flora*, and the *Cyprian* Queen.

C H O R U S.

*Queen of Summer, Queen of Love,
And thou cloud-compelling Jove;
Grant a long, and happy Reign,
To great Cæsar, King of Men.*

A I R.

Valens. *Wide spread his Name,
And make his Glory,
Of endless Fame
The lasting Story.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Return, *Septimius*, to the stubborn Maid,
And learn her final Resolution.

If e'er the Sun with prone Career has reach'd
 The Western Isles, she deigns an Offering
 To the great Gods, (who subjected the World
 To conqu'ring *Rome*) she shall be free. --- If not,
 The meanest of my Guards with lustful Joy
 Shall triumph o'er her boasted Chastity.

CHORUS.

*Venus laughing from the Skies
 Will applaud her Votaries: ---
 When seizing the Treasure,
 We revel in Pleasure,
 And Revenge sweet Love supplies.*

S C E N E II.

Theodora, in her Place of Confinement.

RECITATIVE.

O thou bright Sun! how sweet thy Rays,
 To Health, and Liberty! but here, alas!
 They swell the agonizing Thought of Shame,
 And pierce my Soul with Sorrows yet unknown.

AIR.

*With Darknefs deep as is my Woe,
 Hide me, ye Shades of Night.
 Your thickest Veil around me throw,
 Conceal'd from human Sight.
 Or come, thou Death, thy Victim save,
 Kindly embosom'd in the Grave.*

[Symphony of soft Musick.]

RECITATIVE.

But why art thou disquieted, my Soul? ---
Hark! Heav'n invites thee in sweet rapt'rous Strains
To join the ever-singing, ever-loving Choir
Of Saints, and Angels in the Courts above.

A I R.

*O that I on Wings cou'd rise,
Swiftly sailing through the Skies,
As skims the silver Dove;
That I might rest,
For ever blest,
With Harmony and Love.*

SCENE III.

RECITATIVE.

Didymus. Long have I known thy friendly social Soul,
Septimius, oft experienc'd in the Camp,
And perilous Scenes of War, when Side by Side
We fought, and brav'd the Dangers of the Field,
Dependent on each other's Arm; with Freedom then,
I will disclose my Mind. --- I am a Christian.
And she, who by Heav'n's influential Grace,
With pure religious Sentiments inspir'd
My Soul, with virtuous Love inflam'd my Heart:
Ev'n she, who, shame to all Humanity!
Is now condemn'd to public Lust. ---

Septimius. --- No more:
The Shame reflects too much upon thy Friend,
The mean, tho' duteous, Instrument of Pow'r;
Knowing her Virtues only, not thy Love.

A I R.

*Tho' the Honours, that Venus, and Flora receive
From the Romans, this Christian refuses to give;
Yet nor Venus, nor Flora, delight in the Woe,
That disfigures their fairest Resemblance below.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Didymus. O save her then, or give me Pow'r to save
By free Admission to th' imprison'd Maid.

Septimius. My Guards, not less asham'd of their vile Office,
Will second your Intent, and pleasure me.

Didymus. I will reward them with a bounteous Heart,
And you, my Friend, with all that Heav'n can give
To the Sincerity of Pray'r.

A I R.

*Deeds of Kindness to display,
Pity suing,
Mercy wooing,
Who the Call can disobey?
But the opportune Redress,
Of virtuous Beauty in Distress,
All Earth will praise, and Heav'n repay.*

S C E N E IV.

Irene with the Christians.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Clouds begin to veil the Hemisphere,
And heavily bring on the Night; the Last
Perhaps to us, Oh! that it were the last

To *Theodora*, ere she fall a Prey
To unexampled Lust and Cruelty.

A I R.

*Defend her, Heav'n. --- Let Angels spread
Their viewless Tents around her Bed;
Keep her from vile Assaults secure,
Still ever calm, and ever pure.*

SCENE V. *Theodora's Place of Confinement.*

Didymus at a distance, the Vizor of his Helmet clos'd.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Or lull'd with Grief, or, rapt her Soul to Heav'n,
In Innocence of Thought, entranc'd she lies;
Her Beauty shining still, like *Cynthia*,
Rising in clouded Majesty. --- *[Approaching her.]*

A I R.

*Sweet Rose, and Lily, flow'ry Form,
Take me, your faithful Guard;
To shield you from bleak Wind, and Storm:
A Smile be my Reward.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Theodora. [Starting.] O save me, Heav'n, in this my perilous Hour!

Didymus. Start not, much injur'd Princess, --- I come not
As one this Place might give you Cause to dread,
But your Deliverer; sent by just Heav'n
To save the World's unrival'd Ornament
Of Virtue, Faith, and every Christian Grace;

And

And that dear Ornament to *Theodora*,
 Her Angel-Purity. --- If you vouchsafe
 But to change Habit with --- your *Didymus*.

[Discovering himself.]

Theodora. --- Excellent Youth!
 I know thy Courage, Virtue, and thy Love;
 And never can consent they should destroy
 Their Author. This becomes not *Theodora*,
 But the blind Enemies of Truth. --- Oh, no;
 It must not be. --- Yet *Didymus* can give
 A Boon, will make me happy, nor himself
 Endanger. ---

Didymus. --- How? or what? my Soul with Transport
 Listens to the Request. ---

A I R.

Theod. *The Pilgrim's Home, the sick Man's Health,*
The Captive's Ransom, poor Man's Wealth,
From thee I wou'd receive.
These, and a thousand Treasures more,
That gentle Death has now in store,
Thy Hand and Sword can give.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Didymus. --- Forbid it, Heav'n!
 Shall I destroy the Life I came to save?
 Shall I in *Theodora's* Blood embue
 My guilty Hands; and give her Death, who taught
 Me first to live? ---

--- Or say, what Right have I
 To take, what just Reflection bids confess
 Not at your own Disposal? --- Think it too

No less a Crime, if thus inflexible
Your Safety you refuse. --- Time forbids more :
Strait then resolve to gain your Liberty,
Preserve your Honour, and secure your Life.

Theodora. Ah! what is Life, or Liberty to me,
That *Didymus* must purchase with his own?

Didymus. Fear not for me. The Pow'r that led me higher
Will guard me hence; if not, his Will be done.

Theodora. Yes, kind Deliverer, I will trust that Pow'r
To hear my Pray'r for Thee, so lately heard
For *Theodora*, who had ne'er expos'd
Her Friend, to shun a Danger, that concern'd
Only her Life. --- Farewel, thou gen'rous Youth.

Didymus. Farewel, thou Mirror of the Virgin State.

D U E T.

Theod. To thee, thou glorious Son of Worth,
Didym. To thee, whose Virtues suit thy Birth,
Theod. Be Life and Safety giv'n;
Didym. Be every Blessing giv'n:
Both. I hope again to meet on Earth,
But sure shall meet in Heav'n.

S C E N E VI.

Irene with the Christians.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis Night, but Night's kind Blessing is deny'd
To Grief like ours. --- How can we think of Sleep,
While *Theodora* wakes to Misery;

And

And threatening Death hangs hovering o'er our Heads!
 Be Pray'r our Refuge; Pray'r to *Him*, who rais'd,
 And still can raise, the Dead to Life and Joy.

C H O R U S.

*“ He saw the lovely Youth, Death's early Prey;
 Alas! too early snatch'd away!
 He heard his Mother's Funeral Cries:
 Rise, Youth, he said: The Youth begins to rise:
 Lowly the Matron bow'd, and bore away the Prize.*





T H E O D O R A.

P A R T III. S C E N E I.

IRENE *with the Christians.*

A I R.

LORD to thee, each Night, and Day,
Strong in Hope, we sing, and pray:
Tho' convulsive rocks the Ground,
And thy Thunders roll around;
Still to thee, each Night and Day,
Strong in Hope, we sing, and pray.

S C E N E II.

Enter Theodora, in the Habit of Didymus.

RECITATIVE.

Irene. But see, the good, the virtuous *Didymus*!
Wakeful, as *Philomel*, with throbbing Heart,
He comes to join with us in Pray'r
For *Theodora*. ---

[*Theodora, discovering herself.*]

No; Heav'n has heard your Pray'rs for *Theodora*:
Behold her safe, --- Oh! that as free, and safe,

D

Were

Were *Didymus*, my kind Deliverer!
But let this Habit speak the rest. ---

A I R.

*When sunk in Anguish, and Despair,
I cried to Heav'n, Heav'n heard my Pray'r,
And bade a tender Father's Care
The generous Youth employ.
The generous Youth obey'd, and came,
All rapt in Love's divinest Flame,
To save a wretched Virgin's Fame,
And turn her Grief to Joy.*

C H O R U S.

*Blest be the Hand, and blest the Pow'r,
That in the dark, and dangerous Hour,
Sav'd thee from cruel Strife.
Lord, favour still the kind Intent,
And bless thy gracious Instrument,
With Liberty, and Life.*

S C E N E III.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Messenger. Undaunted in the Court stands *Didymus*,
Virtuously proud of rescued Innocence;
But vain to save the generous Hero's Life,
Are all Intreaties, ev'n from *Romans* vain. ---
And high enrag'd the President protests,
Shou'd he regain the Fugitive, no more
To try her with the Fear of Infamy,
But with the Terrors of a cruel Death. ---

Irene.

Irene. Ah! *Theodora*, whence this sudden Change
From Grief's pale Looks, to Looks of red'ning Joy?

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Theodora. --- O my *Irene*, Heav'n is kind;
And *Valens* too is kind, to give me Pow'r
To execute in turn my Gratitude,
While safe my Honour. ---

--- Stay me not, dear Friend,
Only assist me, with a proper Dress,
That I may ransom the too generous Youth.

D U E T.

Irene. *Whither, Princess, do you fly,
Sure to suffer, sure to die?*

Theod. No, no, *Irene*, no;
To Life, and Joy I go.

Irene. *Vain Attempt.* --- O stay, O stay.

Theod. *Duty calls* --- I must obey.

[Exit *Theodora*.]

RECITATIVE.

Irene. She's gone, disdaining Liberty and Life,
And every Honour this frail Life can give.
Devotion bids aspire to nobler Things,
To boundless Love, and Joys ineffable.
And such her Expectation from kind Heav'n.

A I R.

*New Scenes of Joy come crowding on,
While Sorrow fleets away;
Like Mists before the rising Sun,
That gives a glorious Day.*

D 2

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Valens to Didymus.

R E C I T A T I V E.

--- Is it a Christian Virtue then,
To rescue from the Hands of Justice, One
Condemn'd by my Authority? ---

Didymus. Such my Religion it condemns all Crimes,
None more than Disobedience to just Pow'r.
And had your Sentence doom'd her but to Death,
I then might have deplor'd your Cruelty,
And not attempted to defeat it. --- Yet
I own no Crime, unless it be a Crime
To've hinder'd you from perpetrating that,
Which wou'd have made you odious to Mankind;
At least the fairest Half. ---

Valens. --- Ay, ay, fond Man!
It was the Charms of Beauty, not of Virtue,
That prompted you to save her. --- Take him hence,
And lead him to Repentance, or --- to Death.

S C E N E V.

Enter Theodora.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Theodora. Be That my Doom. --- You may inflict it *here*
With legal Justice, *there* 'tis Cruelty.
If Blood your angry Laws require; behold,
The Principal is come to pay the Debt.

And

And welcome sure to *Romans* the Exchange,
A warlike Hero for an helpless Maid.

Septimius. Dwells there such virtuous Courage in the Sex!
Preserve them, O ye Gods, preserve them both. ---
Ye *Romans*, join in the Request, if e'er
Lucretia's Memory was dear to you,
Or this your Leader's Valour, and Renown.

A I R.

*From Virtue springs each generous Deed,
That claims our grateful Pray'r.
Let Justice for the Hero plead,
And Pity save the Fair.*

A I R.

Valens. Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Pray'r;
The Pow'rs below
No Pity know,
For the Brave, or for the Fair:
Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Pray'r.

[*Didymus to Septimius.*]

---'Tis kind, my Friends, but kinder still,
If for this Daughter of *Antiochus*,
In Mind as noble as her Birth, your Pray'rs
Prevail, that *Didymus* alone shall die. ---

[*To Theodora.*]

Had I as many Lives as Virtues Thou,
Freely for thee I would resign them all.

Theodora. Oppose not, *Didymus*, my just Desires.
For know, that 'twas Dishonour I declin'd,

Not

Not Death; most welcome now, if *Didymus*
Were safe, whose only Crime was my Escape.

C H O R U S.

*How strange their Ends,
And yet how glorious;
Where each contends
To fall victorious!
Where Virtue its own Innocence denies,
And for the Vanquish'd the glad Victor dies!*

R E C I T A T I V E.

[*Didymus to Valens.*]

On me your Frowns, your utmost Rage exert,
On me, your Prisoner in Chains. ---

Theodora. --- Those Chains
Are due to me, and Death to me alone.

Valens. --- Are ye then Judges for yourselves?
Not so our Laws are to be trifled with.
If Both plead guilty, 'tis but Equity,
That Both should suffer. ---

A I R.

*Ye Ministers of Justice, lead them hence,
I cannot, will not, bear such Insolence.
And as our Gods they honour, or despise,
Fall they their Supplicants, --- or Sacrifice.*

[Exit.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

RECITATIVE.

Didymus. --- And must such Beauty suffer!

Theodora. --- Such useful Valour be destroy'd!

Septimius. --- Destroy'd,

Alas! by an unhappy Constancy!

RECITATIVE.

Didymus. Yet deem us not unhappy, gentle Friend,
Nor rash; for Life we neither hate nor scorn:
But think it a cheap Purchase for the Prize,
Reserv'd in Heav'n for Purity and Faith.

A I R.

*Streams of Pleasure ever flowing,
Fruits ambrosial ever growing,
Golden Thrones,
Starry Crowns,
Are the Triumphs of the Blest.
When from Life's dull Labours free,
Clad with Immortality,
They enjoy a lasting Rest.*

D U E T.

Didymus and Theodora.

*Thither let our Hearts aspire.
Objects pure of pure Desire,
Still increasing,
Ever pleasing,*

Wake

*Wake the Song, and tune the Lyre,
Of the blissful holy Choir.*

SCENE VII.

Irene with the Christians.

RECITATIVE.

Ere This their Doom is past, and they are gone
To prove, that *Love is stronger far than Death.*

CHORUS.

*O Love divine, thou Source of Fame,
Of Glory, and all Joy;
Let equal Fire our Souls inflame,
And equal Zeal employ:
That we the glorious Spring may know,
Whose Streams appear'd so bright below.*

F I N I S.



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T H E O D O R A.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

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BELIEVE nothing more need be mention'd to account for, or recommend the Choice of the following Subject on this Occasion, than that the great Mr. Boyle thought it worthy his Pen: In a Treatise entitled, *The Martyrdom of Theodora and Didymus*, Book II. written by a Person of Honour: and printed in 1687; and since reprinted in his Works. Where, in his Preface, he tells us, that “ Having had occasion to

“ turn over a Martyrology, and some other Books, that related to the Sufferings of the primitive Christians, he chanced to light on those of a Virgin, who, tho' (to his Wonder) she was left unnamed by the other Writers, that mention the Fact, seem'd plainly to be the same, that is by one of them expressly call'd *Theodora*.

“ And that in another Author, he found mention made of a Person about *Dioclesian's* Time, whom he took to be our Martyr, that was intimated to be of high Quality, if not a Princess; which Title, says he, I had without scruple given her: If I had been half as sure that she was a Princess as that she deserv'd to be one.

But the *French* Tragedian, I think, has styl'd her a Daughter, or Descendant of *Antiochus*, and herein I have follow'd *Him*; but in no other Circumstance or Sentiment whatever; the rest being chiefly taken from Mr. Boyle's Plan, as far as the Scantiness of a Performance of this kind would permit.

It seems, this noble Author had divided the Story into two Parts: “ In the first whereof, he gave somewhat at large the Character of these two excellent Persons: He mention'd the Rise and Progress of *Didymus' Love*; the Degeneracy of the then Christians, which provok'd Divine Providence to expose them to a very bloody Persecution; that *Theodora* being involv'd therein was brought before the President of *Antioch*; that she resolutely own'd her Religion before him, and resisted both his Promises, and his Threats; that thereupon the Judge doom'd her to offer Sacrifice to Idols, or to be prostituted in the public *Stews*; that, after an eager Debate in her own Mind, refusing to offer Sacrifice, she was led away to the infamous Place; where being shut up in a Room, she employ'd the little Time given her for further Deliberation, in fervent Prayer to the true God, for a Rescue of her Purity, not her Life; in order whereunto she design'd, and hoped, by Resistance and Contumelies, to provoke her first Assailant to become her Murderer.

These were the Contents of the first Part; which having gone through many Hands, in loose Papers only, some of them happened to be lost, and the Author could not be prevail'd upon to endeavour their Recovery.

“ The Second Part consists of an Account of the last Hours of her Life; and particularly of those Sufferings, that ended in her and *Didymus' glorious* “ Martyrdom;

“ Martyrdom; and, (happily) so much of this Book, says the Author, was
 “ by little and little retriev’d, that a Pretence was afforded my Friends, to
 “ press me to repair the Breaches, and restore, out of my Memory, or other-
 “ wise, a Piece, which they would needs persuade me, might do some good,
 “ by rendering Virtue amiable, and recommending Piety, to a Sort of Readers,
 “ that are much more affected by shining examples, and patheticall Expres-
 “ sions, than by dry Precepts and grave Discourses.

And I flatter myself there may be Readers to whom the following Lines, (to
 complete in some measure the Story, and point out the Moral of it,) may be
 acceptable, tho’ they would have prov’d tedious, especially at the Conclusion
 of the Performance.

SEPTIMIUS to the Christians.

Ye happy Christians, happy ’midst your Woes,
 Behold a Convert; take me to your Fold;
 Your Enemy no more, if helpless Friend.

As lovely in their Deaths, as in their Lives,
 Fal’n are the matchless Pair: and falling thus,
 They struck Conviction in a thousand Hearts;
 But chiefly *Theodora*, whom no Threats,
 Nor her disfigur’d Lover’s lifeless Limbs,
 Could terrify. — She saw, and with a Smile
 Contemptuous on the Impotence of Rage,
 Bade lead her to the Stake. — Where while she pray’d,
 A sweet Effusion of celestial Joy,
 Flush’d in her Cheeks, and gave her native Charms
 New Lustre, ev’n such Majesty, she seem’d
 Not going to Heav’n, but just come from thence;
 To Lesson with this Truth the Standers-by;
 That, *Who so hopes to live, must wish to die.*

*Join ye your Songs, ye Saints on Earth,
 With the blest Saints above:
 And hail the Triumphs of their Birth,
 In Glory, Peace, and Love.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENS, *President of Antioch.*

DIDYMUS, *A Roman Officer, converted by, and in Love
with Theodora.*

SEPTIMIUS, *a Roman Officer, his Friend.*

THEODORA, *A Christian of Noble Birth.*

IRENE, *A Christian.*

Chorus of Christians.

Chorus of Heathens.





T H E O D O R A.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

P A R T I. S C E N E I.

R E C I T A T I V E.

V A L E N S.

 IS *Dioclesian's* Natal Day. ----
Proclaim, throughout the Bounds of *Antioch*,
A Feast, and solemn Sacrifice to *Jove*. ----
Who so disdains to join the sacred Rites,
Shall feel our Wrath, in Chastisement, or Death.
And This, *Septimius*, take you in Charge.

A I R.

Go, my faithful Soldier, go.
Let the fragrant Incense rise,
To *Jove*, great Ruler of the Skies:

C H O R U S.

And draw a Blessing down,
On his Imperial Crown;
Who rules the World below.

B

R E C I-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Didymus. --- Vouchsafe, dread Sir, a gracious Ear
To my Request. --- Let not your Sentence doom
To Racks and Flames, all, all, whose scrup'lous Minds
Will not permit them, or, to bend the Knee
To Gods they know not, or, in wanton Mood,
To celebrate the Day with *Roman* Rites.

Valens. Art thou a *Roman*, and yet dar'st defend
A Sect, rebellious to the Gods and *Rome*?

Didymus. Many there are in *Antioch*, who disdain
An Idol-Offering, yet are Friends to *Cæsar*.

Valens. It cannot be: They are not *Cæsar's* Friends,
Who own not *Cæsar's* Gods. --- I'll hear no more.

A I R.

*Racks, Gibbets, Sword, and Fire,
Shall speak my vengeful Ire,*

Against the stubborn Knee:

Nor gushing Tears,

Nor ardent Pray'rs,

Shall shake our firm Decree.

Chorus of Heathens.

For ever thus stand fix'd the Doom

Of Rebels to the Gods and Rome:

While sweeter than the Trumpet's Sound,

Their Groans and Cries are heard around.

S C E N E II.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Didymus. Most cruel Edict! Sure, thy gen'rous Soul,
Septimius, abhors the dreadful Task

Of Persecution. --- Ought we not to leave
 The free-born Mind of Man, still ever free?
 Since vain is the Attempt, to force Belief
 With the severest Instruments of Death.

A I R.

*The raptur'd Soul defies the S-word,
 Secure of Virtue's Claim;
 And trusting Heav'n's unmerring Word,
 Enjoys the circling Flame.
 No Engines can a Tyrant find
 To storm the Truth supported Mind.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Septimius. I know thy Virtues, and ask not thy Faith:
 Enjoy it as you will, my *Didymus*. ---
 Tho' not a Christian, (for I worship still
 The Gods my Fathers worship'd) yet, I own,
 Something within declares for Acts of Mercy.
 But *Antioch's* President must be obey'd;
 Such is the Roman Discipline: While We
 Can only pity, whom we dare not spare.

A I R.

*Descend, kind Pity, heav'nly Guest,
 Descend, and fill each human Breast
 With sympathizing Woe.
 That Liberty, and Peace of Mind,
 May sweetly harmonize Mankind,
 And bless the World below.*

SCENE III.

Theodora, *with the Christians.*

RECITATIVE.

Tho' hard, my Friends, yet wholsom are the Truths
Taught in Affliction's School; whence the pure Soul
Rises refin'd, and soars above the World.

A I R.

*Fond, flatt'ring World, adieu!
Thy gaily-smiling Pow'r,
Empty Treasures,
Fleeting Pleasures,
Ne'er shall tempt, or charm me more.
Faith inviting,
Hope delighting,
Nobler Joys we now persue.*

RECITATIVE.

Irene. O bright Example of all Goodness!
How easy seems Affliction's heavy Load,
While thus instructed, and companion'd thus,
As 'twere, with Heav'n conversing, we look down
On the vain Pomp of proud Prosperity!

A I R.

*Bane of Virtue, Nurse of Passions,
Soother of vile Inclinations,
Such is, Prosperity, thy Name.*

*True Happiness is only found,
Where Grace, and Truth, and Love abound,
And pure Religion feeds the Flame.*

CHORUS.

*Come, mighty Father, mighty Lord,
With Love our Souls inspire :
While Grace, and Truth, flow from thy Word,
And feed the holy Fire.*

SCENE IV.

RECITATIVE.

Messenger. --- Fly, fly, my Brethren, Heathen Rage
Pursues us swift, ----

Arm'd with the Terrors of insulting Death.

Irene. Ah! whither should we fly? or fly from whom?
The Lord is still the same, to day, for ever:
And his Protection *here*, and *ev'ry where*. ---

--- Tho' gath'ring round our destin'd Heads
The Storm now thickens, and looks big with Fate;
Still shall thy Servants wait on Thee, O Lord,
And in thy saving Mercy put their Trust.

AIR.

*As with rosy Steps the Morn
Advancing, drives the Shades of Night;
So from virtuous Toils well-borne,
Raise Thou our Hopes of endless light.
---Triumphant Saviour! Lord of Day!
Thou art the Life, the Light, the Way.*

CHO-

CHORUS.

*All Pow'r in Heav'n above, or Earth beneath,
 Belongs to Thee alone,
 Thou everlasting One,
 Mighty to save, in Perils, Storm, and Death.*

S C E N E V.

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

RECITATIVE.

Septimius. Mistaken Wretches! why thus blind to Fate,
 Do ye in private Oratories dare
 Oppose the President's Decree? and scorn
 With native Rites to celebrate the Day,
 Sacred to *Cæsar*, and protecting *Jove*?

A I R.

*Dread the Fruits of Christian Folly,
 And this stubborn Melancholy;
 Fond of Life and Liberty.
 Chains, and Dungeons are ye wooing,
 And the Storm of Death persuing;
 Rebels to the known Decree.*

RECITATIVE.

Theodora. Deluded Mortal! call it not Rebellion,
 That thus we persevere in Spirit, and Truth,
 To worship God: It is *his* dread Command,
 His, whom we cannot, dare not, disobey,
 Tho' Death be our Reward. ---

Septimius. --- Death is not yet thy Doom;
 But worse than Death to such a virtuous Mind,

Which

Which *Didymus* wants Eloquence to praise. ---
 Lady, these Guards are order'd to convey you,
 To the vile Place; a Prostitute, to whom
Valens thinks proper to devote your Charms.

Theodora. O worse than Death indeed! --- Lead me, ye
 Guards,
 Lead me, or to the Rack, or to the Flames;
 I'll thank your gracious Mercy. ---

A I R.

*Angels, ever bright, and fair,
 Take, O take me to your Care:
 Speed to your own Courts my Flight,
 Clad in Robes of Virgin white.* [Exit with *Septimius*.

S C E N E VI.

Enter DIDYMU S.

RECITATIVE.

Didymus. Unhappy happy Crew! --- why stand you thus
 Wild with Amazement? --- say where is my Love,
 My kind Instructor in fair Virtue's Path,
 My Life, my *Theodora*? --- has the Tyrant
 Seiz'd on his guiltless Prey? ---

Irene. --- Alas! she's gone.
 Too late thou cam'st to save, (if in thy Pow'r
 To save,) the fairest, noblest, best of Women. ---
 A Roman Soldier led her trembling hence
 To the vile Place, where *Venus* keeps her Court.
 Yet on his Brow Reluctance seem'd to sit,
 And helpless Pity bade us wait our Doom.

A I R.

A I R.

Didym. Kind Heav'n, if *Virtue* be thy Care

With Courage fire me,

Or Art inspire me,

To free the Captive Fair.

On the Wings of the Wind will I fly,

With this Princess to live, or this Christian to die. [Exit.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Irene. O Love! how great thy Pow'r! but greater still,
When *Virtue* prompts the steady Mind to prove
The native Strength in Deeds of highest Honour.

C H O R U S.

Go, gen'rous, pious Youth,

May all the Pow'rs above

Reward thy virtuous Love,

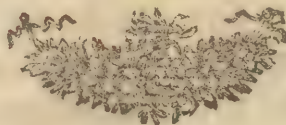
Thy Constancy and Truth;

With Theodora's Charms,

Free from these dire Alarms;

Or crown you with the Blest,

In Glory, Peace, and Rest.





T H E O D O R A

P A R T II. S C E N E I.

R E C I T A T I V E.

V A L E N S.

YE Men of *Antioch*, with solemn Pomp,
Renew the grateful Sacrifice to *Jove*:
And while your Songs ascend the vaulted Skies,
Pour on the smoking Altars Floods of Wine
In honour of the smiling Deities,
Fair *Flora*, and the *Cyprian* Queen.

C H O R U S.

*Queen of Summer, Queen of Love,
And thou cloud-compelling Jove;
Grant a long, and happy Reign,
To great Cæsar, King of Men.*

A I R.

Valens. *Wide spread his Name,
And make his Glory,
Of endless Fame,
The lasting Story.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Return, *Septimius*, to the stubborn Maid,
And learn her final Resolution.

If e'er the Sun with prone Career has reach'd
 The Western Isles, she deigns an Offering
 To the great Gods, (who subjected the World
 To conqu'ring Rome) she shall be free. --- If not,
 The meanest of my Guards with lustful Joy
 Shall triumph o'er her boasted Chastity.

CHORUS.

*Venus laughing from the Skies
 Will applaud her Votaries: ---
 When seizing the Treasure,
 We revel in Pleasure,
 And Revenge sweet Love supplies.*

S C E N E II.

Theodora, in her Place of Confinement.

RECITATIVE.

O thou bright Sun! how sweet thy Rays,
 To Health, and Liberty! but here, alas!
 They swell the agonizing Thought of Shame,
 And pierce my Soul with Sorrows yet unknown.

AIR.

*With Darknes deep as is my Woe,
 Hide me, ye Shades of Night.
 Throw thickest Veil around me throw,
 Conceal'd from human Sight.
 Or come, thou Death, thy Victim save,
 Kindly embosom'd in the Grave.*

[Symphony of soft Musick.]

R E C I T A T I V E.

But why art thou disquieted, my Soul? —
Hark! Heav'n invites thee in sweet rapt'rous Strains
To join the ever-singing, ever-loving Choir
Of Saints, and Angels in the Courts above.

A I R.

*O that I on Wings cou'd rise,
Swiftly sailing through the Skies,
As skims the silver Dove;
That I might rest,
For ever blest,
With Harmony and Love.*

S C E N E III.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Didymus. Long have I known thy friendly social Soul,
Septimius, oft experienc'd in the Camp,
And perilous Scenes of War, when Side by Side
We fought, and brav'd the Dangers of the Field,
Dependent on each other's Arm; with Freedom then,
I will disclose my Mind. — I am a Christian.
And she, who by Heav'n's influential Grace,
With pure religious Sentiments inspir'd
My Soul, with virtuous Love inflam'd my Heart:
Ev'n she, who, shame to all Humanity!
Is now condemn'd to public Lust. —

Septimius. — No more:
The Shame reflects too much upon thy Friend,
The mean, tho' duteous, Instrument of Pow'r;
Knowing her Virtues only, not thy Love.

A I R.

*Tho' the Honours, that Venus, and Flora receive
From the Romans, this Christian refuses to give;
Yet nor Venus, nor Flora, delight in the Woe,
That disfigures their fairest Resemblance below.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Didymus. O save her then, or give me Pow'r to save
By free Admission to th' imprison'd Maid.

Septimius. My Guards, not less ashamed of their vile Office,
Will second your Intent, and pleasure me.

Didymus. I will reward them with a bounteous Heart,
And you, my Friend, with all that Heav'n can give
To the Sincerity of Pray'r.

A I R.

*Deeds of Kindness to display,
Pity suing,
Mercy wooing,
Who the Call can disobey?
But the opportune Redress,
Of virtuous Beauty in Distress,
All Earth will praise, and Heav'n repay.*

S C E N E IV.

Irene with the Christians.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Clouds begin to veil the Hemisphere,
And heavily bring on the Night; the Last
Perhaps to us, Oh! that it were the last

To *Theodora*, ere she fall a Prey
To unexampled Lust and Cruelty.

A I R.

*Defend her, Heav'n. --- Let Angels spread
Their viewless Tents around her Bed;
Keep her from vile Assaults secure,
Still ever calm, and ever pure.*

SCENE V. *Theodora's Place of Confinement.*

Didymus at a distance, the Vizor of his Helmet clos'd.

RECITATIVE.

Or lull'd with Grief, or, rapt her Soul to Heav'n,
In Innocence of Thought; entranc'd she lies;
Her Beauty shining still, like *Cynthia*,
Rising in clouded Majesty. --- *[Approaching her.]*

A I R.

*Sweet Rose, and Lily, flow'ry Form,
Take me, your faithful Guard;
To shield you from bleak Wind, and Storm:
A Smile be my Reward.*

RECITATIVE.

Theodora. [Starting.] O save me, Heav'n, in this my perilous Hour!

Didymus. Start not, much injur'd Princess, --- I come not
As one this Place might give you Cause to dread,
But your Deliverer; sent by just Heav'n
To save the World's unrival'd Ornament
Of Virtue, Faith, and every Christian Grace;

And

And that dear Ornament to *Theodora*,
 Her Angel-Purity. --- If you vouchsafe
 But to change Habit with --- your *Didymus*.

[Discovering himself.]

Theodora.

--- Excellent Youth!

I know thy Courage, Virtue, and thy Love;
 And never can consent they should destroy
 Their Author. This becomes not *Theodora*,
 But the blind Enemies of Truth. --- Oh, no;
 It must not be. --- Yet *Didymus* can give
 A Boon, will make me happy, nor himself
 Endanger. ---

Didymus. --- How? or what? my Soul with Transport
 Listens to the Request. ---

A I R.

Theod. The Pilgrim's Home, the sick Man's Health,
 The Captive's Ransom, poor Man's Wealth,
 From thee I wou'd receive.

These, and a thousand Treasures more,
 That gentle Death has now in store,
 Thy Hand and Sword can give.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Didymus. --- Forbid it, Heav'n!
 Shall I destroy the Life I came to save?
 Shall I in *Theodora's* Blood embrue
 My guilty Hands; and give her Death, who taught
 Me first to live? ---

--- Or say, what Right have I
 To take, what just Reflection bids confess
 Not at your own Disposal? --- Think it too

No less a Crime, if thus inflexible
Your Safety you refuse. --- Time forbids more:
Strait then resolve to gain your Liberty,
Preserve your Honour, and secure your Life.

Theodora. Ah! what is Life, or Liberty to me,
That *Didymus* must purchase with his own?

Didymus. Fear not for me. The Pow'r that led me hither
Will guard me hence; if not, his Will be done.

Theodora. Yes, kind Deliverer, I will trust that Pow'r
To hear my Pray'r for Thee, so lately heard
For *Theodora*, who had ne'er expos'd
Her Friend, to shun a Danger, that concern'd
Only her Life. --- Farewel, thou gen'rous Youth.

Didymus. Farewel, thou Mirror of the Virgin State.

D U E T.

Theod. To thee, thou glorious Son of Worth,
Didym. To thee, whose Virtues suit thy Birth,
Theod. Be Life and Safety giv'n;
Didym. Be every Blessing giv'n:
Both. I hope again to meet on Earth,
But sure shall meet in Heav'n.

S C E N E VI.

Irene with the Christians.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis Night, but Night's kind Blessing is deny'd
To Grief like ours. --- How can we think of Sleep,
While *Theodora* wakes to Misery;

And

And threatning Death hangs hovering o'er our Heads !
Be Pray'r our Refuge; Pray'r to *Him*, who rais'd,
And still can raise, the Dead to Life and Joy.

C H O R U S.

*“ He saw the lovely Youth, Death's early Prey;
Alas! too early snatch'd away!
He heard his Mother's Funeral Cries:
Rise, Youth, he said: The Youth begins to rise:
Lowly the Matron bow'd, and bore away the Prize.*





T H E O D O R A.

P A R T III. S C E N E I.

IRENE *with the Christians.*

A I R.

LORD to thee, each Night, and Day,
Strong in Hope, we sing, and pray:
Tho' convulsive rocks the Ground,
And thy Thunders roll around;
Still to thee, each Night and Day,
Strong in Hope, we sing, and pray.

S C E N E II.

Enter Theodora, in the Habit of Didymus.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Irene. But see, the good, the virtuous *Didymus*!
Wakeful, as *Philomel*, with throbbing Heart,
He comes to join with us in Pray'r
For *Theodora*.---

[*Theodora, discovering herself.*]

No; Heav'n has heard your Pray'rs for *Theodora*:
Behold her safe. --- Oh! that as free, and safe,

D

Were

Were *Didymus*, my kind Deliverer!
But let this Habit speak the rest. ---

A I R.

*When sunk in Anguish, and Despair,
I cried to Heav'n, Heav'n heard my Pray'r,
And bade a tender Father's Care
The generous Youth employ.
The generous Youth obey'd, and came,
All rapt in Love's divinest Flame,
To save a wretched Virgin's Fame,
And turn her Grief to Joy.*

C H O R U S.

*Blest be the Hand, and blest the Pow'r,
That in the dark, and dangerous Hour,
Sav'd thee from cruel Strife.
Lord, favour still the kind Intent,
And bless thy gracious Instrument,
With Liberty, and Life.*

S C E N E III.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Messenger. Undaunted in the Court stands *Didymus*,
Virtuously proud of rescued Innocence;
But vain to save the generous Hero's Life,
Are all Intreaties, ev'n from Romans vain. ---
And high-enrag'd the President protests,
Shou'd he regain the Fugitive, no more
To try her with the Fear of Infamy,
But with the Terrors of a cruel Death. ---

Irene.

Irene. Ah! *Theodora*, whence this sudden Change
From Grief's pale Looks, to Looks of red'ning Joy?

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Theodora. --- O my *Irene*, Heav'n is kind;
And *Valens* too is kind, to give me Pow'r
To execute in turn my Gratitude,
While safe my Honour. ---

--- Stay me not, dear Friend,
Only assist me, with a proper Dress,
That I may ransom the too generous Youth.

D U E T.

Irene. *Whither, Princess, do you fly,*
Sure to suffer, sure to die?

Theod. No, no, *Irene*, no;
To Life, and Joy I go.

Irene. *Vain Attempt.* --- O stay, O stay.

Theod. *Duty calls* --- I must obey. [Exit *Theodora.*

RECITATIVE.

Irene. She's gone, disdaining Liberty and Life,
And every Honour this frail Life can give.
Devotion bids aspire to nobler Things,
To boundless Love, and Joys ineffable.
And such her Expectation from kind Heav'n.

A I R.

New Scenes of Joy come crowding on,
While Sorrow fleets away;
Like Mists before the rising Sun,
That gives a glorious Day.

S C E N E IV.

Valens to Didymus.

R E C I T A T I V E.

--- Is it a Christian Virtue then,
To rescue from the Hands of Justice, One
Condemn'd by my Authority? ---

Didymus. Such my Religion it condemns all Crimes,
None more than Disobedience to just Pow'r.
And had your Sentence doom'd her but to Death,
I then might have deplor'd your Cruelty,
And not attempted to defeat it. --- Yet
I own no Crime, unless it be a Crime
To've hinder'd you from perpetrating that,
Which wou'd have made you odious to Mankind;
At least the fairest Half. ---

Valens. --- Ay, ay, fond Man!
It was the Charms of Beauty, not of Virtue,
That prompted you to save her. --- Take him hence,
And lead him to Repentance, or --- to Death.

S C E N E V.

Enter Theodora.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Theodora. Be That my Doom. --- You may inflict it *here*
With legal Justice, *there* 'tis Cruelty.
If Blood your angry Laws require; behold,
The Principal is come to pay the Debt.

And

And welcome sure to *Romans* the Exchange,
A warlike Hero for an helpless Maid.

Septimius. Dwells there such virtuous Courage in the Sex!
Preserve them, O ye Gods, preserve them both. ---
Ye *Romans*, join in the Request, if e'er
Lucretia's Memory was dear to you,
Or this your Leader's Valour, and Renown.

A I R.

*From Virtue springs each generous Deed,
That claims our grateful Pray'r.
Let Justice for the Hero plead,
And Pity save the Fair.*

A I R.

Valens. Cease, ye *Slaves*, your fruitless Pray'r;
The Pow'rs below
No Pity know,
For the Brave, or for the Fair:
Cease, ye *Slaves*, your fruitless Pray'r.

[*Didymus to Septimius.*]

--- 'Tis kind, my Friends, but kinder still,
If for this Daughter of *Antiochus*,
In Mind as noble as her Birth, your Pray'rs
Prevail, that *Didymus* alone shall die. ---

[*To Theodora.*]

Had I as many Lives as Virtues Thou,
Freely for thee I would resign them all.

Theodora. Oppose not, *Didymus*, my just Desires.
For know, that 'twas Dishonour I declin'd,

Not

Not Death; most welcome now, if *Didymus*
Were safe, whose only Crime was my Escape.

C H O R U S.

*How strange their Ends,
And yet how glorious;
Where each contends
To fall victorious!
Where Virtue its own Innocence denies,
And for the Vanquish'd the glad Victor dies!*

R E C I T A T I V E.

[*Didymus to Valens.*]

On me your Frowns, your utmost Rage exert,
On me, your Prisoner in Chains. ---

Theodora. --- Those Chains
Are due to me, and Death to me alone.

Valens. --- Are ye then Judges for yourselves?
Not so our Laws are to be trifled with.
If Both plead guilty, 'tis but Equity,
That Both should suffer. ---

A I R.

*Ye Ministers of Justice, lead them hence,
I cannot, will not, bear such Insolence.
And as our Gods they honour, or despise,
Fall they their Supplicants, --- or Sacrifice.*

[Exit.

SCENE

This page, mistakenly bound here, is the final leaf of L6/22]

D U E T T O .

O worship the Lord, in the beauty of his holiness.

C H O R U S .

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

A M E N .

F I N I S .

S C E N E VI.

RECITATIVE.

Didymus. --- And must such Beauty suffer!

Theodora. --- Such useful Valour be destroy'd!

Septimius. --- Destroy'd,

Alas! by an unhappy Constancy!

RECITATIVE.

Didymus. Yet deem us not unhappy, gentle Friend,
Nor rash; for Life we neither hate nor scorn:
But think it a cheap Purchase for the Prize,
Reserv'd in Heav'n for Purity and Faith.

A I R.

*Streams of Pleasure ever flowing,
Fruits ambrosial ever growing,
Golden Thrones,
Starry Crowns,
Are the Triumphs of the Blest.
When from Life's dull Labours free,
Clad with Immortality,
They enjoy a lasting Rest.*

D U E T.

Didymus and Theodora.

*Thither let our Hearts aspire.
Objects pure of pure Desire,
Still increasing,
Ever pleasing,*

Wake

*Wake the Song, and tune the Lyre,
Of the blissful holy Choir.*

S C E N E VII.

Irene with the Christians.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Ere This their Doom is past, and they are gone
To prove, that *Love is stronger far than Death.*

C H O R U S.

*O Love divine, thou Source of Fame,
Of Glory, and all Joy;
Let equal Fire our Souls inflame,
And equal Zeal employ:
That we the glorious Spring may know,
Whose Streams appear'd so bright below.*

F I N I S.



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A C T I.

CHORUS.

 *TIME is supreme.---Time is a mighty Pow'r,
Whom wisest Mortals will adore.*

RECITATIVE.

Beauty, [*Looking in a Glass.*]
How happy, could I fix but here;
And stop old Time in his Career!

A I R.

*Faithful Mirror, fair-reflecting,
All my beauteous Charms collecting;
Which, I fear, will soon decay.
Thou shalt flourish still in Splendor,
While these Glories I surrender,
Horrid Time's devoted Prey.* [Da Capo.

RECIT.

Pleasure. Fear not.---I, *Pleasure*, swear
That these Charms you still shall wear,
Ever-blooming, ever-fair.

Beauty. *Beauty*, thy Slave, this Vow shall make,
Sweet *Pleasure* never to forsake:

The TRIUMPH of

And, if this Vow I disregard,
 In Pain and Anguish,
 Let me languish,
 Tasting Folly's due Reward.

A I R.

Pleasure. *Pensive Sorrow, deep-possessing,
 Life despoils of every Blessing,
 Wrapt in Shades of piercing Woe.
 Who indulges Grief's sad Passion,
 (Sore Vexation!)
 Knows no joyful Day below.* [Da Capo.

R E C I T.

Deceit. Despise old Time. --- If short his Stay,
 Let every Joy
 The Heart employ,
 And Pleasure still improve the Day.

A I R and C H O R U S.

*Come, come, live with Pleasure;
 Taste in Youth Life's only Joy. ---
 Old Age knows no Leisure,
 But dull wintry Thoughts t' employ.*

R E C I T.

Time [to Beauty.]

Turn --- Look on me. --- Behold old Time. ---
Counsel. --- And view *Counsel*, the Son of Truth. ---
Time. --- Who soon will shew,
 How frail a Flower Beauty is.

Counsel.

Counsel. The Blossom of a Day, that springs and dies.

A I R.

*The Beauty, smiling,
And sweet-beguiling,
Soon drooping, dying,
Returns no more.*

*The Youth, now blooming,
And still presuming,
Few Moments flying,
Shall charm no more.*

R E C I T.

Pleasure. Our different Pow'rs we'll try, and see
Who now shall gain the Victory;
Pleasure, ---

Beauty. --- or Beauty, ---

Time. --- Time, ---

Counsel. --- or Counsel.

A I R.

Beauty. Ever-flowing Tides of Pleasure
Shall transport me beyond Measure,
In this Conflict with old Time.

*If he dares
To despoil this choicest Treasure,
Beauty, blooming in its Prime.*

R E C I T.

Time. The Hand of Time pulls down
The great Colossus of the Sun,
The stone-built Castle, cloud-capt Tow'r;
And shall Beauty' oppose my Pow'r?

A I R.

The TRIUMPH of

A I R.

Loathsome Urns, disclose your Treasure,
(Pride and Pleasure)

Unveil to me,

That I may see

If now any

Spark of Beauty still remains.

No --- all dark as Night!

Tyrant Worms their Prey enjoying,

Dust and Ashes still destroying,

Which my greedy Tooth disdains.

C H O R U S.

Strengthen us, O Time, with all thy Lore:

Teach us the Ways of Wisdom.

[Then shall we teach thy Ways unto the Wicked,
and Sinners shall be converted unto thee.]

R E C I T.

Deceit. Too rigid the Reproof you give;

Too deep the Search of Truth.

Wise Men will still in Pleasure live,

And still enjoy,

Without Annoy,

The proper Fruits of Youth.

Delivered to the Air.
Happy Beauty, fortune now

A I R and C H O R U S.

Happy, if still they reign in Pleasure,

All the Sweets of Youth caressing. ---

Happy, if slighting Time's dull Measure,

They enjoy the present Blessing.

[Da Capo.

Counsel.

Counsel. Youth is not rich in Time; it may be, poor:
Nor can he call his own the passing Hour.

Time. Hence let thy Thoughts on Frailty range,
And know, that every Day,
Some Charm I make my lawful Prey,
Tho' unperceiv'd the Change.

Pleasure. He best, he only Life enjoys,
Who will not think how fast it flies.

Counsel. Yet, ere it is too late, give ear,
And this short Maxim hear.

AIR and CHORUS.

*Like the Shadow, Life ever is flying,
Seeming still fix'd; so swift the Delusion.
Man heeds not Time, on Hope still relying;
Soon the Bell strikes: and all is Confusion.*



A C T II.

CHORUS.

Pleasure submits to Pain,
As Day recedes to Night:
And Sorrow smiles again,
As Time sets all things right.

Thus are the Seasons chang'd,
And all in turn appear,
In various Order rang'd
Throughout the whole revolving Year.

RECIT.

The TRIUMPH of

RECIT.

Pleasure. Here *Pleasure* keeps her splendid Court,
 Where all her Devotees resort;
 And, at her Nod, advance,
 The costly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance;
 Minstrels, and Music, Poetry, and Play;
 And Balls by Night, and manly Sports by Day.

SYMPHONY.

RECIT.

Beauty. Hark! What Sounds are these I hear?

CHORUS.

O, -- how great the Glory,
 That crowns the Hunter's Toil!
 Like Theseus fam'd in Story,
 He triumphs in the Spoil.

AIR.

Pleasure. Dryads, Sylvans, with fair Flora,
 Come, adorn this joyful Place:
 Come, fair Iris, and Aurora,
 This our Festival to grace.

CHORUS.

Lo! we all attend on Flora,
 To adorn this joyful Place;
 Iris comes, with fair Aurora,
 This your Festival to grace.

*Lettered in 1768 and a few airs pour
 "Deceit: a no more complaining,"
 et "Pleasure's gentle Zephyrs"*

AIR.

A I R.

Beauty. Come, O Time, and thy broad Wings displaying,
 Strong essaying,
 Sweep away,
 Without Delay,
 The joyous Pleasures of this sweet Abode. ---
 Lo! he sleepeth. --- His Strength no more availing,
 His Pow'r no more prevailing,
 To destroy Life's sovereign Good.

A I R.

Counsel. Mortals think, that Time is sleeping,
 When so swiftly, unseen He's sailing.
 But He comes with Ruin sweeping,
 In his Triumph never failing.

R E C I T.

Time, [to Beauty.]

You thought to call in vain,--- but see me here:
 These lower Regions are my proper Sphere.
 Would you then dread no more
 My hated Pow'r;
 Prepare thee for a nobler Flight,
 Amid the Realms of Light.
 Time cannot climb the blissful Sky,
 Nor follow Immortality.

A I R.

False destructive Ways of Pleasure
 Leave, and court a nobler Treasure,
 In the starry Realms above.
 Here, tho' Folly's Sons defy me,
 Yet in vain they seek to fly me;
 While through all the World I rove.

The TRIUMPH of

RECIT.

Counsel, [to Beauty.]

Too long deluded you have been,
 By *Pleasure's* false and flatt'ring Scene :
 Behold fair *Truth*, the heav'nly Image see,
 Not deck'd, but fairest in Simplicity :

White Robes of Innocence she wears ;
 Her Look, her Thoughts turn'd to her kindred Spheres.
Time. Behold her Mirror too,
 Presenting all things to your View
 By just Reflection, be they false or true. }

A I R.

Pleasure. *Lovely Beauty, --- close those Eyes ;*
Charming Beauty, --- Look not there :
In that View all Pleasure dies :
In Reflection 'is sure Despair.

RECIT.

Deceit. Seek not to know, what known will prove
 Grief more severe than slighted Love.

A I R.

Melancholy
Is a Folly ;
Wave all Sorrow
Until to-morrow ;
Life consists in the present Hour.
This dear Treasure we adore,
With grateful Ardor, still employing,
Still enjoying,
The sweet Moments in our Power. [Da Capo.

RECIT.

RECIT.

Time. What is the present Hour? 'tis born and gone:

Think on the Years already flown:

Think, when you'll see the Bliss, but see in vain:

Think on convicted Error's self-tormenting Pain.

Beauty. No more --- I know not where to turn. ---

My Heart's too sad to laugh, too gay to mourn. ---

A I R.

Fain would I, two Hearts enjoying,

This in Penitence employing,

Freely That resign to Joy. ---

RECIT.

Counsel. Vain the Delights of Age or Youth,

Without the Sanction and Applause of Truth. ---

And as the Soul more bright appears,

Than the frail earthly Form she wears;

So much true Pleasures from this Glass,

All other sublunary Joys surpass.

A I R.

On the Valleys, dark and chearless,

From the Mountain's Summit, fearless,

Soon you'll with Contempt look down:

And these darling Pleasures slighting,

In sublimer Views delighting,

Disbelieve that Choice your own.

[Da Capo.]

RECIT.

Time. Not venial Error This, but stubborn Pride,

To leave a sure and friendly Guide;

Who seeing you bewilder'd stray,

Points out the short and easy Way.

See, see the happy Port before you lies;
And *Time* exhorts you to be wise.

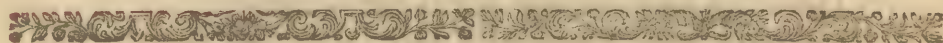
Beauty. Darkly, as through a Glass, I see
The immense Treasure of *Futurity*:
But present Joys my Heart perplex,
That, though inclin'd, I cannot fix,
To leave this Scene for *Immortality*.

A I R.

*Hear the Call of Truth and Duty,
And to Folly bid adieu:*
*Ere to Dust is chang'd that Beauty,
Change the Heart, and good persue.*

CHORUS.

*Ere to Dust is chang'd that Beauty,
Change the Heart, and Good persue.*



A C T . III.

RECITATIVE.

Deceit, [to Beauty.]



NCE more I Thee address;
Regardful of thy Happiness,
Fain would I stop the falling Tear. ---

A I R.

*Sharp Thorns despising
Cull fragrant Roses:
Why seek you Pleasures
Mix'd with Alloy?*

*Old Age surprizing,
 Soon the Scene closes :
 Life's only Treasure's
 Life to enjoy.*

RECIT.

Counsel. Regard her not. — Unvalued here,
 Such Tears may fall ; but know, each Tear will prove
 A precious Pearl in Heav'n above.
Beauty. Soft and prevailing is thy Voice. --- Alas! ---
 Too long I've err'd. --- Put forth the heav'nly Glass.
Counsel. Behold ! it waits your View.
Beauty. Now, *Pleasure*, take my last Adieu.

A I R.

*My former Ways resigning,
 To Virtue's Cause inclining,
 Thee, Pleasure, now I leave.
 Lest when my Spirits fail me,
 Repantance can't avail me,
 Nor Sicknefs Comfort give.*

A N T H E M.

[*Comfort them, O Lord, when they are sick :
 Make Thou their Bed in Sicknefs :
 Keep them alive ; let them be blessed upon Earth.*]

RECIT.

Beauty. Since the immortal Mirror I possess,
 Where Truth's reflective Beauties glow ;
 Thee, faithless Form, deluding Glass,
 Thee to thy native Earth I throw.

Pleasure.

Pleasure.

Ah! stay, forbear.

Counsel. [to *Pleasure.*] In vain you this Prevention dare.

A I R.

*Thus to Ground, Thou, false, delusive,
 Flatt'ring Mirror, Thee I throw.
 Thou, who, with vain Art abusive,
 Didst exalt each charming Feature,
 Far beyond the Pride of Nature,
 Feigning Happiness below.* [Da Capo.

R E C I T.

Beauty. O mighty *Truth*, thy Pow'r I see :
 All that was fair, seems now Deformity.
 This Day my Pride shall from its Height descend;
 This Day my Reign of Vanity shall end.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Adieu, vain World, in search of greater Good,
 I'll pass my Days in sacred Solitude.
 'Tis fit the Slave of Vanity should dwell,
 In some sequester'd penitential Cell.

A I R.

Time. From the Heart, that feels my Warning,
 Grateful are the Tears that flow.
 Pearly Drops the Flow'rs adorning,
 Grace not more the dewy Morning,
 Nor such Blessings can bestow.

 [Da Capo.

R E C I T.

RECIT.

Beauty. Pleasure, too long Associates we have been,
Now share Conviction from Truth's radiant Scene,
Or far be gone for ever from my Sight. ---
Pleasure. As with Error I long have been dwelling,
I with Truth now can have no Contentment.

A I R.

*Like Clouds, stormy Winds them impelling,
Disdainful, I fly with Resentment.*

*Hark! the Thunders round me roll,
Truth's awful angry Frowns I see:
Her Arrows wound my trembling Soul;
Nor is there any Joy for me.
Ah no! Truth drives me to Despair;
Open, ye Rocks, and hide me there.* [Da Capo.

RECIT.

Beauty. Farewel. --- Now Truth, descending from the Sky,
Clad in bright Beams, its glorious Light displays,
O, Thither let me cast my longing Eye,
And strive to merit the inspiring Rays.

A I R.

*Guardian Angels, O; protect me,
And in Virtue's Path direct me,
While resign'd to Heav'n above.
Let no more this World deceive me,
Nor vain idle Passions grieve me,
Strong in Faith, in Hope, in Love.*

CHORUS.

Hallelujah.

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With all that Earth or Heav'n could bestow,
To make her amiable: — On the same,
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every Gesture Dignity and Love.

MILTON.

THE CONTENTS.

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A N

O C C A S I O N A L
O R A T O R I O.

P A R T *the* F I R S T.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

JEHOVAH Lord! how great, how wond'rous great,
How glorious is thy Name through all the Earth!
When I behold the Heavens, thy Finger's Art,
The Moon, and Stars which thou so bright hast set
In the pure Firmament, then faith my Heart,
Lord what is Man, that thou remember'st him!

A 2

A I R.

A I R.

*Lord God of Hosts, to whom the Pray'r
Of contrite Souls is dear;
Thou God, our Shield, propitious prove,
And thy anointed bear;
For in thy Courts one Day to be,
Is better, and more blest,
Than in the joys of Vanity
A thousand Days at best.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

The highest, who in Heaven doth dwell,
Shall laugh to scorn his Enemies,
The Lord shall speak to them in his Wrath,
And in his fell and fierce Ire trouble them.
For I (saith He) have anointed him my King;
My chosen King, on Sion's holy Hill.

A I R.

*Fly from the threat'ning Vengeance, fly;
Ere it is too late
Avoid your Fate,
The Bolt once thrown, ye surely die:
Put not your Trust
In the Unjust,
Who lift their Heads so high.*

Fly from,

Da Capo.

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Humbled with Fear, and awful Reverence,
 Before the Footstool of his Majesty,
 Throw thyself down with trembling Innocence,
 Nor dare to cast thy weak, thy dazzled Eye
 On the dread Face of that great Deity,
 For fear, lest if he chance to look at thee,
 Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be.

A I R.

*His Scepter is the Rod of Righteousness,
 With which he bruises all his Foes to Dust,
 And the great Dragon strongly doth repress
 Under the Rigor of his Judgment just:
 His Seat is Truth, to which the Faithful trust:
 From whence proceed her Beams so pure and bright,
 That all about him sheddeth glorious Light:
 His Scepter is the Rod of Righteousness,
 With which he bruisseth all his Foes to Dust.*

A I R.

*Be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
 Be taught, ye Judges of the Earth,
 With Fear Jehovah serve.*

C H O R U S.

*Be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
 Be taught, ye Judges of the Earth,
 With Fear Jehovah serve : Or brought full low,
 With iron Scepter bruis'd, and then dispers'd,
 Scatter'd like Sheep, ye perish in your Way.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Of many Millions the populous Rout,
 I fear not, tho' incamping round about
 They pitch their Tents against me,
 My God will rise, my Help is in the Lord.

A I R.

*Jehovah is my Shield, my Glory ;
 Him thro' my Story
 Th' Exalter of my Head I count ;
 Aloud I cry'd,
 He soon reply'd,
 And heard me from his holy Mount :
 I lay and slept, and wak'd again,
 The Lord himself did me sustain.
 Jehovah is my Shield, &c. Da Capo.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Madmen or Fools stand not within thy Sight,
 All Workers of Iniquity thou hat'st,
 And them, unblest, thou wilt destroy ;
 The bloody and guileful Man thou dost detest.
 Let thankful Man obedient bow the Head ;
 And in loud Anthems celebrate thy Name.

A N T H E M.

C H O R U S.

/// Sing unto God ye Kingdoms of the Earth,
 O sing Praises unto his Name.

Solo. Blessed are all they that fear the Lord :
 O well is thee and happy shalt thou be.

Accomp. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlast-
 ing to everlasting !

C H O R U S.

And let all the People say Amen. Hallelujah. Amen.
Praise ye the Lord, blessed be the Lord,
From everlasting to everlasting, Amen, Hallelujah.
Amen.

End of the First Part.

PART the SECOND.

A I R.

O Liberty! thou Goddess bright,
Profuse of Bliss and sweet Delight;
Eternal Pleasures with thee reign,
And Plenty leads thy smiling Train;
Thou mak'st the Face of Nature gay,
And giv'st fresh Beauty to the Day.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Methinks prophetic Visions from above
Descend upon me, Britain's better Days
Break forth at once, a long and shining Train.

A I R.

War with sullen Steps retiring,
Peace returns, Delight inspiring,
Art and Nature both befriending,
Death, and all his Horrors, ending;
 Raise to Peace the joyful Song.
Fields again with Harvests waving,
Streams unstain'd the Meadows laving,
Give us Plenty, Health, and Pleasure,
Blameless Pride, and rightful Treasure;
 Let thy Reign O Peace! be long.

C H O-

C H O R U S.

*May God, from whom all Mercies spring,
Bless the true Church, and save the King!
With firm united Hearts we all
Will conquer in his Cause, or fall.*

May God, &c. Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Lord hath heard my Pray'r,
Mine Enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much Confusion; then grown red with Shame,
They shall return in haste the Way they came,
And in a Moment shall be quite abash'd.

A I R.

*God is my Strength, my Treasure,
Peace dwells with him, and Pleasure,
Safe are his holy Ways;
What Foe should Virtue fear?
She needs nor Shield, nor Spear,
The Lord, her help, is near,
Resound Jehovah's Praise.*

C H O R U S.

*All his Mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.*

B

A I R.

A I R.

*Why, ah why do Mortals erring,
 Ev'ry Danger too thoughtless incurring,
 Good refuse, and Ill preferring,
 Leave the Paths of Righteousness?
 " Running thus to certain Ruin,
 " Fools, what is it you're pursuing,
 " Lasting Pain through transient Bliss.*

D U E T.

*After long Storms and Tempests overblown,
 The Sun, at length, his joyful Face doth clear;
 Thus after Fortune's Rage is shown,
 A blissful Hour at last is known,
 Else would afflicted Man despair.* Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E accompany'd.

*To God, our Strength, sing loud and clear,
 Sing loud to God our King,
 To Jacob's God, that all may hear,
 Loud Acclamations ring.*

A I R.

*Prepare the Hymn, prepare the Song,
 The Timbrel hither bring;
 The chearful Psaltry bring along,
 And Harp with pleasant String.*

C H O.

C H O R U S.

*Prepare the Hymn, prepare the Song,
The Timbrel hither bring;
The chearful Psaltry bring along,
And Harp with pleasant String.*

A I R.

*Tell me, ye starry Host,
What are the Rays ye boast;
Whence do your Glories take their rise?
Father! the Work is thine,
Thou giv'st their Orbs to shine,
Sun, Moon, and Stars thro' thee illumine the Earth, and Skies.
God is the Father, He
Light of the World must be;
Or Dark, for ever dark, wou'd wretched Man remain,
In his paternal Love,
His Creatures live, and move,
He is the Life and Light, all without him were vain.*

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

*Hallelujah, your Voices raise,
Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, to praise. Hallelujah.*

End of the Second Part.

PART *the* THIRD.

CHORUS.

I Will sing unto the Lord
For he hath triumphed gloriously,
The Horse and his Rider hath he thrown into the Sea.

AIR.

Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in
The Mountain of thine Inheritance, in the place
O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in,
In the Sanctuary, O Lord, which thy Hands have established.

CHORUS.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, amongst the Gods?
Who is like thee? Glorious in Holiness!
Fearful in Praises! doing Wonders!

AIR.

A I R.

*The Lord doth great and mighty Things
For righteous Nations, righteous Kings;
But bends his Bow, and whets his Sword
'Gainst all who scorn his sacred Word.*

C H O R U S.

He gave th' Egyptians Storms for Rain.

C H O R U S.

*He gave them Hailstones for Rain,
Fire mingled with the Hail ran along upon the Ground.*

A I R.

*When warlike Ensigns wave on high,
And Trumpets pierce the vaulted Sky,
The frighted Peasant sees his Field,
For Corn, an iron Harvest yield.*

*No Pasture on the Plain appears,
And rural Joys are chang'd to Tears;
Be calm, and Heav'n will soon dispose
To future Good our present Woes.*

R E C I-

R E C I T A T I V E .

And see the mystic Effence now descends,
 Spirit of Peace, while from his Wings he shakes
 The healing Dew of Concord ; lo ! where late
 The Raven snuff'd his Prey, and the fierce Tide
 Of War laid desolate ; the Olive rears
 His verdant Branches ; and the gentle Dove
 Cooes to its Mate ; blest be the sacred Voice,
 That cry'd to Devastation, hold ! that wrested
 The Sword from mad Ambition, and conferr'd
 The Blessings of Tranquility and Safety
 Upon the harrafs'd World.

A I R .

*Glorious Victors, who, subduing,
 Seek not Fame from boundless Ruin,
 But with Conquest Mercy blend —
 Cease, ye Nations, cease your Quarrels,
 What are Trophies, what are Laurels ?
 Peace can nobler Honours lend.*

C H O R U S .

*Millions unborn shall bless the Hand,
 That gave Deliv'rance to the Land.*

A I R .

A I R.

*Calm Peace appearing,
Each Prospect clearing,
New Lustre paints the Sky,
All Clouds before her fly,
O Peace! thou Star divine,
With Influence benign,
Long may thy Glory shine!*

D U E T. *

*Let Cæsar and Urania live!
Let all Delights the Stars can give,
Upon the royal Pair descend!
Let Discord to the Shades be driv'n!
While Earth and Sky our Songs attend,
And thus our loyal Vows ascend,
O! preserve 'em Heav'n!*

A N T H E M.

*Blessed are all they that fear the Lord:
God save the King!
Long live the King!
May the King live for ever! Hallelujah! Amen.*

* By Purcell.

F I N I S.

1841

A. I. M.

Col. R. M. Smith
and Wm. H. Smith
The Editors of the
The Christian Register
of Boston
Dear Sirs:
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the publication of the following notice in your issue of the 11th inst.

A. I. M.

The notice in question is as follows:
"The following notice was published in your issue of the 11th inst. in relation to the publication of the following notice in your issue of the 11th inst."

A. I. M.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the publication of the following notice in your issue of the 11th inst.

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ОДНОУДНО



A. N.

O C C A S I O N A L
O R A T O R I O.

P A R T *the* F I R S T.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

JEHOVAH Lord! how great, how wond'rous great,
How glorious is thy Name through all the Earth!
When I behold the Heavens, thy Finger's Art,
The Moon, and Stars which thou so bright hast set
In the pure Firmament, then saith my Heart,
Lord what is Man, that thou remember'st him!

A 2

A I R.

A I R.

*Lord God of Hosts, to whom the Pray'r
Of contrite Souls is dear;
Thou God, our Shield, propitious prove,
And thy anointed bear;
For in thy Courts one Day to be,
Is better, and more blest,
Than in the joys of Vanity
A thousand Days at best.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

The highest, who in Heaven doth dwell,
Shall laugh to scorn his Enemies,
The Lord shall speak to them in his Wrath,
And in his fell and fierce Ire trouble them.
For I (saith He) have anointed him my King;
My chosen King, on Sion's holy Hill.

A I R.

*Fly from the threat'ning Vengeance, fly;
Ere it is too late
Avoid your Fate,
The Bolt once thrown, ye surely die:
Put not your Trust
In the Unjust,
Who lift their Heads so high.*

Fly from,

Da Capo.

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Humbled with Fear, and awful Reverence,
 Before the Footstool of his Majesty,
 Throw thyself down with trembling Innocence,
 Nor dare to cast thy weak, thy dazzled Eye
 On the dread Face of that great Deity,
 For fear, lest if he chance to look at thee,
 Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be.

A I R.

*His Scepter is the Rod of Righteousness,
 With which he bruises all his Foes to Dust,
 And the great Dragon strongly doth repress
 Under the Rigor of his Judgment just :
 His Seat is Truth, to which the Faithful trust :
 From whence proceed her Beams so pure and bright,
 That all about him sheddeth glorious Light :
 His Scepter is the Rod of Righteousness,
 With which he bruises all his Foes to Dust.*

A I R.

*Be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
 Be taught, ye Judges of the Earth,
 With Fear Jehovah serve.*

C H O R U S.

*Be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
 Be taught, ye Judges of the Earth,
 With Fear Jehovah serve : Or brought full low,
 With iron Scepter bruise'd, and then dispers'd,
 Scatter'd like Sheep, ye perish in your Way.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Of many Millions the populous Rout,
 I fear not, tho' incamping round about
 They pitch their Tents against me,
 My God will rise, my Help is in the Lord.

A I R.

*Jehovah is my Shield, my Glory;
 Him thro' my Story
 Th' Exalter of my Head I count;
 Aloud I cry'd,
 He soon reply'd,
 And heard me from his holy Mount :
 I lay and slept, and wak'd again,
 The Lord himself did me sustain.
 Jehovah is my Shield, &c. Da Capo.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Madmen or Fools stand not within thy Sight,
 All Workers of Iniquity thou hat'st,
 And them, unblest, thou wilt destroy ;
 The bloody and guileful Man thou dost detest.
 Let thankful Man obedient bow the Head ;
 And in loud Anthems celebrate thy Name.

A N T H E M.

C H O R U S.

*Sing unto God ye Kingdoms of the Earth,
 O sing Praises unto his Name.*

Solo. *Blessed are all they that fear the Lord :
 O well is thee and happy shalt thou be.*

Accomp. *Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting
 to everlasting !*

C H O R U S.

*And let all the People say Amen. Hallelujah. Amen.
 Praise ye the Lord, blessed be the Lord,
 From everlasting to everlasting, Amen, Hallelujah.
 Amen.*

End of the First Part.

PART *the* SECOND.

A I R.

O *Liberty! thou Goddess bright,
Profuse of Bliss and sweet Delight;
Eternal Pleasures with thee reign,
And Plenty leads thy smiling Train;
Thou mak'st the Face of Nature gay,
And giv'st fresh Beauty to the Day.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Methinks prophetic Visions from above
Descend upon me, *Britain's better Days*
Break forth at once, a long and shining Train.

A I R.

*War with sullen Steps retiring,
Peace returns, Delight inspiring,
Art and Nature both befriending,
Death, and all his Horrors, ending;
 Raise to Peace the joyful Song.
Fields again with Harvests waving,
Streams unstain'd the Meadows laving,
Give us Plenty, Health, and Pleasure,
Blameless Pride, and rightful Treasure;
 Let thy Reign O Peace! be long.*

C H O-

C H O R U S.

*May God, from whom all Mercies spring,
 Bless the true Church, and save the King!
 With firm united Hearts we all
 Will conquer in his Cause, or fall.*

May God, &c. Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Lord hath heard my Pray'r,
 Mine Enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
 With much Confusion; then grown red with Shame,
 They shall return in haste the Way they came,
 And in a Moment shall be quite abash'd.

A I R.

*God is my Strength, my Treasure,
 Peace dwells with him, and Pleasure,
 Safe are his holy Ways;
 What Foe should Virtue fear?
 She needs nor Shield, nor Spear,
 The Lord, her help, is near,
 Resound Jehovah's Praise.*

C H O R U S.

*All his Mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.*

B

A I R.

A I R.

*Why, ah why do Mortals erring,
 Ev'ry Danger too thoughtless incurring,
 Good refuse, and Ill preferring,
 Leave the Paths of Righteousness?
 " Running thus to certain Ruin,
 " Fools, what is it you're pursuing,
 " Lasting Pain through transient Bliss.*

D U E T.

*After long Storms and Tempests overblown,
 The Sun, at length, his joyful Face doth clear;
 Thus after Fortune's Rage is shown,
 A blissful Hour at last is known,
 Else would afflicted Man despair.* Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E accompany'd.

To God, our Strength, sing loud and clear,
 Sing loud to God our King,
 To Jacob's God, that all may hear,
 Loud Acclamations ring.

A I R.

*Prepare the Hymn, prepare the Song,
 The Timbrel hither bring;
 The chearful Psaltry bring along,
 And Harp with pleasant String.*

C H O-

C H O R U S.

*Prepare the Hymn, prepare the Song,
The Timbrel hither bring;
The chearful Psaltry bring along,
And Harp with pleasant String.*

A I R.

*Tell me, ye starry Host,
What are the Rays ye boast;
Whence do your Glories take their rise?
Father! the Work is thine,
Thou giv'st their Orbs to shine,
Sun, Moon, and Stars thro' thee illumine the Earth, and Skies.
God is the Father, He
Light of the World must be;
Or Dark, for ever dark, wou'd wretched Man remain,
In his paternal Love,
His Creatures live, and move,
He is the Life and Light, all without him were vain.*
Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

*Hallelujah, your Voices raise,
Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, to praise. Hallelujah.*

End of the Second Part.

PART *the* THIRD.

CHORUS.

I *Will sing unto the Lord
For he hath triumphed gloriously,
The Horse and his Rider hath he thrown into the Sea.*

AIR.

*Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in
The Mountain of thine Inheritance, in the place
O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in,
In the Sanctuary, O Lord, which thy Hands have established.*

CHORUS.

*Who is like unto thee, O Lord, amongst the Gods?
Who is like thee? Glorious in Holiness!
Fearful in Praises! doing Wonders!*

AIR.

A I R.

*The Lord doth great and mighty Things
For righteous Nations, righteous Kings;
But bends his Bow, and whets his Sword
'Gainst all who scorn his sacred Word.*

C H O R U S.

He gave th' Egyptians Storms for Rain.

C H O R U S.

*He gave them Hailstones for Rain,
Fire mingled with the Hail ran along upon the Ground.*

A I R.

*When warlike Ensigns wave on high,
And Trumpets pierce the vaulted Sky,
The frighted Peasant sees his Field,
For Corn, an iron Harvest yield.*

*No Pasture on the Plain appears,
And rural Joys are chang'd to Tears;
Be calm, and Heav'n will soon dispose
To future Good our present Woes.*

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V E.

And see the mystic Essence now descends,
 Spirit of Peace, while from his Wings he shakes
 The healing Dew of Concord ; lo ! where late
 The Raven snuff'd his Prey, and the fierce Tide
 Of War laid desolate ; the Olive rears
 His verdant Branches ; and the gentle Dove
 Cooes to its Mate ; blest be the sacred Voice,
 That cry'd to Devastation, hold ! that wrested
 The Sword from mad Ambition, and conferr'd
 The Blessings of Tranquility and Safety
 Upon the harra's'd World.

A I R.

*Glorious Victors, who, subduing,
 Seek not Fame from boundless Ruin,
 But with Conquest Mercy blend —
 Cease, ye Nations, cease your Quarrels,
 What are Trophies, what are Laurels ?
 Peace can nobler Honours lend.*

C H O R U S.

*Millions unborn shall bless the Hand,
 That gave Deliverance to the Land.*

A I R.

A I R.

*Calm Peace appearing,
 Each Prospect clearing,
 New Lustre paints the Sky,
 All Clouds before her fly,
 O Peace! thou Star divine,
 With Influence benign,
 Long may thy Glory shine!*

D U E T. *

*Let Cæsar and Urania live!
 Let all Delights the Stars can give,
 Upon the royal Pair descend!
 Let Discord to the Shades be driv'n!
 While Earth and Sky our Songs attend,
 And thus our loyal Vows ascend,
 O! preserve 'em Heav'n!*

A N T H E M.

*Blessed are all they that fear the Lord:
 God save the King!
 Long live the King!
 May the King live for ever! Hallelujah! Amen.*

* By Purcell.

F I N I S.

London, 17th June 1841
My dear Sir,
I have the pleasure to acknowledge
the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst.
and in reply to inform you that
the same has been forwarded to the
proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours obedient servant,
J. W. Smith
Secretary to the Committee

Enclosed for you are two copies
of the Report of the Committee
for the year 1840, which I trust
will be found of interest to you.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours obedient servant,
J. W. Smith

OMNIPOTENCE.

L6/21

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The first morning's performance at Worcester
in 1776 was a Te Deum, a Jubilate by Wainwright,
and an Anthem by Dr Howard: In the evening
the Oratorio of Omnipotence, a Pasticcio selected
by Dr Arnold from the works of Handel being the
only time it was ever brought forward at the
meeting of the Three Choirs.

[Lyon's Hist. of the 3 Choirs p. 208.]

Omnipotence. Oratorio 4th music by
Handel. performed at the
Haymarket Theatre.

[Bisg. Dram. Vol IV. pp. 446-478.]

ORIO.

-MARKET.

Y

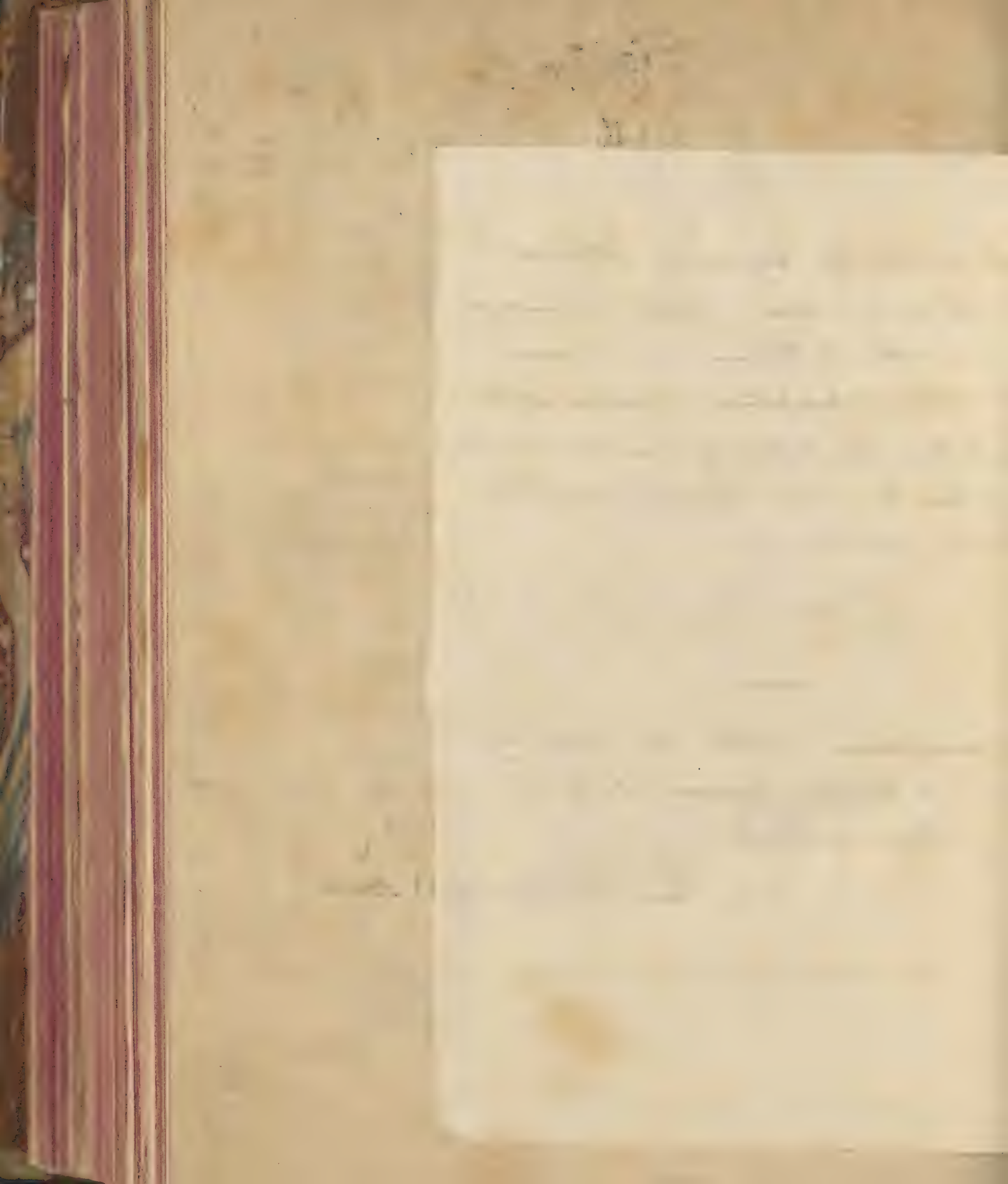
E L.

TO

S T Y.

at, Strand. 1773.

[Price 1s.]



OMNIPOTENCE.

A

SACRED ORATORIO.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAY-MARKET.

SET TO MUSIC BY

M R. H A N D E L.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

H I S M A J E S T Y.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, in Catharine-Street, Strand. 1773.

[Price 1s.]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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P R E F A C E.

NO part of Mr. Handel's works are held in higher estimation, by the best judges, than his compositions for the Duke of Chandos. They are difficult to attain; and the collection from whence this performance is selected, hath been the attentive pursuit of several years, at Sales and Auctions; in the progress of which, I made discoveries of some I had never heard of; and got information of others, which I have not been able to trace. A complete collection cannot well be expected, as some of the original scores have been exposed to public sale. Several other Anthems, composed by him on different occasions, I have met with; and have been informed of others, I have not yet seen.

Of the Anthems composed for the Duke of Chandos, none hath been performed in public, but the following:

As pants the hart, &c. which was, by the command of his late majesty, introduced into the Oratorio of *Esther*; and, on that occasion, Mr. Handel added some new movements, and considerable augmentations of voices and instruments, to the other parts. The *Jubilate*, originally composed for three voices, two violins, an hautboy and bass; to this Mr. Handel made, for the performance at St. Paul's, those great additions that are to be seen in the printed score. The Oratorio of *Deborah* is in part compiled from one of these Anthems; but the Music adapted to other Words.

These are all that the Public have any knowledge of: the remainder of those valuable compositions are, in general, unknown: some few movements have been occasionally introduced into performances; but they have never yet been performed collectively.

The Oratorio of *Esther*, and the Serenata, *Acis and Galatea*, are generally reckoned among the compositions for the Duke of Chandos: but they were not originally produced

produced there; the first being composed in the German, and the latter in the Italian language; and translated into English, to the Music Mr. Handel composed before he came into this kingdom, by Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Gay; and Mr. Handel made some additions to them for the Duke.

It is worth observation, that there are fewer inaccuracies of emphasis and accent of the English in the compositions of that period, than in his later productions; which is probably owing to that eminent Triumvirate: and the want of some judicious adviser afterwards, is much to be regretted, by the admirers of his extensive genius.

This performance is divided into three parts; under the different subjects of *Creation*, *Redemption* and *Salvation*: the endeavour, in the arrangement, hath been to retain the sublimity of the sacred texts; and the melodious illustration they have received from the genius of Mr. Handel, in the full force, propriety and grandeur, they stand with in the original compositions. A few

movements, for connection, are added from his other works, which are too trifling to particularise.

This attempt to retrieve from obscurity, works which *ought* long since to have been produced, by those who had the power of doing it, is most respectfully submitted to the candour of the Public, by

Their most obedient,

Humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

OMNIPOTENCE.

A

SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

C R E A T I O N.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

THE foolish body hath said in his heart, There is no God.

Corrupt are they, and become abominable in their wickedness: they corrupt others, and speak blasphemy; their talk is against the Most High.

A I R.

Tush! say they; how should God perceive it? Can he judge through the clouds?

Thick clouds are a covering to him, that he seeth not; neither shall God regard it.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Take heed ye unwise among the people: O ye fools! when will ye understand?

A I R.

He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? and he
that made the eye, shall he not see?

C H O R U S.

Let God arise; and let his enemies be scattered.

Let them also that hate him, flee before him.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Thou shalt beat them as small as the dust before the wind:
thou shalt cast them out as the clay in the streets.*

A I R.

Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them
away:

And like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly
perish at the presence of God.

A I R.

My song shall be alway of the loving kindness of the
Lord: with my mouth will I ever be shewing thy truth,
from one generation to another.

C H O R U S.

The heavens shall praise thy wonderful works: and
thy truth in the congregation of the saints.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

For who is he among the clouds, that shall be compared unto the Lord?

Or what is he among the gods, that shall be like unto the Lord?

A I R.

God is very greatly to be feared in the council of the saints; and to be had in reverence of all them that are round about him.

O Lord God of hosts! who is like unto thee? thy truth, most mighty Lord, is on every side.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the hosts of them, by the breath of his mouth.

He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The day is his, and the night is his: he hath created the sun and the moon.

D U E T T O.

The heavens are thine; the earth is also thine: thou hast laid the foundations of the round world.

C H O R U S.

Righteousness and equity are the habitation of his seat.

R E C I T A T I V E.

It is the Lord that commandeth the waters; it is the glorious God that maketh the thunder.

The voice of the Lord is mighty in operation: the voice of the Lord is a glorious voice.

A I R.

It is the Lord that ruleth the sea: the Lord sitteth above the water-floods; and the Lord remaineth a king for ever and ever.

R E C I T A T I V E.

He measureth the waters in the hollow of his hand; and meteth out heaven with a span; and comprehendeth the dust of the earth in a measure.

He weigheth the mountains in scales; and the hills in a balance.

A I R.

He calleth the wind out of his treasures; and causeth it to blow under heaven.

It bloweth where it listeth; we hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.

C H O R U S.

When God arose to judge the world; and to reward
the proud after their deservings,

The earth trembled and quaked: the very foundations
also of the hills shook, and were removed!

He cast forth lightnings; and gave his thunder, and
destroyed them.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Ye that love the Lord, see that ye hate the things that
are evil.*

A I R.

The Lord preserveth the souls of his saints; and will
deliver them from the hand of the ungodly.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Lift up your eyes on high, and behold, who hath created
all these things: to him, that bringeth out their host by
number, by the greatness of his might; for he is strong in
power.*

*An unwise man doth not well consider this; and a fool
doth not understand it.*

C H O R U S.

Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord is king;
and that he made the world so fast it cannot be moved.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

OMNIPOTENCE.

A

SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE SECOND.

R E D E M P T I O N.

A I R.

WHO is this, that cometh from Edom? Who is this, that cometh with dyed garments from Bozrah? This, that is glorious in his apparel; travelling in the greatness of his strength!

R E C I T A T I V E.

This is he that speaketh in righteousness; mighty to save. He is our father, our redeemer: his name is from everlasting.

Wherefore is he red in his apparel; and his garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?

C

He

He hath trodden the wine-press alone ; and of the people there was none with him : he will tread them in his anger ; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon his garments ; and he will stain all his raiment.

T R I O.

For the day of vengeance is in his heart.
He hath brought redemption to his people ;
And the year of the redeemed is come.

A I R.

The son of truth and righteousness is come, with healing on his wings : the bright and morning star is risen.

C H O R U S.

There is sprung up a light for the righteous ; rejoice in the Lord ye righteous : and joyful gladness, for such as are true-hearted.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Lord hath fulfilled the promise which he made unto our forefathers.

He hath commanded his covenant for ever. Holy and reverend is his name.

D U E T T O.

Mercy and truth are met together ; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

God, who inhabiteth eternity, and sitteth on the throne of his holiness in the midst of light inaccessible! who looketh to the sun, and it is dark; to the moon, and it shineth not; and the stars are dim before his eyes! the heavens are not pure in his sight; and he chargeth his angels with folly.

But unto his son he sayeth;

C H O R U S.

Thy throne, O God, endureth for ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a sceptre of righteousness.

And I will make my first-born higher than the kings of the earth.

R E C I T A T I V E.

And Jesus went about doing good unto all men.

He sought not to do his own will; but the will of him that sent him.

He sought not his own glory; but the glory of his father; for he taught salvation unto all; working great miracles; and his works bore witness of him.

A I R.

He was eyes unto the blind; he was feet unto the lame: he healed their sickness, and eased all their sorrows.

R E C I T A T I V E.

When the time drew near, that all things which were written by the prophets, concerning THE SON OF MAN, should be accomplished;

Accompanied.

That he should be delivered unto the Gentiles; and be mocked and spitted on; and that they should scourge him, and put him to death; and on the third day he should rise again;

Then went Jesus up unto Jerusalem; and when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it.

A I R.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee!

How often would I have gathered thy children together, and ye would not?

R E C I T A T I V E.

And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way.

And the multitude that went before, and that followed after, cried, saying;

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

Hosanna to the son of David.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The people at Jerusalem, and their rulers, because they knew him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets, which are read every sabbath-day: they have fulfilled THEM in condemning HIM.

A I R.

He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep to the sacrifice: yet he opened not his mouth.

When he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not: but committed himself to HIM that judgeth righteously.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

HE, *who had done no violence, suffered with transgressors.*

HE, *that knew no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth, made his grave with the wicked.*

A N T H E M.

Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days; that I may be certified how long I have to live.

Let me die the death of the righteous; and let my last end be like his.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Behold! it is CHRIST that is risen from the grave; who was ordained by God to be the judge of the quick and dead.

C H O R U S.

When he had overcome the sharpness of death, he did open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

R E C I T A T I V E.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish; but have everlasting life.

D U E T T O.

In his pity, and in his love, he redeemed us.

R E C I T A T I V E.

And after he was risen, he appeared unto many for the space of forty days.

And

*And he led them out of Jerusalem as far as to Bethany:
and he lifted up his hands and blessed them.*

*And while he blessed them, he was parted from them;
and a cloud received him out of their sight.*

C H O R U S.

He sitteth at the right-hand of God; in the glory of
the Father.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*O clap your hands together, all ye people: sing unto God
with the voice of melody!*

*Praise the Lord who helpeth us; and poureth his benefits
upon us.*

A I R.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious: and
his mercy endureth for ever.

C H O R U S.

Praised be the Lord.

Sing praises unto the Lord, O ye faints of his: and
give thanks, for a remembrance of his holiness.

Glory

Glory and worship are before him : power and honour
are in his sanctuary.

Blessed be God.

HALLELUJAH.

AMEN.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

OMNIPOTENCE.

A SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE THIRD.

SALVATION.

SYMPHONY.

CHORUS.

O COME, let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving; and shew ourselves glad in him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God: and a great king above all Gods.

A I R.

O come, let us worship and fall down; and kneel before the Lord our maker.

For he is the Lord our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

E

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

Let the heavens rejoice; and let the earth be glad:
let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is.

A I R.

For he cometh to judge the earth; and with righteousness the world; and the people with his truth.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE SON OF MAN *shall come in his glory; and all the holy angels with him.*

And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall set the righteous on his right hand; and the wicked on his left.

Then shall he say unto those on his right hand:

A I R.

Come ye blessed of my father: inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the beginning of the world.

For I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was naked, and ye cloathed me.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Upon the ungodly, he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, storm and tempest: this shall be their portion to drink.

A I R A N D C H O R U S.

The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and terrible day of the Lord come.

But of that day and hour, knoweth no man: no, not the angels of heaven.

A I R.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways; and holy in all his works.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him.

A I R.

O! how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of hosts!

Blessed are they that dwell in thine house: they will be always praising thee.

C H O R U S.

I will offer in his dwelling an oblation with great gladness: I will sing, and speak praises unto the Lord.

A I R

A I R.

O magnify the Lord, and worship him upon his holy hill: for the Lord our God is holy.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Give unto the Lord the honour due unto his name: worship the Lord with holy worship.

D U E T T O.

O worship the Lord, in the beauty of his holiness.

C H O R U S.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

A M E N.

F I N I S.

1672
352645
32

OMNIPOTENCE.

A

SACRED ORATORIO.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAY-MARKET.

SET TO MUSIC BY

MR. H A N D E L.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

HIS MAJESTY.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the EDITOR, and Sold at the THEATRE, 1774.

[Price One Shilling.]

CONSTITUTION

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ARTICLE I

SECTION 1

All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

SECTION 2

SECTION 3

SECTION 4

P R E F A C E.

NO part of Mr. Handel's works are held in higher estimation, by the best judges, than his compositions for the Duke of Chandos. They are difficult to attain; and the collection from whence this performance is selected, hath been the attentive pursuit of several years, at Sales and Auctions; in the progress of which, I made discoveries of some I had never heard of; and got information of others, which I have not been able to trace. A complete collection cannot well be expected, as some of the original scores have been exposed to public sale. Several other Anthems, composed by him on different occasions, I have met with; and have been informed of others, I have not yet seen.

Of the Anthems composed for the Duke of Chandos, none hath been performed in public, but the following :

As pants the hart, &c. which was, by command of his late majesty, introduced into the Oratorio of *Esther*; on that occasion, Mr. Handel added some new movements, and considerable augmentations of voices and instruments, to the other parts. The *Jubilate*, originally composed for three voices, two violins, an hautboy and bass; to this Mr. Handel made, for the performance at St. Paul's, those great additions that are to be seen in the printed score. The Oratorio of *Deborah* is in part compiled from one of these Anthems; but the Music adapted to other Words.

These are all that the Public have any knowledge of: the remainder of those valuable compositions are, in general, unknown: some few movements have been occasionally introduced into performances; but they have never yet been performed collectively.

The Oratorio of *Esther*, and the Serenata, *Acis and Galatea*, are generally reckoned among the compositions for the Duke of Chandos: but were not originally produced

produced there ; the first being composed in the German, the latter in the Italian language ; and translated into English, to the Music Mr. Handel composed before he came into this kingdom, by Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Gay ; Mr. Handel made some additions to them for the Duke.

It is worth observation, that there are fewer inaccuracies of emphasis and accent of the English language in the compositions of that period, than in his latter productions ; which is probably owing to that eminent Triumvirate : the want of some judicious adviser afterwards, is much to be regretted, by the admirers of his extensive genius.

This performance is divided into three parts ; under the different subjects of *Creation*, *Redemption*, and *Salvation* : the endeavour, in the arrangement, hath been to retain the sublimity of the sacred texts ; and the melodious illustration they have received from the genius of Mr. Handel, in the full force, propriety and grandeur,

they stand with in the original compositions. A few movements, for connection, are added from his other works, which are too trifling to particularise.

This attempt to retrieve from obscurity, works which *ought* long since to have been produced, by those who had the *means* and *power* of doing it, is most respectfully submitted to the candour of the Public, by

Their most obedient,

Humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

OMNIPOTENCE.

SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST. CREATION.

OVERTURE.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

*THE foolish body hath said in his heart, There is no God.
Corrupt are they, and become abominable in their wickedness : they corrupt others, and speak blasphemy ; their talk is against the Most High.*

A I R.

Tush ! say they ; how should God perceive it ? Can he judge through the clouds ?

Thick clouds are a covering to him, that he seeth not ; neither shall God regard it.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Take heed ye unwise among the people : O ye fools ! when will ye understand ?

A I R.

He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? and he that made the eye, shall he not see?

C H O R U S.

Let God arise; and let his enemies be scattered.

Let them also that hate him, flee before him.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Thou shalt beat them as small as the dust before the wind :
thou shalt cast them out as the clay in the streets.*

A I R.

Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them away.

And like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish at the presence of God.

A I R and C H O R U S.

My song shall be alway of the loving kindness of the Lord : with my mouth will I ever be shewing thy truth, from one generation to another.

The heavens shall praise thy wondrous works : and thy truth in the congregation of the saints.

R E C I T A T I V E.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

For who is he among the clouds, that shall be compared unto the Lord?

Or what is he among the gods, that shall be like unto the Lord?

God is very greatly to be feared in the council of the saints; and to be had in reverence of all them that are round about him.

O Lord God of hosts! who is like unto thee? thy truth, most mighty Lord, is on every side.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the hosts of them, by the breath of his mouth.

He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The day is his, and the night is his: he hath created the sun and the moon.

D U E T T O.

The heavens are thine; the earth is also thine: thou hast laid the foundations of the round world.

C H O R U S.

Righteousness and equity are the habitation of his seat.

R E C I T A T I V E.

It is the Lord that commandeth the waters; it is the glorious God that maketh the thunder.

The voice of the Lord is mighty in operation: the voice of the Lord is a glorious voice.

A I R.

It is the Lord that ruleth the sea: the Lord sitteth above the water-floods; and the Lord remaineth a king for ever and ever.

R E C I T A T I V E.

He measureth the waters in the hollow of his hand; and meteth out heaven with a span; and comprehendeth the dust of the earth in a measure.

He weigheth the mountains in scales; and the hills in a balance.

A I R.

He calleth the wind out of his treasures; and causeth it to blow under heaven.

It bloweth where it listeth; we hear the sound thereof but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

When God arose to judge the world ; and to reward
the proud after their deservings,

The earth trembled and quaked : the very foundations
also of the hills shook, and were removed !

He cast forth lightnings ; and gave his thunder, and
destroyed them.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Ye that love the Lord, see that ye hate the things that
are evil.*

A I R.

The Lord preserveth the souls of his saints ; and will
deliver them from the hand of the ungodly.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Lift up your eyes on high, and behold, who hath created
all these things : to him, that bringeth out their host by
number, by the greatness of his might ; for he is strong in
power.*

*An unwise man doth not well consider this ; and a fool
doth not understand it.*

C H O R U S.

Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord is king;
and that he made the world so fast it cannot be moved.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

OMNIPOTENCE.

A

SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE SECOND.

REDEMPTION.

A I R.

WHO is this, that cometh from Edom? Who is this, that cometh with dyed garments from Bozrah? This, that is glorious in his apparel; travelling in the greatness of his strength!

RECITATIVE.

*This is he that speaketh in righteousness; mighty to save
He is our father, and redeemer: his name is for everlasting.*

*Wherefore he is red in his apparel; and his garment like
him that treadeth in the wine press?*

D

He

He hath trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with him: he will tread them in his anger; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon his garment; and he will stain all his raiment.

T R I O.

For the day of vengeance is in his heart.
He hath brought redemption to his people;
And the year of the redeemed is come.

A I R.

The son of truth and righteousness is come, with healing on his wings: the bright and morning star is risen.

C H O R U S.

There is sprung up a light for the righteous; rejoice in the Lord ye righteous: and joyful gladness, for such as are true-hearted.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Lord hath fulfilled the promise which he made unto our forefathers.

He hath commanded his covenant for ever. Holy and reverend is his name.

D U E T T O.

Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

God, who inhabiteth eternity, and sitteth on the throne of his holiness in the midst of light inaccessible ! who looketh to the sun, and it is dark ; to the moon, and it shineth not ; and the stars are dim before his eyes !

The heavens are not pure in his sight ; and he chargeth his angels with folly.

But unto his son he sayeth ;

C H O R U S.

Thy throne, O God, endureth for ever : the sceptre of thy kingdom is a sceptre of righteousness.

And I will make my first-born higher than the kings of the earth.

R E C I T A T I V E.

And Jesus went about doing good unto all men.

He sought not to do his own will ; but the will of him that sent him.

He sought not his own glory ; but the glory of his father ; for he taught salvation unto all ; working great miracles ; and his works bore witness of him.

A I R.

He was eyes unto the blind ; he was feet unto the lame : he healed their sickness, and eased all their sorrows.

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V E.

When the time drew near, that all things which were written by the prophets, concerning THE SON OF MAN, should be accomplished ;

Accompanied.

That he should be delivered unto the Gentiles ; and be mocked and spitted on ; and they that should scourge him, and put him to death ; and on the third day he should rise again.

Then went Jesus up to Jerusalem ; and when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it.

A I R.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee !

How often would I have gathered thy children together, and ye would not ?

R E C I T A T I V E.

And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way ; others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way.

And the multitude that went before, and that followed after, cried, saying ;

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Hosanna to the son of David.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The people at Jerusalem, and their rulers, because they knew him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets, which are read every sabbath-day: they have fulfilled THEM in condemning HIM.

A I R.

He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep to the sacrifice: yet he opened not his mouth.

When he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not: but committed himself to HIM that judgeth righteously.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Behold! it is CHRIST that is risen from the grave; who was ordained by God to be the judge of the quick and dead.

C H O R U S.

When he had overcome the sharpness of death, he did open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

R E C I T A T I V E.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish; but have everlasting life.

D U E T T O.

In his pity, and in his love, he redeemed us.

R E C I T A T I V E.

And after he was risen, he appeared unto many for the space of forty days.

And he led them out of Jerusalem as far as to Bethany: and he lifted up his hands and blessed them.

And while he blessed them, he was parted from them; and a cloud received him out of their sight.

C H O R U S.

He sitteth at the right-hand of God; in the glory of the Father.

R E C I T A T I V E.

O clap your hands together, all ye people: sing unto God with the voice of melody!

Praise the Lord who helpeth us; and poureth his benefits upon us.

A I R.

A. I. R.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious: and his mercy endureth for ever.

C H O R U S.

Sing praises unto the Lord, O ye saints of his: and give thanks, for a remembrance of his holiness.

Glory and worship are before him: power and honour are in his sanctuary.

Blessed be God.

HALLELUJAH.

AMEN.

A. I. R.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

OMNIPOTENCE.

A

SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE THIRD.
SALVATION.

SYMPHONY.

CHORUS.

O COME, let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving;
and shew ourselves glad in him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God: and a great king above
all Gods.

A I R.

O come, let us worship and fall down: and kneel
before the Lord our maker.

For he is the Lord our God; and we are the people of
his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

Let the heavens rejoice; and let the earth be glad:
let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is.

A I R.

For he cometh to judge the earth; and with righteousness the world; and the people with his truth.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE SON OF MAN shall come in his glory; and all the holy angels with him.

And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall set the righteous on his right hand; and the wicked on his left.

Then shall he say unto those on his right hand:

A I R.

Come ye blessed of my father: inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the beginning of the world.

For I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was naked, and ye clothed me.

C H O R U S.

Upon the ungodly, he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, storm and tempest: this shall be their portion to drink.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and terrible day of the Lord come.

But of that day and hour, knoweth no man: no, not the angels of heaven.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways; and holy in all his works.

He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him.

A I R.

O! how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of hosts;

Blessed are they that dwell in thine house: they will be always praising thee.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Give unto the Lord the honour due unto his name: worship the Lord with holy worship.

D U E T T O.

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